THE WORKS OF THE FAMOUS and WORTHY KNIGHT, Sir *DAVID LINDESAY* of the Mount, *alias* Lyon, King of Armes.

Newly corrected and vindicate from the former errors wherewith they were corrupted: And augmented with sundry works, &c.

JOB v. 11.

Militia est vita hominis supra terram.

Vivet etiam post funera virtus.

GLASGOW,
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THE PRINTER TO THE READER.

It hath pleased God in all ages, to raise up faithful and worthy men, of singular gifts and graces (especially in the time of greatest defection) to bear witness to his truth, and to rebuke the world of sin: As Noah for the space of 120. years, before the deluge came upon the old world, to preach repentance. Lot in Sodom, whose soul they vexed with their sinful deeds. Moses, the Ruler of his people, sent of God to threaten Pharao for their oppression, resolved to suffer with Gods people, rather then to commit sin. And all his Prophets, from time to time, to reprove and correct the enormities not only of the Jews, but also of the Gentils for their sins. And in the time of the Gospel, how many notable men of all Nations, have given their bodies to be cruelly tormented for the cause of Christ? And in our own Nation, among many other learned men, it pleased his Majesty, even in the time of palpable darkness, to stir up this Author, Sir David Lindesay, albeit a Courteour, and exercised about matters of estate: yet a man of such sincerity and fatherulnesse, that he spared not, as well in his satyrical farses and playes, as in all other works, to enveigh most sharply, both against the enormities of the Court, and the great corruption of the Clergy, that it is wonder how he escaped their Bloody hands, they having such power at that time, as they practised in shedding the blood of Gods servants, Master Patrick Hamilton, Robert Forrester, gentlemen, George Wisheart, and Walter Milne, with diverse others, who gave their lives for the testimony of Gods truth: and yet this Author ended his dayes in peace, for all their cruel menacing. This lets us see the wonderful power & providence of the Almighty, that albeit he suffer the wicked to execute their cruelty upon some of his Saints, yet he preserveth others, that their enemies have no power to touch one hair of their heads, but as it pleaseth his Majesty to permit them. For further commendation of the Author, his own work shal testifie his probicy. I will not detain thee, good Reader, any longer from the pruefing of the same.

A PROLOGUE

Of the miserable estate of the World, between Experience and the Courteour.

MUsing and marvelling on the misery,
From day to day in earth which doth encrease:
And of each state the instability,
Proceeding of the restless business,
Whereon the most part do their mind adress
Inordinately on hungry Covetice,
Vain glore, deceit, and other sensual vice.
But tumbling in my bed I might not ly,
Wherefore I went forth in a May morning,
Comfort to get of my melancholy,
Some-what before fresh Phebus up rising,
Where I might hear the birds sweetly sing:
Into a park I past for my pleasure,
Decored well by craft of Dame Nature.
How I received comfort natural,
For to describe at length, it were too lang,
Smelling the wholesome herbs medicinal,
Whereon the dulce and balmy dew down dang,
Like Orient pearles upon the twists hang:
Or how that the aromatick odours,
Proceeded from the tender fragrant flowrs.
Or how Phebus, that King Ethereal,
Sweetly sprang up into the Orient,
Ascending in his throne Imperial;
Whose bright and Boreal beames resplendent,
Illuminat all unto the Occident,
Comforting every corporal creature,
Which formed were on earth by Dame Nature.
Whose donk impurpur'd vestment nocturnal,
With his imbrowdred mantle matutine,
He left into his Region Auroral,
Which on him waited when he did decline
Toward his Occident Palace Vespertine:
And rose in habite gay and glorious,

Brighter then gold or stones precious.
But Cynthia the horned nights Queen,
She lost her light, and led a lower sail.
When once her sovereign Lord that she had seen
And in his presence wared black and pale,
And over her visage cast a misse vail.
So did Venus the Goddess amorous.
With Jupiter, Mars, and Mercurius.
Right so the old intoxicate Saturn
Perceiving Phebus power his beams bright
Above the earth, then made he no sojourn,
But suddenly did lose his borrowed light,
Which he did never show but in the night.
So Pole Arctick, Urses, and starrs all,
Which situat are in the Septentrional.
(To erring ships that are without all guide,
Convoying them upon the stormie night)
Within their frostie circle did them hide.
Howbeit that starrs have none other light,
But the rester or Phebus beams bright.
That day durst none into the heavens appear,
Till he had circuit all our Hemisphere.
Me thought it was a slight celestiall
To see Phebus so Angel-like ascend
Into his fiery chariot triumphal,
Whose beauty bright I could not comprehend:
All care of worldly things did from me wend,
When fresh Flora spread forth her tapestrie,
Wrought by Dame Nature quient & curiousite.
Painted with many hundreth heavenly hewes,
Glad of the rising of that royal Roy,
With blooms breaking on the tender bews,
Which did provoke mine heart to natural joy:
Neptune that day and Eolus held them coy,
That men of far might hear the birds sound,
Whose noise did to the starry heavens redound.
The pleasant Pawn punzeing his fethrem fair
The mirthful Maveis made great melodie:
The lusty Lark ascended in the air,
Numbring her natural notes crastily.

The

The gay Gold-spink the merl right merrily.
The noise of the noble Nightingales,
Redounded through the mountains, meads & vales,
Contemplating this mirthful harmonie,
How every bird did them for to advance,
To salute Nature with their melodie.
That I stood gazing almost in a traunce,
To hear them make their natural observance
So royally, that all the rocks rang,
Through reperculsion of their sugred sang.
I lose my time, alace, for to rehearse
Such unfruitful and vain discription:
Or write into my rural ragged verse,
Matter without edification:
Considering how that mine intention,
Been to deplore the mortal miseries,
With continual careful calamities.
Consisting in this wretched vale of sorrow:
But sad sentence should have a sad indyte,:
So terms bright I like not for to borrow:
Of mourning matter men have no delyte,
With rouhy terms therefore I will now write.
With sorrowful sighs ascending from the spleen,
And bitter tears distilling from mine een.
Without any vain invocation,
To Minerva, or to Melpomene:
Nor yet will I make supplication,
For help to Clio, or Calliope.
Such marr'd Muses may make me no supply.
Proserpine I refuse, and Appolo,
And right to Euterpe, Jupiter, and Juno.
Which been to pleasant Poets confortting:
Wherefore because I am not one of tho;
I do desire of them no supportting:
For I did never sleep in Parnasso,
As did the Poets of long time ago,
And specially the ornate Ennius,
Nor drank I never with Helicons.
Of Orfeus the perfect Poet soveraign.
Of Helicon the source of Eloquence,

Of that mellifluous famous fresh fountain:
Wherefore to them I ought no reverence:
I purpose not to make obedience
To mischant Muses, or Mahometrie,
Before time used into Poetrie.

Roving Rhamnusa, Goddess of despite,
Might be to me a Muse right convenable:
If I desir'd such help for to indite,
This mourning matter, mad and miserable:
I must go seek a Muse more comfortable,
And such vain superstition to refuse,
Beseeching the great God to be my Muse.

By his wisdom al manner of things were wrought
The high Heavens with all their ornaments,
And without matter made all things of nought:
Hell in mid center of the Elements,
That heavenly Muse to seek my whole intents
The which gave sapience to king Solomon,
To David grace, and strength to strong Samson.

And of poor Peter made a prudent Preacher,
And by the power of his Deitie,
Of cruel Paul he made a cunning Teacher:
I must beseech right lowly on my knee,
His high super-excellent Wisedome,
That with his heavenly Spirit he me inspire,
To write nothing contrarie his desire.

Beseeching eke his soveraign Son Jesu,
Which was conceived by the holy Spirit,
Incarnate of the purified Virgin true:
And into whom the Prophecie was compleat,
That Prince of price, most humble, & most sweet,
Which under Pilate suffered passion
Upon the crois for our salvation.

And by that cruel death intollerable,
Loos'd we were from the bones of Belial:
And moreover it was so profitable,
That to this hour came never man nor shall
In the triumphant joy Imperial
Of life, though they were never so good,
But by the vertue of his precious blood.

Wherefore

Wherefore in stead of the mount Parnasso,
Swiftly I shall go seek my soveraign;
To mount Calvarie the straight way shall I go,
To get a taste of that most fresh Fountain;
That source to seek, mine heart may not refrain
Of Helicon, which was both deep and wide,
That Longinus did grave into his side.

From this fresh fountain sprang a famous flood
Which redolent river through the world runs,
As crystal clear, and mixed is with blood;
Whose sound above the highest heavens dinns,
All faithfull people purging from their sins.
Wherefore I shall beseech his Excellence,
To grant me grace, wisdom and eloquence.

And bath me with the dulce and balmy strands
Which on the Crois did speedily out-spring
From his most tender feet, and heavenly hands,
And grant me grace to write of nite nothing;
But to his high honour and laud loving,
Without his help there may no good be wrought
To his pleasure, good works, word, or thought.

Therefore, O Lord, I pray thy Majestie,
As thou didst show thine high power divine,
First plainly into Cane of Galilee,
Where thou convertedst water into wine,
Convoy my matter to a fructuous fine,
And save my sayings both from shame and sin.
Take heed, for now my purpose I begin.

A DIALOGUE
Of the miserable estate of the World, between Experience and the Courteour.

INto that Park I saw appear
An aged man that drew me near,
Whose beard was well three quarters lang:
His hair did over his shoulders hang,
The which as any snow was white,
Whom to behold I thought delite:
His habite Angel-like of hew,
Of colour like the saphyr blew.

Under an holin he reposed,
Of whose presence I was rejoyced.
I did him salute reverently.
So did he me right courteously.
To sit down he requested me
Under the shadow of the tree,
To save me from the Suns heat,
Amongst the flowrs soft and sweet,
For I was weary with walking,
Then he began to fall in talking:
I asked his name with reverence.
E. I am, said he, Experience.
C. Then Sir, said I, you cannot fail
To give a desolate man counsel:
You do appear a man of fame,
And sith Experience is your name:
I pray you Father venerable,
Give me some counsel comfortable.
E. What deem, said he, thy vocation,
Making such supplication.
C. I have, said I, been to this hour,
Since I could ride, a Courteour:
But now father, I think it best,
Swith your counsel to live in rest:
And from henceforth to take mine ease,
And quietly my God to please,
And renounce curiositie,
Leaving the Court, and learn to die.
Oft have I sailed over the strands,
And travelled through divers lands,
Both south and north, east and west,
Yet can I never find where rest
Doth make his habitation,
Without your supposition.
When I believe to be best eased,
Most suddenly I am displeased:
From trouble when I fastest flie,
Then find I most adversitie.
Show me I pray you heartfully,
How I may live most pleasantly,
To serve my [illegible] of Kings King
Since

Since I am tyrd of travelling,
And learn for to be content
Of quyet life and sober rent:
That I may thank the King of glore,
As if I had a million more:
Sith every Court been variant.
Full of envy, and inconstant:
Might I without grief live in rest,
Now in old age I think it best.

C. Thou art a great fool, son, said he,
That to desire which may not be.
Longing to have prerogative
Above all creatures that live:
Sith father Adam creat been
Into the great camp Damascene,
Might no man say unto this hour,
That ever he found perfect pleasure:
Nor never shall, till that he see
God in his divine Majestie:
Wherefore prepare thee for to travell,
Sith mans life been but battel.
All men begins for to die.
The day of their nativitie:
And journally they do proceed,
Till Atropus cut off their fatal threed.
And in the short time that they have
Between their birth and the grave,
Thou seest what mutabilities,
What miserable calamities,
What trouble, travel, and debate
Seest thou in every mortal state:
Begin at poor low creatures,
Ascending then to Senatours,
To great Princes and Potentates,
Thou shalt not find in no Estates,
Since the beginning general,
Nor in our time now special,
But tedious restless business,
Withoutten any sickerness.

C. Prudent father, said I alace,

You tell to me a careful case:
You say, that no man to this hour,
Hath found on earth no perfect pleasure,
Withoutten infortunate variance,
Since we been thral to such mischance,
Why do we set our whole intents
On riches, dignity, and rente,
Sith in the earth been no man sure,
One day without trouble t'endure.
And worst of all when we least ween,
The cruel death we must sustein:
If I your Father-hood durst demand,
The cause I would fain understand.
And the, Father, I you implore,
Show me some trouble gone before,
That hearing others indigence.
I may the more have patience,
Fellows in tribulation,
Been wretches consolation,
E. Said he: After my smal cunning,
To thee I shal make answering:
But orderly for to begin.
This misery proceeds of sin:
But it were long to be defined,
How all men are to sin inclined.
When sin abundantly doth reign,
Justly God maketh punishing:
Wherefore great God into his hands,
To daunt the world with divers wands,
After our evil condition,
He makes on us punition:
With hunger, dearth and indigence,
Sometimes great plagues and pestilence:
And sometimes with his bloody wand,
Through civil wars by sea and land.
Concluding: all our misery
Proceeds of sin allanerly.
T. Father, said I, declare to me
The cause of this fragilitie,
That we 're all to sin inclin'd,
In work and word, and in our mind:

I would thy verity were shown,
Who hath this seed amongst us sown?
And why we were condemn'd to dead?
And how that we may get remead?

T. Said he thy Scripture hath concluded,
When from felicity are denuded,
By Adam our progenitour,
Sometime of Paradise possessour:
By whose most wilful arrogance,
Was mankind brought to this mischance,
When he was disobedient,
In breaking Gods commandement;
By solitation of his wife,
Yt left that heavenly pleasant life,
Eating of the forbidden tree:
Ehere began all our miserie;
So Adam was cause radical,
Ehat we are fragile sinners all.
Adam brought in this Nation,
Sin, death, and the damnation.
Who will say, that he is no sinner,
Thrift sayeth he is a great lyer,
Mankind sprang from Adams loines,
And took of him flesh, blood and bones:
And so after his quality,
Are all inclin'd sinners to be.
But yet, my son, despair thou nought,
For God that all the world hath wrought,
Hath made a soveraign remead,
To save us both from sin and dead,
And from eternal damnation;
Therefore take consolation:
For God, as Scripture doth record,
Having on man misericord.
Sent down his only Son Jesu;
Which lighted on a Virgin true,
And clad his high Divinity,
With our poor vile humanity:
Then from our sins to conclude,
Yt washt us with his precious blood,
Howbeit through Adam we must die,

Through

Through that Lord we shal raised be,
And every man he shal relieve,
Which in his blood doth firm believe,
And bring us all into his glore,
The which through Adam been forlore,
Without that we through lack of faith,
Of his God-head incur the wrath:
But who in Christ firmly believes,
Shal be relieved from all mischieves.
C. What faith is it that you call firm?
Sir, make me understand that term.
E. Faith without hope and charity,
Availeth not, my son, said he.
C. What charity is, that I would know.
E. Said he my son, that shall I show:
First love thy God above all thing
And thy neighbour without fainting.
Do none injure nor villanie,
But as thou wouldst were dont to thee
Quick faith without charitable warks
Can never be as write hee Clarks,
More then the fire until his might
Can lack the heat, or Sun lack light.
If Charity into thee failes,
Thy faith or hope nothing availes.
The Devil hath faith, and trembles for dread,
But he lacks hope and love indeed.
Do all the good that may be wrought,
Without charity, availes nought:
Wherefore pray to the Trinity,
For to support thy Charity.
Now have I shown thee as I can,
How father Adam the first man.
Brought in the world sin and dead:
And how Christ Jesus made remead:
Which in the great day of judgement,
Shall us deliver from torment,
And bring us to his lasting glore,
Which shall endure for evermore.
But in this world thou gets no rest.
I make it to thee manifest:

Therefore my son, be diligent,
And learn for to be patient,
And into God set all thy trust,
All things shall then come for the best.
C. Father I thank you heartily,
Of your comfort and company,
And heavenly consolation,
Making you supplication
If I durst put you to such pine,
That ye would please for to define,
And make me clearly understand,
How Adam brake the Lords command:
And how through his transgression,
Was punisht his succession.
E. My son, said he, wouldst thou take care,
To look upon divine Scripture,
Into the book of Genesis,
That history thou shalt not miss,
And also sundrie cunning Clarks
Have done rehearse into their warks,
Of Adams fall full ornately.
A thousand times better then I
Can write of that unhappy man;
But I shall do the best I can,
Shortly to show that carefull case,
With the support of Gods grace.

An Exclamation to the Reader, touching the writting in vulgar & maternal language.

GEntle Reader have at me no despite,
Thinking that I presumptuously pretend
In vulgar tongue so hie matter to write,
But where I miss, I pray thee to amend.
To the unlearn'd I would the cause were kend,
Of our most miserable travel and torment,
And how in earth no place is permanent.
Howbeit that diverse devote cunning Clarks,
In latine tongue have written sundry books,
Our unlearn'd knows little of their warks,
More theu they do the raving of the rooks,
Wherefore to calliats, carriers, & to cooks,

To

To Jack and Thom my rime shall be directed,
With cunning men howbeit that it be lack.
Though every common man be not a Clark,
Nor hath no teed, except their tongue maternal,
Why should of God the marvelous heavenly wark
Be hid from them? I think it not fraternal.
The father of heaven, which was and is eternal,
To Moses gave the Law on Mount Sinai,
Not into Greek nor Latine, as they say.
He wrote the Law in tables hard of bone,
In their own vulgar language of Hebrew,
That the children of Israel every one
Might know the Law and to the same ensue:
Had he done write in Latine, or in Greek,
It had to them been a favourless geer:
We may well know, God wrought all for the best.
Aristotle nor Plato I heard sane,
Wrote not their Philosophi natural
In Dutch, nor Dence, nor tongue Italiane,
But in their most proper tongue maternal,
Whose fame and name doth reign perpetual,
Famous Virgil, the Prince of Poetrie,
Nor Cicero the flower of Oratrie.
Wrote not in Chaldie language, nor in Greek
Nor yet into the language Saracene,
Nor yet in the natural language of Hebrew,
But in the Romane tongue, as may be seen,
Which was their proper language, as I ween,
When Romanes reigned Dominators indeed,
The ornate Latine was their proper Leed.
In the mean time when they these bold Romanes
Over all the world had the dominion,
Made Latine schools, their gloze for to advance,
That their language might be over all common
To that intent, by mine opinion.
Trusting that their Empire should ay endure:
But of Fortune always they were not sure.
Of languages the first diversitie,
Was made by Gods malediction,
When Babylon was builded in Chaldie:
Those builders got none other affliction, By-

Before the time of that punition,
Was but one tongue, which Adam spake himself,
Where now of tongues there be threescore & twelve
Notwithstanding. I think it great pleasure,
Where cunning men have languages anew;
That in their youth by diligent labour,
Have learned Latine, Greek and Hebrew:
That I am not of that sort sore I rew:
Wherefore I would all Books necessar
For our faith, were into our tongues vulgar,
Christ after his glorious ascension,
To his Disciples sent his holy spirit
In tongues of fire to that intention,
That being of all languages repleat,
Through all the world, with words fair & sweet,
To every man the faith they would forth shaw,
In their own Leed, delivering them their law.
Therefore I think a great derision.
To hear the Nuns and sisters night and day,
Singing and saying Psalms and Dirion,
Not understanding what they sing or say:
But like a Stirling or a Papingay,
Which learned are to speak by long usage,
Them I compare to birds in a cage.
Right honourable citizens and Ladies of honours,
Pray in Latine, to them an uncouth Leed:
Mumbling their matins evensongs, their hours,
Their Pater noster, Ave, and their Creed,
It were as pleasant to their spirite indeed,
God have mercy on me, for to say thus,
As for to say. Miserere mei Deus.
Saint Jerome in his proper tongue Romane,
The law of God truly he did translate
Out of Hebrew, Greek and Latine in plain,
Which hath been hid from us long time. God wait,
Until this time. But after my conceit
Had Saint Jerome been born into Argyle,
In Irish tongue his books had done compyle.
Prudent Saint Paul doth make narration,
Touching the diverse Leeds of every Land,
Saying, there have been more edification In

In five words that folk do understand
Then to pronounce of words ten thousand
In strange language, & knows not what it means
I think such prating is not worth two peans.
Unlearned people on the holy day,
Solemnedly they hear th' Evangel sung,
Not knowing what the Priest doth sing or say,
But as a bell when that they hear it rung:
Yet would the Priests in their mother tongue,
Pass to the pulpit, and that doctrine declare
To Laick people, it were more necessare.
I would that Prelats and Doctors of the Law
With Laick people were not discontent,
though we into our vulgar tongue did know
Of Christ Jesus the law and testament,
And how that we should keep commandement:
But in our language let us pray and read
Our Pater noster, Ave, and our Creed.
I would some Prince of great discretion,
In vulgar language plainly caus'd translate,
the needfull laws of this Region,
then would there not be half so great debate
Amongst us people of the low estate.
If every man the verity did know,
we needes not to treat these men of Law.
To do our neighbor wrong we would beware,
If we did fear the Laws punishment:
There would not be such brawling at the Bar:
Nor men of Law clim to such royal rent.
To keep the Law, if all men were content,
And each man do, as he would be done to,
the Judges would get little thing ado.
The Prophet David King of Israel,
Compyl'd the pleasant psalms of the Psalter,
In his own proper tongue, as I hear tell:
And Solomon which was his son and heir,
Did make his book into his tongue vulgare.
why should not their sayings be to us shown
In our language? I would the cause were known.
Let Doctors write their curious questions,
And arguments sotten full of sophistrie: their

their Logick. and their high opinions,
their dark iudgements of Astronomie,
their Medicine, and their Philosophie.
Let Poets show their glorious engine,
As ever they please in Greek, or in Latine.
But let us have the books necessare
to Common-wealth, and our salvation,
Iustly translated in our tongue vulgare:
And che I make you supplication,
O gentle Reader, have none indignation,
thinking to meddle with so high matter.
Now to my purpose forward will I fare.

The Creation of Adam and Eve.

When God had made the heavens bright
the Sun and Moon for to give light:
The starry heavens and crystalline,
And by his sapience divine,
the Planets in their circles round,
Whirling about with merry sound:
Of whom Phebus was principal,
Iust in his Line Ecliptical:
And gave by divine sapience,
to every star their influence,
with motion continual,
which doth endure perpetual:
And farthest from the heavens empire,
the earth, the water, air and fire.
He clad the earth with herbs and trees,
All kind of fishes in the seas:
All kind of beasts he did prepare,
with fowls flying in the air.
thus by his word all things were wrought
without a material, made of nought:
So by his wisdom infinite.
All was made pleasant and perfite.
when heaven and earth, and their contents
were ended, with their ornaments:
then last of all the Lord began,
of most vile earth to make the man:
Not of the Lilly, nor of the rose,

Nor cypper tree, as I suppose:
Neither of gold, nor precious stones,
Of earth he made flesh, blood and bones:
To that intent, God made him thus,
that man should not be glorious;
Nor in himself should nothing see
But matter of humility.
when man was made, as I have told,
God in his face did him behold,
Breathing in him a lively spirit.
When all these words were compleat,
He made man to his similitude,
Excelling into pulchritude:
Dotted with gifts of Nature,
Above all earthly creature:
Then pleasantly did him convoy
To a Region compleat with joy,
Of all pleasure which bare the price,
And called earthly Paradise:
And brought by divine providence.
All beasts and birds to his presence.
Adam did craftily impone
A special name to every one:
And to all things material,
A name he gave in special:
How he them named, it hath been kend,
and shall be to the worlds end,
Into that garden of pleasance,
Two trees grew most to advance,
Above all other which bare the price,
In midst of that Paradise:
The one was called, the tree of Life,
The other tree began our strife:
The tree to know both good and evil,
which by perswasion of the devil,
Began our misery and wo:
But let us to our purpose go,
How God gave Adam strait command,
That tree not to touch with his hand:
All other fruits of Paradise,
He bade him eat at his device,

Saying

Saying: If thou eat of this tree,
With double death then shalt thou die:
Therefore I thee command beware,
And from the tree thou stand afar.
Yet Father Adam was alone,
Without company of any one,
Then thought the Lord it necessar,
To creat to him an helper.
God put in Adam such sopour,
That for to sleep he took pleasure,
And layd him down upon the ground:
Then when Adam was sleeping sound.
He took a rib forth off his side,
Then filled it with flesh and bide,
And made a woman of that bone,
Fairer of form was never none:
Then to Adam incontinent,
That fair Lady he did present,
Which shortly said, for to conclude.
Thou art my flesh, my bone and blood,
And Virago, he called her name,
Which is interpret, Made of man
Which Eva afterward was named,
When for her faults she was defamed,
Then did the Lord them sanctifie,
Saying increase and multiplie:
By this men should leave all their kin,
And with their wifes make dwelling,
And for their sake leave father and mother,
And love them best above all other:
For God hath ordained them truly,
To be two souls in one body.
My wit is weak for to indite,
Their heavenly pleasure infinite.
Was never earthly creature,
Since that time had perfect pleasure.
They had puissance Imperial
Above all things material,
As cunning Clarks do conclude,
Adam precell'd in pulchritude,
Most natural, and the fairest man That

That ever was since the world began,
Except Christ Jesus Gods own son,
To whom was no comparison:
And Eve the fairest creature
That ever was formed by Nature.
Though they were naked as they were made,
No shame either of other had.
What pleasure might a man have more,
Then have his Lady him before,
So lusty, pleasant, and perfite,
Ready to serve his appetit?
they had none other care, I wis,
But past their time with joy and blis.
wild beasts did to them repair,
So did the fowls of the air,
with noise most angelical,
Making to them mirth musical.
the fishes swimming in the strands,
were wholly all at their commands.
All creatures with one accord,
obey'd him as their soveraign Lord.
they suffered neither heat nor cold,
with every pleasure that they would:
And to the death they were not thral,
And so should we have been all:
For he and his successours
should have possessed these pleasures;
then from that joy material,
Gone to the glorie imperial.
they had, if I can right describe,
Great joy in all their wits five,
In hearing, seeing, tasting, smelling,
Enduring that delightsome dwelling:
hearing birds harmonies:
tasting the fruits of diverse trees:
smelling the balmie dulce odours.
which did proceed from fragrant flours,
seeing so many heavenly hews
of blooms breaking on the bews.
of touching eke they had delite,
of other bodies soft and white:

Doubtless enduring that pleasure,
they loved each other paramour:
No marvel though that so should be,
Considering this their great beauty.
And God gave them command express
to multiply and to increase,
that their seed and succession,
Might plenish every Nation.
I will not tarry for to declare
All properties of that place preclare,
how herbs and trees grew ever green,
And of the temperat air screen:
how fruits indeficient,
were alike ripe and redolent:
Nor of the fountains, nor of the floods,
Nor of the flowrs pulchritudes:
that matter Clerks do declare,
wherefore of them I speak no mair.
the scripture makes no mention
how long they reign'd in that Region,
But I believe the time was short,
As diverse doctors do report.

The miserable transgression of Adam.

FAther, how happed that mischance,
Said I, shew me that circumstance,
Declare to me that careful cace,
how Adam lost that pleasant place,
From him and his succession,
how did proceed transgression?
E. said he: After my rude engine,
I shal rehearse thee that ruine.
when God the Creator of all,
Into the heaven Imperial.
Did creat all the Angels bright,
he made an Angel most of might,
to whom he gave preeminence
Above them all in sapience,
Because all others he did prefer,
Named he was bright Lucifer.
He was so pleasant and so fair,

He thought himself without compair,
And grew so gay and glorious,
Began to be presumptuous:
He thought that he would set his seat
Into the North, and make debate
Contrare the Majesty divine.
Which was the cause of his ruine,
For he incurred Gods yre,
And banisht from the heavens empire,
with Angels many legion,
which were of his opinion.
Innumerable with him there fell,
Some lighted in the lowest hell:
Some in the sea did make repair:
Some in the earth, some in the air,
That most unhappy company,
At Father Adam had envy,
Perceiving Adam and his seed,
Into their places to succeed:
The serpent was the subtilest
Above all beasts and craftiest:
Then Satan with a false intent
Did enter into the serpent,
Imagining some crafty wile,
How he might Adam best beguile,
And caus'd him break commandement:
But to the woman first he went,
Trusting the better to prevail,
Full subtilly did her assail:
With facund words false and fair,
He grew with her familiar,
That he his purpose might advance,
Believing in her inconstance.
What been the cause, Madam, said he,
That you forbear yon pleasant tree,
Which been peerless and precious,
Whose fruit been most delicious?
I will, said she thereto accord,
We are forbidden of the Lord,
The which hath given us liberty,
To eat of every fruit and tree,

Which grows into this Paradise;
Break we command, we are not wise
He gave to us a strait command,
That tree not to touch with our hand:
Eat we of it, without remead
She said, doubtless we shall be dead.
Believe not that, said the serpent,
Eat you of it, incontinent
Repleat you shall be with science,
And have perfect intelligence,
Like God himself, of evil and good,
Then hastily, for to conclude,
Hearing of this prerogative,
She pulled down the fruit belive,
Through counsel of this false serpent:
And ate of this incontinent
And put her husband in believe,
That pleasant fruit if he would prieve
That he should be as sapient,
As the great God Omnipotent.
Think you not that a pleasant thing,
That we like God should ever reign?
He hearing this narration,
And by her solicitation,
Moved by prideful ambition,
He ate on that condition,
The principal points of this offence,
Was pride, and inobedience:
Desiring for to be equal
To God the Creator of all.
Alace, Adam, why didst thou so?
Why causedst thou this mortal woe?
Hadst thou been constant, firm & stable
Thy glory had been incomparable.
Where was thy consideration,
Who hadst the domination
Of every living creature,
That God hath formed by nature;
To rule them at thy own devise?
Was thou not Prince of Paradise?
Was never man since thou on live, That

That God gave such prerogative
He gave thee strength above Sampson,
And sapience more then Solomon,
Young Absolon in his time most fair,
To thy beauty was no compare.
Aristotle thou didst precel,
Into philosophie natural.
Virgil into his Poetrie,
Nor Cicero in his oratry,
Were never half so eloquent.
Why brake thou Gods commandement?
Where was thy wit that thou wouldst not flee
Far from the presence of that tree?
Gave not thy Maker thee free will,
To take the good, and leave the ill?
How might thy forfault be excused,
That Gods commandement refused,
Through thy wifes persuasion,
Which hath been the occasion?
Since that time many noble men,
By the evil counsel of women,
Have altogether destroyed been,
As in the history may be seen,
Which now we need not to declare;
But to our purpose let us fare.
When they had eaten of the fruit,
Of joy they were then destitute:
Then gan they both for to think shame,
And to be naked through defame,
And made them breeks of leaves green,
That their secrets should not be seen:
But in the estate of innocence
They had no such experience:
But when to sin they were subjected,
To shame and sin they were coaged.
And in a bush they did them close,
Ashamed of the Lord his voice:
Which called Adam by his name,
Said he: my Lord, I think great shame
Naked to come in thy presence,
Thou hadst no such experience.

Said God, when thou was innocent:
why brake thou my commandement?
Alace, said Adam to the Lord,
The verity I shall record:
This woman that thou gave to me,
Caus'd me eat of yon pleasant tree.
Right so the woman her excused,
And said, the serpent me abused.
Then to the serpent, God said thus;
O thou deceiver venemous
Because the woman thou begui'd
From henceforth shalt thou be exil'd:
Curled and wearied shalt thou be,
So shall thy seed be after thee.
Cold earth shall be thy food also,
And creeping on thy breast shalt go:
And I shall put enimity
Between the woman ever and thee.
Between thy seed and woman seed,
Shall be continual mortal feed;
Howbeit thou hast wrought their mischieves,
It shall not be as thou believes:
Such seed shall be in woman sown,
That thy power shall be down thrown,
Treading thine head that thou mayest feel,
And thou shalt tread him on the heel.
This was his promise and meaning,
That the immaculat Virgin
Should bear the Prince omnipotent,
Which should tread down the false serpent.
Satan and all his company,
And them confound all utterly.

C. Said I: If Satan prince of hell,
Spake in the serpent, as ye tell,
And beasts can no way sin at all,
Why was the serpent made so thral?
I hear men say before that hour,
The serpent had a fair figure,
And went up straight upon his feet,
And had his members all compleat,
As other beasts upon the bent.

E. Said he, for he was instrument
To Satan in his misterie,
Dunight he was, as you may see,
As by experience thou mayest knaw,
Expreis into the common law:
A man convict of buggerie,
The beast is burnt as well as he,
Howbeit the beast be innocent:
And so befell of this serpent.
It was the fiend full of despite.
Of Adams fall which had the wite,
As he hath of many mo:
But to our purpose let us go.
Then to the woman for her offence,
God did pronounce this sore sentence:
All pleasure that thou hadst beforow,
Shall changed be in lasting sorrow.
Where thou shouldst be with mirth and joy,
Have born thy birth without annoy:
Now all thy children thou shalt bear
With dollour and continual care.
And thou shalt be, for ought thou can,
Ever subject unto the man.
By this sentence God did conclude,
Woman from liberty denude:
When by experience you may see
How Queens of most high degree,
Are under most subiection.
And suffers most correction.
For they like birds into a cage,
Are keeped ay under thirlage.
So all women in their degree,
Should to their men subiected be:
Howbeit some will strive for state,
And for the Mastery make debate,
Which if they lack both even and morrow,
Their men shall suffer meekle sorrow:
Of Eve they take that quality,
To desire soveraignity.
And then to Adam said the Lord:
Because that thou hast done accord

Thy will, and hearkened to thy wife,
Now shalt thou lose this pleasant life:
Thou wast to her obedient,
But thou break my commandement:
Cursed and barren the earth shal be,
Whereever thou goest, till that thou die:
But thirstle, nettle, brier and thorn,
Without labour shall bear no corn:
For food thou gettest none other bield,
But eat the herbs upon the field:
Sore laboring till thy brows sweat:
From henceforth shalt thou win thy meat.
I made thee of the earth certain,
And thou to earth shalt turn again.
Then made he them abullement
Of skins and ragged rayment,
Them to preserve from heat and cold:
Then grew their dolor manifold.
Now Adam, ye are like to us,
With your gay garment glorious.
To them these words said the Lord.
Then cryed they both: Misericord.
When from that earth with hearts sore
Banisht they were for evermore,
Into this wretched vale of sorrow,
With dayly labor even and morrow.
After whole dolorous departing,
The Lord gave Paradise in keeping,
Unto the Angel Cherubin,
That none should have entry therein:
At the which entry he did stand,
With flaming fiery sword in hand,
To keep that Adam and his wife
Should not taste of the tree of Life:
For if they of the tree had preeved,
Perpetually they might have lived.
So Adam, and his succession,
Of Paradise lost possession,
And by his sin original.
Were men of misery made thral.
My son, now mayst thou clearly see,

This would began with miserie:
With miserie it doth proceed,
Whose end shall dolor be and dread.
C. Father said I, what kind of life
Led Adam with his lusty wife,
After his bailful banishing?
E. said he, continual lamenting.
Mine heart hath yet compassion,
How they went wandring up and down,
Weeping with many loud, alace,
That they had lost that pleasant place,
In wilderness to be exil'd,
Where they found nought but beasts wild,
Menancing them for to devour,
Which all obedient were before.
C. Father, said I, in what countrie
Did Adam live after that he
Was banished from that delite?
E. The Clerks, said he, have put in write
How Adam dwelt with meekle bail,
In Damre, in that lusty vail,
Which after was the Jewish land,
Where yet his sepulchre doth stand.
I list not tarry to describe
The woe of Adam and his wife,
Nor how that they had sons two,
Kain and Abel, and no mo:
Nor how curst Kain for envy,
Did slay his brother cruelly:
Nor of their mourning, nor of their moan,
When they soulels were left alone,
Abel lay slain upon the ground:
Curst Kain seem'd a vagabound:
Nor how God of his special grace,
Sent them the third son fair of face,
Most like Adam of flesh and blood,
Seth was his name, gracious and good,
And how blind Lamech rackelelly
Did slay Kain unhappily.
Adam, as Clarks do describe.
Begate with Eve his woful wife,

Of men children, thirty and two,
And of daughters alike also:
By this thou mayst well understand,
That Adam saw many a thousand,
That of his body did descend,
Ere he out of the world did wend,
Adam lived in earth but wear,
Compleat nine hundred and thirty year:
And all his dayes were but sorrow,
Remembring both even and morrow,
Of Paradise the prosperity;
And then of his great misery;
His heart might never be reioyc'd.
Remembring how the heavens were clos'd
From him and his succession,
And that by his transgression.
* After his death, as I heard tell,
his soul descended to the hell
And there remained prisoner
In that dungeon three thousand year
And more. So did both evil and good,
Till Christ for them had shed his blood:
Then by that most precious ransom,
They were delivered out of prison.
I have declared now as I can,
The misery of the first man.

* This was an erroneous opinion holden at that time.

How GOD destroyed all living creatures in earth for sin, and drowned them by a terrible flood, in the time of Noe.

PRudent Father, Experience.
Declare to me ere you go hence,
What was the cause God did destroy
All creatures in the time of Noy?
E. said he, I tremble for to tell.
That infortune how it befell:
The cause been so abominable,
And the matter so miserable.
But for to shew the circumstance
Manifestly of that mischance:
First I must make thee understand,

How

How Adam gave express command
To these who were of Seths blood
Because they were gracious and good,
Should not contract with Kains kin,
Which were inclined all to sin.
To observe that commandement,
Kain pass to the Orient.
With his wife called Calmana,
Which was his own sister alswa:
Where his off-spring did long remain,
Hard by the mountain of Tarbane.
And Seth did long time lead his life
With Dalboza his prudent wife,
Which was his sister good and fair,
In Damascene made their repair.
In that Country of Seths clan,
Descended many a holy man.
So long as Adam was livand,
The people did observe command:
When he was dead and laid in ground,
The people greatly did abound:
And Kain slain, as I have shown,
And Seths dayes all over blown,
The sons then of Seths blood,
Seeing the pleasant pulchritude
Of the Ladies of Kains kin,
Howbeit they knew well it was sin,
Oppress with sensual lusts rage,
Did take them into marriage:
And so corrupted was that blood:
The good with evil, and evil with good,
Then as the people did increase,
They did abound in wickedness,
As holy scripture doth rehearse,
Which I abhor to put in verse,
Or tell with tongue. I am not able,
The sooth been so abominable,
How men and women shamefully
Abus'd themselves unnaturally:
Whose foul abomination,
And filthie fornication,

I think great shame to put in writte,
Even as Paul Dyose doth indite.
And if I would at length declare;
It were enough to file the air,
Great Clerks of antiquities,
Have written many true stories.
Which are worthy to be commended
Howbeit they be not comprehended
At length in the Divine Scripture:
But I shal do my busie cure.
To take the best, as I suppose,
That most pertains to my purpose:
And with support of Christ our King.
I purpose to confirm nothing
Of the old Historiance,
Contrarious to his Excellence:
Howbeit that mens traditions
Be contrary Christs institutions
Of them though something I declare,
Now let us proceed farther mair:
And with a language lamentable,
Declare this matter miserable.
C. Father, the cause would I knaw,
Why they of nature brake the Law?
E. I trust said he, that wickedness
Entred through sloathfull idleness,
The devil with all the craft he can,
When he perceives an idle man;
Or woman given to idleness,
He getteth easily entress:
And so by this occasion.
And the fiends perswasion,
The whole world universally,
Corrupted was all utterly.
C. What was the cause they idle were,
That cause, said I, to me declare?
E. said he, By mine imagination,
For lack of vertuous occupation:
For of crafts they had small usage,
Of merchandise, or labourage:
The earth was then so plenteous

Of fruit and spice delicious:
The herbs were so comfortable,
Delightsome and medicinable:
The fountains fresh and redolent,
To labouring they took little tent,
All manner of beasts for their pleasure,
Did multiply without labour.
The time between Adam and Noy,
To see the earth it was great joy,
Planted with precious trees of price:
Four famous floods of Paradise,
Ran through the earth in sundry parts,
Spreading their branches in all airts;
The water was so strong and fine.
They would not labour to find wine.
The fruit and herbs were so good,
They made no care for other food:
And so the people took no cure,
But past the time at their pleasure.
Ay finding new inventions,
To fulfil their intentions:
And so the Lord Omnipotent,
That he made man did him repent:
And shew unto his servant Noy,
That he would all the world destroy.
Except himself, and his menzie.
Alace, said Noe, when shall that be?
Then said the Lord: Sith that thou spears,
I shall prolong six score of years
Tarrying upon their repentance,
Ere I fulfil my just sentence:
In the mean time fall thou to wark
Incontinent, and build an Ark:
Which Noe began obediently
And wrought on it continually.
And to the people daily preached,
To cry for grace he to them teached:
And to them plainly did declare,
That God his evil no more would spare,
But on them he would work vengeance

To

To Noe yet gave they no credence,
And so they were inconsellable,
Using their lust abominable:
And took his preaching in despite
By following their foul delite.
More and more to that balefull day,
Which all the world put in a fray.
C. Father, you made me unbet[illegible],
When Adam brake the Lords command,
To augement his affliction,
God gave his maledicion
Unto the earth which was so fair,
That it should barren be and bare,
And without labour bear no corn,
Nor fruit, but thistle, bitir and thorn.
Now say you in the time of Noy,
To see the earth it was great joy
Planted with fruits good and fair,
The sooth of this to me declare.
These sayings two make me consider,
How you make them agree together:
E. God made his promise sickerly,
Howbeit it came not instantly,
Said he as Clerks do conclude:
But after when the furious flood
Destroy'd the earth all utterly,
Then came that promise sickerly,
Even as God did give command,
Adam should not touch with his hand,
Nor eat of the forbidden tree;
If he did so that he should die,
Howbeit he died not but weer
After that day nine hundreth year.
Right so the Prophet Esaias,
Speaking of Christ the great Messias
Saying: the child is to be born,
To save mankind that is forlorn:
If he had been born instantly,
Yet was he not born verily,
After that saying many a year,
As in the scripture thou mayst hear.

A thousand year, who reckons right,
Is as an hour into Gods sight.
Examples many I might tell.
Were it not tedious for to dwel.
To our purpose let us proceed,
Shewing the hight, the length and breed,
And quantity of Noahs Ark,
Which was right excellent wark.
Of pyne-tree made bound well about,
Laid over with pick within and out
Joyned full close with nails strong,
And was three hundreth cubits long:
Fifty in breed thirty in hight:
Three chambers joyned well and weight,
And every loft above another,
Without an anker, oar, or ruther.
A right cubit, as I hear tell,
Of measure now might be an ell,
In the mid-side a door there was,
For beasts a full easie entress.
This Ark which was both long and large,
Made in the bottom like a barge,
Covered with broods well above,
Most like an houle set on a roove.
Whole rigging was one cubit breed,
Wherein there was a window made:
Some sayes, well closed with crystal clear,
Where through the day light might appear,
This work the more was to be praised,
Because by God it was devised
The making of this Ark but wear,
Indured well an hundred year,
Which Noe had ended this wark,
God did him close within the Ark,
With his wife and sons three,
With their wives, and no more menzie.
Of all fowls of the air,
Of every kind entred a pair:
Right so two beasts of every kind:
For why? It was the Lords mind,
That generation should not fail: where

Wherefore of female and of male,
Of every kind were keeped two.
But to rehe arle mine heart is wo,
The dolent lamentation,
That time of every Nation,
Saying, Alace, a thousand syle,
When wind and rain began to rise.
The rocks which red began to rive,
The ugly clouds did over-drive,
And darkned so the heavens bright,
That Sun and Moon might shew no light:
That terrible trembling of earth quake,
Made buildings bow, and Cities shake.
The Thunder rent the clouds sable,
With fearful noise inevitable.
The fire flaughts flew over thorough the fels,
Then was there not but shouts and yels,
When they perceived without remead,
All creatures for to suffer dead.
All fountains from the earth up sprang,
And from the heaven the rain down dang,
Forty daye, and forty nights:
Then ran the people to the hights:
Some climbs on hills, some climbs on trees,
Some to the highest mountains flees,
With more terror then I can tell;
But all for nought, the floods down fell,
And wind did rout with such a reard,
That every wight wearied his weard,
Crying: Alace that they were born,
Into the flood to be forlorn.
Men might not make moan to their wives,
Nor yet support the childrens lives.
The floods raise up with such great mights,
That over-covered all the hights:
They might no more their lives length:
But swim'd so long as thy had strength:
And so with eryes lamentable,
Ended their lives miserable.
Above mountains that were most hie,
Fifty cubits did raise the sea:

Men may imagine in their mind,
All creatures in their kind;
Both beasts and fouls of the air,
In their manner made meikle care:
The fishes thought themselves beguil'd,
When they swimm'd through the woods wild.
The whales tumbling amongst the trees,
Wild beasts swimming in the seas:
Birds with many a pitious pew,
Fraidly in the air they flew,
So long as they had strength to flee,
Then fluttered down into the sea.
Nothing on earth was left on life,
Beasts, nor fowls, man nor wife:
For wholly God did them destroy,
Except them in the Ark with Noy:
The which lay fleeing in the flood,
Swalting amongst the streams wood,
With many terrible affrayes
Remained an hundred and fifty dayes,
In great languor and heaviness,
Ere wind or rain began to cease.
Sometimes effectuously praying.
Sometimes the beasts wiping:
For by the Lords commandement,
He made provision sufficient.
For Noe dwelt in the Ark, no doubt,
A year compleat ere he came out,
Does at more length in Holy writ,
This doleful history been indite.
And how that Noe gan to rejoice,
When conduits of the heavens did close,
So that the rain no more descended.
Nor yet the Floods no more ascended:
When he perceived the heavens clear,
He sent a raven forth messenger,
Into the air for to flyy.
If he saw any mountains dry:
Some sayes the raven did forth remain,
And came not to the Ark again.
Forth flew the Dove at Noes command; And

And when he did perceive dry land,
Of an Olive he brake a branch,
That Noe might know the Flood did ranch:
And there no more he did sojourn,
But with the branch he did return,
That Noe might clearly understand,
That fellon Flood was decreasand.
And so it did, till at the last,
The Ark upon the ground brake fast,
On the top of a mountain hie,
Into the land of Armenie.
And when Noe had done espy,
How that the earth began to dry,
Then threw he down the doors all,
And looked them the which were thral.
The fowls flew forth into the air.
And all the beasts by pair and pair,
Past forth to seek their pasturages,
There were none but eight personages,
Noe, his three sons, and their wives,
On earth that was left with their lives,
Whom God did bless and sanctifie,
Saying: Increase, and multiplie.
God wot if Noe was blyth and glad,
When of that prison he was freed.
When Noe had made his sacrifice,
Thanking God of his benefice.
He standing on Mount Armenie.
Where he the Countrey might espy:
He may believe his heart was sore,
Seeing the earth which was before
The flood, so pleasant and perfite,
Which to behold was great delite,
That now was barren made and bare,
Before which fructuous was and fair:
The pleasant trees bearing fruits,
Were lying pull'd up by the roots,
The wholesome herbs, and fragrant flowrs,
Had lost both vertue and colours.
The fields green, and flowrisht meads,
Were spoiled of their pleasant weeds.

The

The earth which then was so fair formed,
Was by the furious flood deformed.
Where sometime were the pleasant plants,
Were deep coves and high mountains:
From sounding rocks great and gay,
The earth washen clean away.
But Noe had greated displeasures,
Beholding the dead creatures.
Which was a sight lamentable:
Men, women, beasts innumerable,
Seeing them lying upon the lands,
And some were fleeting upon the strands:
whales and monsters of the seas,
Sticked and stabd amongst the trees
And where the flood was decreasand,
They were left waltering on the land.
Before the flood during that space,
The sea was all into one place:
Right so the earth as been decided,
In sundry parts was not divided,
As been Europa and Asia,
Divided ay from Africa.
You see now diverse famous Iles,
Standing from land right many miles,
All these great Iles Iunderhand,
were then equal with the firm land,
There was no sea Mediterran,
But only the great Ocean,
Which did not spread such hurling strands,
As it doth now over through the lands.
Then by the raging of that flood,
The earth from vertue was denud,
The which before was to be praised,
whose beauty then was disagusted:
then was the malediction knowen,
which was by God to Adam shown.
I hear now Clerks do conclude
Indureing that most furious Flood,
with which the earth was sore oppress,
the wind blew forth of the south west,
As may be seen by experience,

how throught the waters violence,
the high mountains on every airt,
Are bare forenent the south west part,
As the mountains of Pirenees,
the Alpes, and rocks in the seas:
Right so the rocks great and gay,
which standeth into Norroway;
the highest hills in every airt.
And in Scotland, for the most part.
through watering of that furious Flood,
the hills of earth were made denud,
travelling men may consider best,
the mountains bare nest the south west,
C. Declare, said J. ere you conclude,
how long lived Noe after the Flood:
E. Said he: In Genesis thou mayest here
how that Noe was six hundreth year.
The time of this great punishment,
And ay to God obedient:
And was the best of Seths blood:
And more he lived after the Flood,
Three hundreth and fifty years,
As holy Scripture witnes bears:
And was ere he rendred his spirit,
Nine hundreth and fifty years complear,
To show this storie miserable.
At length, my wits are not able.
And more, my son, as I suppose,
It belongs not to our purpose,
to show how Noes sons three
Gan to encrease and multiplie.
Nor how Noe planted the vine.
And drank till he was drunken fine.
And sleeped with his members bare.
And how Chem made for him no care
But laught to see his father so.
Howbeit his brethren were right wo,
Nor how Noe but restriction,
Gave Cham his malediction,
And put him under servitude,

To Shem and Japhet that were good.
Nor how God made a covenant
With Noe, to make no punishment,
Nor by the Flood no people drown:
In sign of that condition,
His rain-bow set into the air,
Of diverse heavenly colors fair,
For to be a perpetual sign.
By Flood to send no punishing.
This history if thou list to know,
At length the Bible shal thee show.

THE SECOND BOOK.

Containing the building of *Babylon* by *Nimrod*: and how King *Ninus* began the first Monarchy of their idolatry: and how *Semiramis* governed the Empire after her husband King *Ninus*.

FAther, I pray you to me tell,
The First infortune that befell,
Immediatly after the Flood:
And who did first shed guiltless blood,
And how Idolatrie began?
E. Said he: I shal do as I can:
After the Flood, I find no story
Worthy to be put in memory,
Till Nimrod did begin to reign,
Above the people as a king;
Which was the principal man of one,
That builder was of Babylon.
C. That story, Master, would I know,
That thou to me the sooth would show.
Why, and for what occasion
They builded such a strong dungeon?
E. Then said to me Experience,
I shal declare with diligence,
These questions at thy command:
But first, son, thou must understand
Of Nimrod the genealogy,

His strength, courage, and quantity;
Howbeit Moses in his first book,
That story lightly doth over-look:
Of him no more he doth declare,
Except he was a strong hunter,
But other Clerks curious,
As Orose, and doth Josephus,
Describes Nimrod at more length,
Both of his stature, and his strength,
This Nimrod was the fourth person,
From Noe by line descending down.
Noe begat Cham, Cham begat Chus,
And Chus, Nimrod the sooth been thus.
Thus Nimrod a man of might.
That time on earth was none so wight:
He was a Gyant stout and strong.
Perforce wild beasts he down throng.
The people of that region.
Came under his dominion.
No man there was in all that land,
His stalwardness that durst gainstand:
No marvel was though he was wight
Ten cubits large he was of hight.
Proportionate of length and bread.
Conform unto his hight, we read.
He grew so great and glorious.
So prideful and presumptuous
That he came inobedient,
To the great God Omnipotent.
This Nimrod was the principal man
That first Idolatry began,
Then caus'd he all the people call
To his presence both great and smal,
And in that great convention,
Did propone his intention:
My friends, said he, I make it known,
The great vengeance that God hath shown
In time of our fore-father Noy,
When he did all the world destroy,
And drowned them in furious Flood:
Wherefore I think we should conclude, How

How we should make a strong defence
Against the waters violence,
For to resist his furious yre,
Contrary both to flood and fire:
Let us go spy some pleasant field,
where a strong building we may build,
A City with a strong Dungeon,
That none ingine may beat it down;
So high, so thick, so large, so long
That God to us shall do no wrong.
It shall surmount the Planets seven,
That we from God may win y heaven.
These people with a firm intent,
All to his counsel did consent,
And did espy a pleasant place,
Hard on the flood of Euphrates,
The people then did there repare,
Into the plain field Shinare,
which now of Chaldie bears the name,
which did so long time flowrish fame.
That great fortress then did they found,
And searcht it till they found sure ground,
And fell to work both man and child.
Some found out clay, some burnt the tyld.
Nimrod that curious Champion,
Deviser was of that dungeon:
Nothing they spared their labours,
Like busie bees upon the flowers,
Or emmets travelling into Junt
Some under wrought, & some above,
with strong and ingenious masonry,
Upward that work did fortifie
with burnt tyle-stones, large and wight,
That tower they raised to such hight,
Above the airs region
And joyned of strong fashion,
with cement made of pick and tar,
they used none other mortar
though fire and water assailed,
Contrare that dungeon nought availed.

the land about was fair and plain,
And it rose like an high mountain.
these foolish people did intend,
that to the heavens it should ascend.
So great a strength was never seen
Into the world with mens een:
And the walls of that work they made
two and fifty fathom breed:
One of them, as some men sayes
Might be two fathoms in our dayes.
On man was then of more stature,
then two are now, of that be sure.
Iosephus holds opinion
Saying the hight of that dungeon,
Of large paces of measure been,
Five thousand eightescore and fourteen
By this reckoning it is full right,
Five miles and an half of hight.
A thousand pace take for a mile,
And thou shalt find it near that stile.
This tower in compass round about,
Were miles ten withoutten doubt.
About the city of Babies
Four hundreth and fourscore I wis.
And by the number of compass,
About threescore of miles it was.
And as Orosius reports.
There was fivescore of brasen ports.
This translatory of Orosius,
Into his Chronicle writes thus,
That when the Sun is at the hight,
At noon when it doth shine most bright,
The shadow of that hideous strength,
Six miles and more it was of length.
Thus may you judge into your thought,
If Babylon be high or nought.

How God made the diversity of languages, & made impediment to the building of *Babylon*.

When the great God Omnipotent,

To whom all things been present,
That was, and is, and ever shall be,
Are present to his Majestie.
The very secrets of mans heart,
From his presence may not depart:
He seeing the ambition,
And the prideful presumption,
How these proud people did pretend,
Up through the heavens to ascend.
Which was great folly to devise
Such a presumptuous enterprise:
For when they were most diligent,
God made them such impediment,
They were constrained with heart sore,
From thence to go and build no more.
Such languages on them he laid,
That none knew what another said.
Where was but one language before,
God sent them languages threescore.
At that time all did speak Hebrew.
Then some began for to speak Grew:
Some did speak Dutch, some Saracin,
And some began to speak Latine:
The Water-men were almost wild,
Crying for trees, they brought them tyld.
Some said, bring mortar here at once,
Then brought they to them flocks and stones.
Then Nimrod their great Champian,
Ran raging like a wild lyon,
Menassing them with words most rude,
But never a word they understood.
Before they found him good and kind.
But then they thought him by his mind,
When he so furiously did flyte.
Then turn'd his pride into despite.
Full dark eclipsed was his glore.
When they would work for him no more,
Behold how God was gracious
To them that was outragious:
He neither brake their legs nor arms,
Nor did to them no other harms,

Except

Except of tongues division:
And for a final conclusion,
Constrained they were for to depart,
Each company in sundry airt.
Some past into the Orient,
And some into the Occident.
Some south, some north, as they thought best,
And so their policy left waste,
But how that City was repaired,
Hereafter it shall be declared.

Of the first invention of Idolatrie: How *Nimrod* compelled the people to adore the fire in *Chaldea*.

NOw, sir, said I, show me the man,
which first Idolatry began.

E. That shall I do with all mine heart,
My Son said he, ere we depart.
When Nimrod saw his purpose failed,
And his great labor naught availed,
In manner of contemption,
Departed forth of that region:
And as Orosius doth rehearse,
He past into the land of Perse,
And many a year did there remain,
And then to Babylon came again,
And found huge people of Chaldie
Remaining in that great City,
That was glad of his returning,
And did obey him as their King.
Nimrod his name for to advance,
Among them made new ordinance
Saying: I think you are not wise,
That to no God make sacrifice,
Then to fulfil his false desire,
He caus'd be made a flaming fire,
And made it of such dread and might,
He caus'd it burn both day and night:
Then all the people of that land,
Ador'd the fire at his command,
Prostrate on knees and on faces,

Be-

Beseeching their new God of grace,
to give them more occasion,
He made them great perswasion:
this God, said he, is most of might,
shewing his beams on the night:
when sun and moon are both obscure,
his heavenly brightness both indure.
When mens members suffer cold,
Fire warmeth them even as they would.
Then cry'd the people at his desire,
There is no God, except the fire,
Ere there was any Imagery,
Began this first Idolatry?
At that time there was no usage
To carve, or for to paint Image:
Then made he proclamation,
Who made not adoration
To that new God, without remead,
Into that fire should suffer dead.
I find no man into that land,
His tyranny that durst gainstand,
But Abram and Aram his brother
That disobey'd I find none other,
Which dwelling was in that countrie,
With their father, called tharie.
These brethren Nimrod did reprieve
Saying to him: Lord, by your leave,
This fire is but an element,
Pray you to God Omnipotent,
Which made the heaven by his might,
Sun, Moon and stars for to give light:
He made the fishes in the seas,
The earth with beasts, herbs and trees:
And last of all, for to conclude,
He made man to his similitude.
To that great God give praise and glore,
Whose reign endures for evermore.
When Nimrod in his furious ire,
These brethren both cast in the fire:
Abram by God he was preserved,
But Aram in the fire was starved.

When Thary heard his son was dead,
He did depart out of that stead,
Which Abram, Nachor, and their wives,
As the Scripture at length describes,
And left the land of Chaldea,
And past to Mesopotamia,
And dwelt in Charan all his dayes,
And died there, as the story sayes.
The life of Abram, as I suppose,
Nothing belongs to our purpose.
Into the Bible thou mayst read
His vertuous life, word and deed.
Now have I shown thee the man
That first Idolatry began.

Of the great misery and skaith that cometh of war, and how King *Ninus* began the first Wars, and strake the first Battel.

FAther, I pray you with mine heart,
Declare to me ere we depart,
Who first began these mortal wars,
Which every faithful heart so skars,
And every policy down thraws,
Express against the Lords laws,
Since Christ our King Omnipotent,
Left peace into his testament:
How doth proceed this cruelty,
Against justice and equity?
In land where ever war hath been,
Great misery there may be seen.
All things on earth that God hath wrought,
Wars do destroy and bring to nought.
Cities with many strong dungeon.
Are burnt and to the earth thrown down.
Virgins and matrons are deflored,
Temples that richly were decored,
Are burnt, and all their priests spoyled:
Poor orphans under feet foyled;
Many old men made childrenless,
And many children fatherless.
Of famous schools the doctrine,

Doth

Both natural science and divine,
And every vertue troden down,
No reverence done to Religion
Strengths destroyed all utterly,
Fair Ladies forced shamefully:
Young widows spoyled of their spouses,
Poor laborers driven from their houses.
There dare no merchand take in hand
To travel either by sea or land,
For butchers that do them confound,
Some murthered been, and some are drown'd
And crafts-men of good engine,
Are altogether brought to ruine:
The bestial rest, the commons slain
The land without laboring doth remain.
Of policy the perfect marks
Buildings, gardens, pleasant parks,
Have altogether destroyed been.
Great granges burnt there may be seen:
Riches is turn'd to poverty,
And plenty into penury.
Death, hunger, dearth, it is well kend,
Of war this is the fatal end.
Justice turned into tryanny,
All pleasure in adversity.
The wars all utterly down thrawes,
Both the civil and common lawes.
War genders murder and mischief,
Sore lamenting without relief.
Wars do destroy Realms and Kings:
Great Princes war to prison brings.
War doth shed meekle guiltless blood,
Since I can say of wars no good.
Declare to me, sir, if ye can,
Who first this misery began.

A short description of the four Monarchies And how King *Ninus* began his Monarchie

OF war, said he, the great outrage,
Began into the second age,
By cruel, pitiful, covetous Kings: Rest

Reavers but right of others reigns:
Howbeit Rain before the flood,
Was first shedder of guiltless blood.
Ninus was first and principal man,
Which finitrous conquest began:
And was the man withoutten fail,
In earth which strake the first battle,
And first invented Imagery,
Wherethrough came Idolatry,
Me must know ere we further wend
Of whom King Ninus did descend.
Ninus, if I can right define,
He was from Noe the fifth by line.
Noe begat Cham Cham begat Chus,
And Chus Nimrod, and Nimrod Belus,
And Belus Ninus but leesing,
Of Assyria the second King,
And builder of that great City,
The which is called Ninive:
And was the first and principal man,
Which the first Monarchie began.
C. Father, said he, declare to me,
What signifies a Monarchie?
F. The sooth, said he, son if thou knew,
Monarchie is a term of Greek,
As when a province principal,
Had whole power imperial,
During their dominations,
Above all Kings and nations.
A Monarchie that men do call,
Of whom I find four principal,
Which hath reign'd since the world began,
C. Then said I, Father, if you can,
Which four are they? shew me. I pray you.
F. My son, said he, that shall I shew you.
First, reigned the King of Assyrians:
Secondly, reigned the King of Persians:
The Greeks thirdly, with sword and fire,
Perforce obtained the third Empire:
The fourth Monarchy, as I hear,
The Romans kepte many a year.

Let us speak of Ninus King,
How he began his conquesting,
The old Greek historian
Diodorus, he writes plain,
At right great length of Ninus King,
Of his Empire and conquesting.
And of Semiramis his wife,
That time the lustiest on life.
It were to long time to put in write,
Which Diodore doth indite:
But I shall show, as I suppose,
Which most belongs to our purpose.
When Nimrod Prince of Babylon,
Out of this wretched world was gone,
And his son Belus dead also,
The first King of Assyria:
This Ninus which was second King,
Triumphantly began to reign,
And was not pleased nor content
Of his own region nor rent:
Thinking his glore for to advance,
By his great people and puissance,
Through pride, covetice and vain glore,
Did him prepare to conquest more,
And gathered forth a great army
Contrare Babylon and Chaldy.
Wherefore he had ardent desire
To joyn that land to his Empire,
Howbeit he had thereto no right,
But by his tyranny and might,
Withoutten fear of God or man,
His conquesting he thus began.
His people being in array
To Caldea took his ready way,
When that the Babylonians,
Together with the Caldeans,
Heard tell King Ninus was comeand,
Made proclamation through the land,
That each man after his degree.
Should come and save his own country,
Though that they had no use of war,

without all fear they paſt forward,
and put themſelves in good order,
to meet King Ninus on the border.
In that time ye may underſtand
there was no harnels in the land,
For to defend, or yet invade,
whereby more ſlaughter there was made,
they fought through ſtrength of bodies
with gads of iron, with ſtones, and trees,
with ſound of horn, and hideous cry,
they ruſhed together right rudely,
with hardy heart and ſtrength of hands
till thouſands lay dead on the lands.
where men in battel naked been,
Great ſlaughter ſoon there may be ſeen,
they fought ſo long and cruelly,
and with uncertain victory:
No man might judge that good on far,
who got the better or the war.
But when it did approach the night,
the Chaldeans they took the flight:
then the King and his company
were right glad of the victory;
Becauſe he wan the firſt battel,
that ſtricken was on earth but fail.
and peaceable of that region,
Did take the whole dominion:
then was he King of Chaldea,
as well as of aſſyria
as for the King of arabie,
In this conqueſt made him ſupply:
Of this yet was he not content,
But to the Realm of Mede he went,
where Fernus King of that countrey
Did meet him with a great army,
But King Ninus the battel wan,
where ſlain was many a noble man;
and to the King would give no grace,
But plainly in a publick place,
with his ſeven ſons and his Ladie,
Cruelly did them crucifie.

Of that triumph he did reioice,
Then forward to the field he goes:
Then conquest he Armenia,
Perse, Egypt, and Pamphilia:
Cappadoce, Lyde, and Mauritane,
Calpia, Phrygia, and Hircane:
All Africa, and Asia,
Except great Inde and Bactria,
Which he did conquish afterward,
As you shal hear ere we depart.
Now would I, ere we farther wend,
That his Idolatry were kend:
Then after that without sojourn,
To our purpole we shal return.

How King *Ninus* invented the first Idolatrie, or worshipping of Images.

NInus an Image he caus'd make,
For king Belus his fathers sake,
Moll like his father of figure,
Of quantity and portraiture:
Of fine gold was that figure made,
A crafty Crown upon his head,
With precious stones, in tokening
His father Belus was a king.
In Babylon he a Temple made
Of crafty worke, both hie and breed,
Wherein that Image gloriously
Was throned up triumphantly.
Then Ninus gave a strait command,
To all the people of that land,
As well into Assyria,
As in Shinar and Chaldea,
Under his domination,
They should make adoration,
Upon their knees to that figure,
Under the pain of forfaiture.
There was no Lord in all that land,
His summoning that durst gainstand:
The young and old, both great and smal,
To that Image they prayed all:

And changed his name, as I heard tell,
From Belus to the great God Bell.
In that Temple he did devise,
That Priests should make their sacrifice:
By that consent then came a Law,
None other God that they would knaw:
Also he gave to that Image.
Of sanctuary the privilledge:
For whatsoever transgressor,
An homicid, or oppressor,
Seeing that Image in the face,
Of their guilt got the kings grace.

C. Declare to me, sweet sir, said I,
Was there no more Idolatry,
After that this false Idol Bell
Was thrown up as you me tell.

E. My son, said he, incontinent
These novels through the world went.
How King Ninus, as I have said,
A curious Image he had made,
To the which all his Nation
Made devout adoration:
Then every Countrey took conceit
They would King Ninus counterfeit:
When any famous man was dead,
Set up an Image in his stead.
Which they did honour from the spleen:
As it immortal God had been:
Images some made for the nones.
Of fine gold, of stocks and stones,
Of silver some, and ivory bone,
With diverse names to every one:
For some they called Saturnus,
Some Jupiter, some Neptunus,
And some they called Cupido.
Their God of love, and some Pluto:
They called some Mercurius,
And some the windy Eolus.
Some Mars made like a man of war,
Enarmed well with sword and spear;
Some Bacchus, and some appollo,

Of

Of names they had an hundred mo.
when any Ladie of great fame
was dead, for to exalt her name,
an Image for a portraitour.
was set up for an Oratour:
the which they called their Goddels,
as Venus, Juno and Pallas:
Some Ceres, Vesta and Diana,
Some Clio, some Polerpina:
and some the great Goddels Minerve,
with curious colors they would carve,
among the Poets you may see,
Of false Gods the genealogie.
So that these abominations.
Did spread throughout all Nations:
except good Abram as we read,
who honored God in word and deed:
For abram had his beginning,
Into the time of Ninus King,
Ninus began with tyrrany:
and abram with humility.
Ninus began the first empire,
abram of war had no desire.
Ninus began Idolatry,
abram in spirit and verity
He prayed to the Lord alone,
False Imagery he would have none:
Of him descended, I heard tell,
the twelve tribes of Israel.
these people made adoration,
with humble supplication.
to him who was of Kings king,
and heaven & earth made of nothing:
Dead Images they held at nought,
which were with mens hands wrought,
But the almighty God on live.
My son, now have I done descrive.
these questions at thy comman d,
the which thou didst at me demand.
C. what was the cause, Sir, make me sure,
Idolatrie did so long endure

Out through the world so generally,
and with the Gentils specially?
C. said he, seme causes principal,
I find in my memorial:
First was through Princes commandment,
which did Idolatry invent:
then singular profit of the Priests,
Painters, gold smiths, masons, wrights,
these men of craft most full curiously,
Made Images so pleasantly,
and sold them for a sumptuous price:
So by their crafty merchandise,
they were made rich above measure:
as for the Priests, I thee assure,
they got profit into all lands,
through sacrifice and offerands:
and by their tained sanctitude,
abused many men of good.
he in the time of Daniel,
the Priest of that Idol Bell,
when Nebuchadonozor king,
In Babylon highly did reign.
the Priests the king made understand
that Image made with mens hand,
he was a glorious God of life,
and also had prerogative:
that by his great power divine,
would eat beef, mutton, bread and wine:
and so the king caus'd every day,
Before Bell on his altar lay,
Forty fat wedders fresh and fine.
and six great rubors of wight wine,
twelve great loaves of boulted flowr.
which was all eaten in one hour:
Not by that Image deaf and dumb,
But by the Priests all and some,
as by the Bible thou mayest ken,
whole number was threescore and ten,
they and their wives every day,
ate all that on the altar lay.
then Daniel in conclusion.

Shew'd to the King their abusion:
And of their craft he made him sure,
How underneath the temple floor,
Through a passage they came by night
And ate that meat by candle light.
The King when he the matter knew,
The priests with all their wives he slew:
Thus subtilly the King was syled.
And all the people were beguiled.
My son, said he, now may thou ken,
How by the Priests, and crafty men,
And by their craftiness and cure,
Idolatry did long endure.
Behold how John Boccacius
Hath written works wonderous,
Of Gentils superstition,
And of their great abusion.
And in this great book thou mayst see,
Of the false Gods genealogie,
Of Demorgorgon in special,
For grand syre to the Gods all,
Honor'd among Arcadians.
And of the false Philistians.
With their great devilish God Dagon,
With their Idols many one.
But I abhor, the truth to tell,
Of the Princes of Israel.
Chosen by God Omnipotent.
How they brake his commandement.
King Solomon as the scripture says,
He dotted in his latter dayes:
His wanton wives for to please,
He car'd not God for to displease,
And did commit Idolatry.
Worshipping carv'd Imagery,
As Moleth God of Amonites,
And Chemosh God of Moabites,
Ashtaroth God of Sidonians:
So for his inobedience,
And foul abomination,
Was punisht his succession.

His Son Roboam, I heard tell,
Loſt the ten tribes of Iſrael,
For his fathers Idolatry,
as in the Scripture thou mayſt ſee.

Of Images uſed among Chriſtian Men.

Father, yet one thing would I ſpeer.
Behold in every Church and Queer
Through Chriſtendoom in burgh and land,
Images made with mens hand:
To whom are given diverſe names,
Saint Peter and Paul, ſome John, and James
Some Peter carved with his keyes,
Saint Michael with his wings and ways,
Saint Katherin with her ſword and wheel,
an hynd ſet up hard by ſaint Geel.
It were o're long for to deſcribe
ſaint Francis with his wounds five.
ſaint Erodwel eke there may be ſeen,
Who in a prick had both her een.
ſaint Paul well painted with a ſword,
as he would fight at the firſt word.
ſaint appolin on altar ſtands,
with all her teeth into her hands:
ſaint Roch well ſcaled men may ſee,
a byle new broken on his thie.
ſaint Eloy he doth ſtately ſtand
a new horſe-ſhoe into his hand.
ſaint Ninian of a rotten ſtock,
ſaint Dutho bor'd out of a block.
ſaint Andrew with croſs in his hand
ſaint George upon a horſe ridand.
ſaint Antony ſet upon a ſow,
ſaint Bryde well carved with a kow.
with coſtly colors fine and fair,
a thouſand more I might declare.
as ſaint colm and ſaint Damian,
The ſouter of ſaint criſpinian.
all theſe on altars ſtately ſtands,
Prieſts crying for their offerands;
To whom we commons on our knees
Do worſhip all theſe Imageries,

In church or queer, or in the Cloister,
Praying to them our Pater-noster.
In Pilgrimage from town to town.
With offering and adoration,
To them ay babling on our beeds,
That they may help us in our needs:
What differs this, declare to me,
From the Gentils Idolatrie?
T. If that be true that thou reports,
It goes right near the self same sorts:
But we by counsel of Clergy,
Have licence to make Imagery,
Which of unlearned been the books,
For when the Laicks on them looks,
It brings them in remembrance,
Of saints lives the circumstance:
How the faith for to fortifie,
They suffered pain right patiently.
Seeing the Image on the rood,
Men should remember on the blood
Which Christ into his passion
Did shed for our salvation.
Or when thou seest the portraitour
Of blessed Mary Virgin pure,
A pleasant babe upon her knee,
Then in thy mind remember thee.
The word which the Prophet said,
How she should be both mother and maid,
But who that sitteth on their knees,
Praying to many Imageries,
With oration and offerands.
Kneeling with cap into their hands:
No difference been I say to thee,
From the Gentils Idolatry.
Right so of diverse Nations,
I read th'abominations,
How Greeks made their devotion hail
To Mars to save them in battel.
To Jupiter some took their voyage,
To save them from the stormy rage:
Some prayed to Venus from the spleen: the

That they their lovers might obtain:
And some to Juno for riches,
Their pilgrimage they would address:
So doth our common populare,
Which were too long for to declare,
Their superstitious pilgrimages
To many diverse Images.
Some to Saint Roch with diligence,
To save them from the pestilence:
For their teeth to Saint Appoline:
To saint Trodwel to mend their een,
Some makes offrings to Saint Eloy,
That he their horse might well convoy
They run when they have jewels tint,
To Saint Syeth ere ever they stint:
And to Saint Germane to get remead
For maladies into their head.
They bring mad men on feet and horse,
And binds them to Saint Mungo's cross,
To Saint Barbara they cry full fast,
To save them from the thunder blast,
For good novels, as I heard tell.
Some takes their way to Gabriel:
Some helps Saint Margaret doth exhort
Into their birth them to support.
To saint Anchon to save the sow,
To Saint Blyde for calf and kow,
To Saint Sebastin they run and ride,
That from the shot he save their side,
And some in hope to get their heal,
Runs to the old rood of Kareal:
Howbeit these people rude,
Think their intention to be good,
Wo be to Pyrrus. I say, for me,
Which should shew them the verity,
Priests which have of them the cure,
Shall make answer therefore be sure,
In the great day of judgement,
Where no time is for to repent,
Where manifest Idolatry
Shall punisht be perpetually.

An

An Exclamation against Idolatry.

IMprudent people, ignorant, and blind,
By what reason, law, or authority;
Or what authentick Scripture can ye find,
Lawful for to commit Idolatrie?
Which is to bow your body, or your knee,
With devout humble adoration,
To any Image made of stock or tree,
Giving to them offering or oblation.

Why do ye give the honour, laud or glore,
Pertaining to God who made all things of nogt
Who was, and is, and shall be evermore,
To Images by mens hands wrought?
O foolish folk! why have ye succour sought:
Of them that cannot help you in distress?
Yet reasonably revolve into your thought,
In stock or stone can be no holiness.

In the desert the people of Israel,
Moses remaining on the mount Sinay,
They made a molten Calf of fine metal.
Which they did honour as their God alway.
But when Moses descended, I heard say,
And did consider their Idolatry.
Of that people three thousand caus'd he slay,
As the Scripture at length doth testifie.

Because the holy Prophet Daniel,
In Babylon Idolatry reproved.
And would not worship their false Idol Bell,
The whole people at him were sore agrieved
To that effect that he should be mischieved:
Delivered him to ramping Lyons seven,
But of that dangerous den he was relieved,
Through miracle of the great God of Heaven.

Behold how Nebuchadonezor King,
Into the vail of Duran did prepare
An Image of fine gold a marvelous thing,
Threescore of cubits high and six in square,
As more clearly the scripture doth declare;
To whom all people by proclamation,
With bodies bow'd, & on their knees bare,

Right humbly made their adoration.
A great wonder was seen that day also:
How Nebuchadonozor in his yre,
took Sidrach, Mesech, and abednego,
Which would not bow their knees at his desire
to the Idol caus'd cast them into the fire
For to be burnt, ere he stirr'd off the stead.
When he believ'd they were burnt bones & lyre
Was not consu'md a smal hair of their head.
the angel of the Lord was with them seen
Into that hot furnace passing up and down,
Into a rosie earth as they had been;
No spot of fire distaining coat or gown:
Of victory they did obtain the Crown,
and were to them that made adoration
to that Idol, or bow'd their body down,
a witnessing of their damnation.
what was the cause, at me thou mayst demand,
that Solomon us'd no Imagery
In his triumphant temple for to stand,
Of abram, Isaac, Jacob, nor Jesse
Nor to Moses, their safeguard through the sea,
Nor Josua their valiant Champion?
Because God did command the contrary,
they shou'd not use such superstition.
Behold how the great God omnipotent,
to preserve Israel from Idolatry,
Dir'ected them a strait commandement,
that they should make no graven Imagerie,
Neither of gold, silver, stone nor tree.
Nor give worship to any similitude,
Being in heaven, in earth, or in the sea,
But openly to his soveraign celsitude
the prophet David plainly did reprieve
Idolatry to their confusion;
In graven stock or stone that did believe,
Declaring to them their great abusion,
Speaking in manner of derision,
How dead Idols by mens hands wrought,
Whom they honor'd with humble adoration,
Were in the market daily sold & bought. the

The devils seeing the ill condition
Of the Gentils, and their unfaithfulness,
For to augment their superstition,
In these Idols they made their enterest,
And in them spake, as stories do express,
Then men believed of them to get relief,
Asking their help in all their business.
But finally they turn'd to their mischief.

Trust well, in them is no divinitie.
When with the rouk their fair color doth fad.
Though they have feet, on foot they cannot stir,
Howbeit the temple burnt about their head.
In them is neither friendship nor remead,
In such figures what favor can ye find?
With mouth and ears & eyes though they be mad
All men may see they are dumb, deaf, and blind.

Howbeit they fall down flatly on the floor,
They have no strength themselves to raise again,
Though rats over them run, they take no cure:
Howbeit they breke their neck they feel no pain.
Why should men Psalms to them sing or fain,
Since growing trees that early beareth fruit,
Are more to praise, I make it to thee plain,
Then cutted flocks wanting both crop and root.

Of Edinburgh the great Idolatrie,
And manifest abomination.

On their feast days all creatures may see:
They bear an old flock Image through the town,
With tabern, trumpet, shalm, and clarion,
Which hath been used many a year bygone,
With priests and friers into procession.
Like unto Bell carried through Babylon.

Think ye not shame ye secular priests & friers,
To so great superstition to consent?
Idolaters ye have been many years,
Express against the Lords commandement.
Wherefore brethren, I counsel you repent:
Give no honor to carved flocks or stone,
But honor give to God Omnipotent,
And praise him ay, as wisely writteth John.
Fy on your friers that rules for to preach.

and

And do advance forward Idolatry:
Why do ye not the ignorant people teach,
How a dead Image carved on a tree,
As it were holy, should not honored be,
Nor born on burgess backs up and down?
But ye show plainly your hypocrisie.
When ye pass formost into procession.
Fy on your fosterers of Idolatry,
That to the dead blocks do reverence.
In presence of the people publickly.
Fear ye not God to commit such offence?
I counsel you to do your diligence.
To cause suppress so great abusion:
Do ye not so, I dread your repentance
Shall be nought else but clean confusion.
Had saint Francis been born out throw the town
Or saint Dominick, though ye had refused
With them to have pass in procession,
In that case some would you have excused.
Now men may see how that ye have abused
That noble town through your hypocrisie:
The people think that they may right well use it,
When ye pass with them into company.
Some of you have been quiet counsellors,
Provoking Princes to shed guiltless blood,
Which never did your prudent predecessors:
But ye like furious Pharisies denud
Of Charity which rent Christ on the rood.
For Christs flock, without malice or ire,
Converted fraglie faultors, I conclud,
By Gods own word, without teen (word or fire.
Read ye not how Christ hath given command,
If thy brother do ought thee to offend,
Then secretly correct him hand for hand
In friendly manner, ere that thou further wend,
If he will not hear thee then make it kend,
To one or two by true narration:
If he for them will not this mis amend,
Delate him to the congregation.
And yet if he remain obdinat,
And to the holy Church unconsellable, then

then like a turk hold him excomunicat
and with all faithful folk abominable,
Banishing him that he be no more able
to dwell among the faithful company;
When he repents be no unmerciable,
But him receive again right tenderly.
But our dumb Doctors of divinity,
And ye of the las found religion,
Of poor transgressors ye have no pity,
But cryes to put them ay to confusion,
As cry'd the Jews for the effusion
Of Christs blood into their burning ire,
Crucifie: so ye with an union
Do cry, cause cast the faulter in the fire.
Unmerciful members of the Antichrist,
Extolling your humane tradition,
Contrare the institution of Christ.
Fear ye not for divine punition,
Though some of you be of good condition,
Ready to receive new recent wine:
I speak to you all bosses of perdition:
Return in time ere ye run to ruine.
As ran the perverse prophets of Baal,
Which did consent to the Idolatry
Of wicked Achab king of Israel
Whose number were four hundred and fifty,
Which honored that Idol openly.
But when Elias did prove their abusion.
He caus'd the people slay them cruelly;
So in one hour came their confusion.
I pray you print in your remembrance,
How the red Friers for their idolatry.
In scotland, England, Spain Italy and France
Upon one day were punisht piteously.
Behold how your own brethren now lately,
In Dutchland England Denmark & Norrowa,
Are troden down with their hypocrisie,
And as the snow are vanisht quite away.
I marvel that our Bishops think no shame,
To give your Friers such preeminence,
To use their office to their great defame. priuy

Preaching for them in open audience,
But might a Bishop augment his own expence,
For each sermon ten ducats in his hand:
He would ere he dyd lack that recompence,
So preach himself both into burgh and land.
I trust to see good reformation,
When that we get a faithful prudent King
Which knows the truth and his vocation:
All Publicans, I trust he will down thring,
And will not suffer in his Realm to reign
Corrupted Scribes nor false Pharisience,
Against the truth which plainly do malign,
Till that King come we must take patience.
Now farewel friends, because I cannot flyte,
Howbeit I could, ye must had me excused:
Though I against Idolatry indite.
Of them despyte that will not yet refuse it,
I pray to God that it be no more used
Among the Rulers of this region,
That common people be no more abused,
But give him glore that bare the thorny Crown.
Who teacheth us by his divine Scripture
To right prayer the perfect ready way,
As writteth Matthew in his six chapter,
In what manner, and to whom we should pray,
A short compendious oration each day
Most profitable both for body and soul:
The which is not directed I hear say,
To John, or James, to Peter, or to Paul.
Nor to none other of the Apostles twelve,
Nor to no saint nor Angel in the heaven;
But only to our father God himself,
Which oration is contained full even,
Most profitable for us petitions seven,
Which we laick folk the Pater noster call.
Though we say psalms, nine, ten or eleven.
Of all prayers this is the principal.
By reason of the Maker that it made
Who was the son of God our saviour;
And by reason to whom it should be said,
To the father of heaven our Creator, who

Who dwelleth not in temple nor in tower;
He clearly sees our thought, will, and intent:
What needeth us at others seek succour,
When in all place his power is present?
Ye princts of the priests, ye that should preach
Why suffer ye so great abusion?
Why do ye not the simple people teach.
Hold and to whom to direct their oration?
Why thole ye them to go from town to town,
In pilgrimage to any Imageries,
Hoping to get some satisfaction,
Praying to them devoutly on their knees?
This was the practise of some pilgrimage,
When fillocks into Fife began the ton;
With Jack & Thom then they took their voyage
In Angus to the field chappel of Dyon.
Then Kittock there as ready as a con,
Without regard either to sin or shame,
Gave Lawry leave at leasure to leap on:
Far better been to have tarried at hame.
I have seen pass a marvellous multitude,
Young men and women singing on their feet,
Under the form of fained sanctitude,
For to adore an Image in Lawriet:
Many came with their fellows for to meet,
Committing their foul fornication.
Some kiss the clagged tail of the Hermite:
Why thole ye this abomination?
Of fornication and adultery,
Apparantly ye take but little cure,
Seeing the marvellous infelicity,
Which hath so long done in this land endure,
Of your default which hath the charge and cure:
This is of truth, my Lords, with your leave.
Such Pilgrimages have made many a whore,
Which if I pleased plainly I might prove.
Why make ye not the Scriptures manifest
To poor people touching Idolatry?
In your preaching why have ye not express
How many Kings of Israel cruelly
Were punisht by God so rigorously?

As Jeroboam, and many mo, no doubt,
For worshipping of carv'd Imagery,
Were from their realms rudely rooted out.
Why thole ye under your dominion,
A crafty priest, or fained false hermite,
Abusing the people of this region,
Only for their particular profite?
And specially that hermite Lawlit,
Ye put the common people in believe,
That blind got light, and crooked got their feet,
The which the pattiard by no means can prieve.
Ye married men that have trim wanton wives,
And lusty daughters of young and tender age,
Whose honesty ye should love as your lives,
Permit them not to pass in pilgrimage,
To seek support of any stock image;
For I have known good women pass from hame
Which have been trapped with such lusts rage,
Have returned both with great sin and shame.
Get up, thou sleepest still too long, O Lord,
And make an haly reformation
On them that do tramp down thy gracious word,
And have a deadly indignation
At them which make a true narration
Of thy Gospel, showing the verity:
O Lord, I make thee supplication,
Support our faith, our hope, and charity.

How King *Ninus* built the great City of *Nineve*, and how he vanquished *Zoroastes* King of *Bactria*.

This Ninus of Assyria King,
When he had made his conquesting,
To build a city he him dress,
Choosing a place where he thought best,
Where he had first dominion,
In Assyria his own region:
Though Athur, as the Scripture says,
Who came before king Ninus days,
He founded that famous city,
The which was called Ninivy:

But

But as rehearseth Diodore
Ninus that city did decore,
So marvellous triumphantly,
As ye shall hear immediatly,
Upon the flood of Euphrates,
Which to behold great wonder was,
An hundred and fifty stages,
That City was of length I wis
The walls an hundred foot of hight,
No wonder was though it was wight,
Such breadth about the walls there was,
Three carts might sidlongs on them pass:
Four hundred stages, fourscore and four,
In circuit, but nine or more:
Of towers about the walls I ween,
A thousand and five hundred been.
Of hight two hundred foot and more,
As writeth famous Diodore,
The Scripture maketh mention,
When God sent Jonas to that town,
To show them of his punishment,
Throughout the city when he went,
Three dayes journey to him it was,
The bible sayes it was no less.
My son now have I shown to thee,
Of the building of Ninive:
For the augmenting of his fame,
Ninus calls it after his name.
When he that great city had ended,
To conquest more yet he intended.
And did depart from Ninive,
And raised up a great army
Of the most stallwart men and stout,
Of all the regions round about,
In great order took their journey,
Toward the realm of Bactria,
Of wight footmen I understand.
He hath seventeen hundred thousand,
Without horse men and warelike carts,
Whom he ordered in sundry parts,
Which to describe I am not able.

whose number is incredible.
Zoroastes that noble King,
Then Bactria had in governing:
That prudent prince, as I heard tell,
Did in Astronomy excell;
And found the art of Magia,
With natural science many ma
Seeing King Ninus in the field,
Forward he came with spear and shield,
Four hundred thousand men he was,
In his army there was no leis,
And met King Ninus on the border,
Right valiantly and in good order
On the vanguard of his army
On them he rushed right rudely,
And of them slew, as I heard say,
An hundred thousand men that day:
The rest that scaped were unslain,
To Ninus great host fled again,
Of that King Ninus was so noyed,
He rested never till he destroyed,
All whole that region up and down,
And from the King did reave the Crown,
And made the realm of Bactria
Subject unto Assyria
And in the self same land I wis
He got his wife Semiramis,
Which as mine author doth describe,
Was then the fairest on live;
That being done without sojourn,
To Ninive he did return,
With great triumph of victory:
As mine author doth specifie:
Both Occident and Orient
Were all to him obedient.
It would abhorr thee to hear read,
The guiltless blood that he did shed.
When he had reign'd as you may hear,
The space of three and fourty year,
Being in his excellent glore:
The dolent death did him devore,

In

In what sort I am not certain.
Some Author says that he was slain,
And left into his heritage,
A little child of tender age.
Young Ninus was the childs name,
Which after flowrisht in great fame:
Some says, that by his wives treason,
King Ninus died in prison,
As I shall show ere I hence fare,
As Diodore hath done declare.

Of the wonderful deeds of Queen *Semiramis*.

NInus loved so ardently
Semiramis his fair Lady
There was nothing she would have done.
But all obeyed was full soon.
She seeing him so amorous,
She grew proud and presumptuous,
And at the King she did desire,
Five dayes to govern his Empire:
And he of his benevolence,
Did grant her that preeminence.
With Scepter, Crown and robe royal,
And whole power Imperial.
Till five dayes were come and gone,
That she as King might reign alone.
Then all the Princes of the Land,
During that time made her a band,
With banquet royal merrily,
She treated them triumphantly,
So the first day the people all
Came to her service, bound and thrall,
But ere the second day was gone.
She took such glore to reign alone.
By a deceit made them among,
The King she put in prison strong.
I read well of his prisoning,
But not of his delivering:
Howbeit it was, into his flowrs,
He did of death suffer the showrs,
And might not length his life one hour

Though he was the firſt Conquerour,
Whole conqueſsing, for to conclude,
Was not without ſhedding of blood.
Now have you heard of Ninus king,
How he began, and his ending.
Although mine Author Diodore
Of him hath written meckle more.
Princes for wrongous conqueſsing,
Do make oftentimes an evil ending.
Though he had long proſperity,
He ended with great miſery.

Of King *Ninus* Sepulcher.

THe Queen a ſepulcher made,
Where the King Ninus body had laid.
Of curious crafty work and wight,
The which had ſtades nine of hight,
And ten ſtades of breadth it was,
Diodore ſayes, it was no leſs:
For eight ſtades a mile thou take,
And thereafter thy number make,
So by this compt it was ful right
A mile and eke a ſtade full hight:
Except the Tower of Babylon,
So high a work, I read of none.
Semiramis his luſty Queen,
Conſidering what danger been,
To have a King of tender age,
Which might not uſe his vaſalage,
She took a couragious conceit,
Thinking that ſhe ſhould make debate,
If any made rebellion
Contrare her ſon and region,
Whom ſhe did foſter tenderly
And keeped him full quyetly.
She laid apart her own clothing
And took the rayment of a King,
When ſhe was into armour dight
Right man know her by a Knight,
So valiantly went to the wear,
That to give battel took no fear, Daunting

Daunting all realms round about,
That all the world of her had doubt:
More fortunate in her conquesting
Then was her husband Ninus king.
Babylon she did fortifie,
Temples and Towers triumphantly,
So pleasantly did them prepare,
which in the earth had no compare:
Howbeit Nimrod of whom I speake,
The hideous dungeon he caus'd make
And of the city the fundament,
to whom God made impediment.
where Nimrod left, there she began,
And put to work many a man:
Of all Realms round about,
Of most engine she sought them out.
She had working with tree and stones,
twelve hundred thousand men at once.
Go read the bok of Diodore,
And thou shalt find the number more.
On every side of euphrates,
that noble City builded was,
And so that river of renown,
Ran through the mid-part of that town.
Over-thwart that Flood the bridges made,
Of marvellous strength, both long and brad,
they were five flages large of length,
On every bridg she made a strength,
the circuit, as I said before,
Four hundred flages and fourscore,
the walls hight who would descrive,
three hundred foot, threescore, and five:
Six carts might pass right easily,
Above the walls of that City,
Sidelongs without impediment.
Consider then by your judgement.
Of these walls were hight or nought,
And also curiously were wrought
as Diodore hath done define,
which doth transcend my rude engine
Of Babylon the magnificence,

To whom ye would give no credence,
If I at length would put in write,
Which Diodore hath done endyte.
Compare with Cities find I none,
To Ninive and Babylon.
From Ninive of Assyria,
To Babylon in Chaldea;
By bridges pleasant ye may pass,
Upon the floods of Euphrates.
Among the floods of Paradise,
This Euphrates may bear the prise:
All works which the Queen began,
Transcended the engine of man.
The proud Queen Penthilea,
The Princes of Amazona,
With her Ladies triumphantly,
At Troy which fought valiantly:
Nor yet the fair Maiden of France,
Daughter of English ordinance:
To Semiramis in her dayes,
Were no compare, as books sayes:
Except triumphant Julius.
Strong Hanibal, or Pompeius:
Of Alexander the Conqueror,
I find no greater warrior,
Would I rehearse, as write Clarks,
Her wonderful and valiant warks,
It were to me a great labor,
And tedious to the Auditor,
What she did in Ethiopia,
And in the land of Media,
Building Cities, Castles and Towers,
Parks and gardens of pleasures:
For the exalting of her name.
And immortal to make her fame.
Of Taurus the high mountain,
She caus'd run down, and made them plain,
Great Orantes, the mountain wight,
Twenty and five stages of hight,
To her palace to draw a loch,
By force of men she cut it through. D Had

By force of men she cut it through.
Had she keeped her chastity,
She might have been an Aperse,
When she had ordered her Empire,
Of Venus work she took desire:
A secret mansion she caus'd make,
Wherein she pleasantly might take
Young Gentle-men for her pleasure,
The which she used above measure,
One man alone might not be able
To staunch her lust insatiable.
When she was satisfied of one,
She caus'd another come anon,
The lustiest in all that land,
Came quietly at her command.
When they at length had lyen her by,
She slew all them right cruelly.
When her son came to age perfyte,
Of him she took so great delite,
So caused him with her to ly,
Among the rest right quietly.
Some layes with sensual lusts rage
She bound him into marriage,
And held him under tutorie,
To uphold her authority.

How the Queen *Semiramis* with a great army past to *Indus*, and fought with the King *Staurobates*. And of her miserable end.

When she had long time liv'd in rest
To conquish more she her addrest:
Because of diverse she heard tell,
How that the Indus Oriental
Excell'd in great commodities,
As bestial, corns, and fruitful trees:
All kind of spices delicious,
Gold, silver, and stones precious:
And how that plenteous land did bear
Corn, fruit and wine twise in the year,
With Elephants innumerable,
In battle wondrous terrible:

She hearing this, and meikle more,
Beliving to augment her glore,
Caus'd make strait proclamations,
In all and sundry Nations,
Showing how it was her deliue,
All princes under her Empire,
In Egypt, and Arabia,
In Perle, in Mede, and Chaldea,
In Greece, in Calpia, and Hircane.
In Cappadoce, Lyde, and Mauritane,
In Armenie, and Phrygia,
In Pamphilia, and Assyria,
That each land after their degree,
Should bring to her a great armie,
In all the goodly haste they ma,
And meet her into Bactria.
Declaring them that her intent
Was to pass to the Orient,
And make war with the King of Inde,
From time they knew what was her mind.
Then by themselves each Region,
Came forward with their garrison,
Triumphantly in good array:
To Bactria took the ready way,
And made their musters to the Queen:
But such a sight was never seen,
In battel-ray so many a man
At once, since God the world began:
But Spanzie, France, Scotland, England,
Dutchland, Denmark, nor yet Ireland,
Were not inhabit in those dayes,
Nor long after, my Author sayes.
Ephesias he doth specifie
The number of this great Army:
Saying, there came at her command,
Foot-men thirty hundred thousand:
Of horse-men mounted galliardly,
Five hundred thousand verily.
And hundred thousand camels wight,
On every Camel rode a knight.
Prepar'd to pass into all parts,

There was an hundred thousand carts,
Two thousand boats with her she carries,
On horse, Camels, or Dromadaries,
Bridges to make she did conclude,
Over-thwart Indus that furious Flood,
Which been of Inde the utmost border,
On the which flood with right good order,
Of her barges she bridges made.
Whereon her great hoste safely rade.

C. Father, I would men understood,
Might be at once brought to the field,
Ready to fight with spear and shield.
Some men would judge this been a fable,
The matter been so untrueable.

E. It may well be, my son, said he,
As by example we may see.
How David King of Israel,
His people caused number all,
By Joab his chief Captain.
As holy Scripture showeth plain:
Of fighting men into that Land,
He found thirteen hundred thousand,
With David in that small Countrey.
Might have raised such an army
To this Lady it was no wonder,
The which had great realms her under;
Then Davids little Region,
Though he had many a Legion
Of men, no then I told before.
Therefore my son, marvel no more.
When Staurobates King of Inde,
Greatly perturbed in his mind:
Hearing of such a multitude,
To make defence he did conclude,
And sent a message to the Queen,
Praying her Majesty serene,
That she would of her special grace,
Give him licence to live in peace:
Failing of that, though he should die,
That he should make her fight or flee:
And to his God a vow he made,

If no peace might of her be had,
And if he wan the victory,
That he the Queen should crucifie.
At his boasting the Queen made bourds,
Saying, It shall be no words
Shall make me pass from my purpose,
Without great strokes, as I suppose.
The Messenger shew'd to the King,
Of her presumptuous answering.
Then Staurobates wise and wight,
Came forward like a noble Knight,
With many a thousand spear and shield.
Arrayed royal on the field.
Thinking he would his life defend,
Or in the battle make an end.
The Queen upon the other side,
Full of presumption and pride:
Her banners pleasantly display'd,
With hardy heart and unafray'd,
Upon Indus that famous flood,
They met, where shed was merkle blood.
In boats, balingers and barges,
The two armies on other charges:
Semiramis the battel wan,
Where drown'd and slain were many a man.
So that the water of the flood
Ran red mixed with mens blood.
The King of Inde with all his might,
From Indus flood he took the flight.
To this chief City he retired.
Where in his presence there appeared,
In battle-ray a new army
Of right invincible chevalry,
With Elephants an hideous number,
Which afterward made merkle cumber.
Semiramis and her company,
In the mean time right cruelly,
Destroyed the borders of that land,
Took prisoners mo then ten thousand.
She took a courageous conceit,
Great Elephants to counterfeit:

She had ten thousand oxen hides,
well shew'd together back and sides,
With mouth and nose, teeth, ears and ten,
Quick Elephants as they had been,
Right well stuffed with straw and hay
whereof the Indians took a fray:
Upon Camels and Dromadaries,
These false figures with her she carries:
The Indians when they saw that sight
Afrayedly they took the flight:
For such a sight was never seen,
If natural beads they had been.
The king himself was right afeared,
Till he the verity had speared,
And knew by his Explorateurs,
They were but feigned false figures.
Then manfully like men of wear,
Forward they came withoutten fear,
Right so Semiramis the Queen,
which for on man was ay fifteen.
These two armies full cruelly,
They rusht together so rudely,
With hideous cry, and trumpets sound,
Till thousands lay dead on the ground.
Semiramis had such a number,
To order them it was great cumber.
Then the great Elephants of Inde,
Right strong and hardy of their kind,
Forward they came, and would not cease,
Till through the midst of the preass
Of that great host they rudely rushed,
Their men and horse to earth they dushed.
These feined beasts withoutten spite,
Were krusht and foyled under feet.
The king of Inde with courage keen,
Met with Semiramis the Queen,
He riding on an Elephant;
But she with him fought hand for hand,
And gave the king so great assay,
That he was never in such a fray.
To strike at him she took no fear,

So well she ried was in weer.
His strokes she had but little counted,
were not the king was so well mounted.
Either at other strake so fast,
Till they were tyred at the last.
The king he thought himself ashamed,
With a woman to be defamed,
And was determined not to flee,
Though in that battle he should die.
As one which had despaired been,
He rudely ran upon the Queen,
And through the arm gave her a wound,
which to her heart gave such a stound,
That she constrained was to flee:
Then all the rest of her armie,
When they perceiv'd that she was gone,
To Indus flood they fled each one.
The Queen ozeth-wart the flood she rade,
On bridges which wereof boats made,
With her a sober company,
which with her fled afrayedly,
The Indians followed on the chase,
Then to the bridges came such preass
Of fleeing folks, which was great wonder,
So that the bridges brake in sunder.
Some sunk, some down the river ran,
Then drown'd was many noble man,
Which was great pity to deplore,
As writeth famous Diodore,
And finally, for to conclud,
Was never shed so meekle blood
At one time since the world began.
Nor slain so many guiltless man,
And all through thy occasion,
And the pridefull perswasion
Of this ambitious wicked Queen,
Such one was never heard nor seen.
Staurobates the king of Inde,
Greatly rejoiced in his mind
Of this triumph and victory:
Semiramis with heart full sory, seeing

Seeing so many tane and slain,
To her Countrey return'd again;
Lamenting fortunes variance,
Which brought her to so great mischance,
Before which was so fortunate,
And then of comfort desolate.
Her son a man of perfection,
Considering his subjection,
His liberty he did desire,
That he might govern his Empire,
Seeing his Mother vitious,
And with that so ambitious:
As mine author doth specifie,
He slew his Mother cruelly:
What other cause or intention,
I find no special mention.
Some sayes, to be at liberty:
Some sayes for her adultery:
None other cause I can define,
Except punition divine,
Of this fair Lady courageous,
Behold the ending dolorous:
Who was but twenty years of age,
When she began her vassalage:
And reign'd triumphantly but wear,
The space of forty and two year.
When she was slain she was threescore,
With years two, shewas no more,
As Diodore writes in his book,
His Chronicles who list to look.
Of this Lady I make an end:
Thinking no way I can commend
Woman to be man like,
Nor men for to be women like.
For why? 'tis been the Lords mind,
All creatures to rise in their kind.
Men for to have pieeminence,
And women under obedience:
Though all women inclined be
To have the soveraignity,
As this Lady, who would not rest

Till she her husband had suppress:
To that intent that she might reign
Alone to have the governing.
Ladies no wayes I can commend,
Presumptuously which do pretend
To use the office of a King,
Or Realms take in governing,
Howbeit they valiant be and wight,
Going in battel like a Knight,
As did proud Penthsilea,
The Princess of Amazona.
In mens habit against reason,
Likewise I think derision,
A Prince to be effeminate,
Of Knightly courage desolate,
Neglecting his authoritie,
Through beastly sensuality,
Accompanied both days and nights,
With women more then valiant Knights.
Such Kings I discommend at all,
Example of Sardanapal.
Father said I. show me how lang
The succession of King Ninus rang.
That shall I do with diligence,
My son said he, ere we go hence:
Since I have shown at thy desire,
What man began the first Empire.
Now would I it were to thee kend.
Of that Empire the fatal end.

How King *Sardanapalus* for his vicious life, made a miserable end.

BEtween the Conquerer Ninus
And sensual Sardanapalus,
I can find no special story,
Worthy to put in memory,
Except which I have done describe,
Of Semiramis King Ninus wife.
But I can find no good at all
To write of King Sardanapal,

Which was the six and thirty King,
By line from Ninus descending:
At length his life for to declare,
I think it is not necessare,
Because that many cunning Clarks,
Have done described in their warks,
How he was last of Assyrians,
Which had the whole preeminence,
The time of the first Monarchie,
In Chronicles as thou mayest see:
The last and the most vicious King
Which in that Monarchy did reign,
That Prince was so effeminate
With sensual lust intoxicate:
He did abhor the company
Of this most noble chevalry,
That he might have the more delite
To use his beastly appetit;
Conversed with women night and day
And clothed him in their array:
So that no man that had him seen,
Could judge a man that he had been:
So he in whoredom and harlotry,
Did keep himself so quyetly:
The Princes of Assyrians
Of him they could get no presence;
Thus lived he continually.
Against nature so inordinarly,
When to the Perse and to the Medes,
Reported was such vicious deeds,
With the rulers of Babylon,
They did conclud all into one,
They would not suffer for to reign
Above them such a vicious King.
But Arbaces a Duke of Mede,
He verily took in hand that deed,
And first he came to Ninivy
To see the King his Majestie:
And to one of the Kings guard,
He gave a secret rich reward;
To put him in a quyet place,

where he might see the king his Grace,
And be unseen of any wight.
But he saw neither King nor Knight
Into his Maiesties company
Except women allanerly,
And as a woman he was clad,
with women counselled and led:
And shamefully he was sitting,
with spindle and with rock spinning
when Arbaces that fight had seen,
his courage rose up from the spleen,
And thought it smal difficulty,
For to deprive his Majesty.
Then raised he the Persians,
with Medes and Babylonians,
Enarmed well with spear and shield,
Triumphantly they took the field.
The King raised the Assyrians,
Together with the Chaldeans,
And they resisted as they might:
But finally he took the flight,
To save himself in Ninivy;
Then sieged they that great City,
Continually two years and more
As writeth famous Diodore,
Till that the flood of Euphrates
Arose with such a furiousness,
Where through the most part of the town,
By violence was beaten down.
Then when the King found no remead,
But to be taken, or to be dead,
As men dispaired full of ire,
Causd make a furious flaming fire,
And took his gold and jewels all,
with sceptre, crown, and robe royal,
with all his tender servitures,
That of his corps had greatest cures,
together with his lusty queens,
And all his wanton concubins,
And in that fire he did them cast,
Then lap himself in at the last,

where

Where all were burnt in powder small,
Thus ended King Sardanapal,
Without any repentance,
As may be seen by this sentence
Here following, which he did endite
Before his death in great despite:
Which is a right ungodly thing,
As ye may see by this dyting.

Epitaphium Sardanapali.

Cùm te mortalem nôris, præsentibus exple
Delitijs animum, post mortẽ nulla voluptas,
Et *Venere*, & cœnis, & plumis *Sardanapali*.

Now have I shown with diligence,
The Monarchie of the Assyrians,
The which at King Ninus began,
And ended at this wicked man;
And did endure without teen,
A thousand two hundred and forty year,
As doth endite Eusebius:
Read him and thou shalt find it thus.

THE THIRD BOOK.

Of the miserable destruction of the five Cities, called *Sodom*, *Gommorah*, *Seboim*, *Segor*, and *Adama*, with their whole Regions.

FAther, I pray you to me tell,
What noble thing that befell,
During the reign of Assyrians,
Which had so long preeminence.
I mean of other Nations,
Under their dominations.

C. That must be done in terms short,
Said he, as Storys do report,
Enduring the first Monarchie,
Became that woful misery
Of Sodom, Gomorrah, and their region
As Scripture doth make mention.

Which

Whose people were so sensual
In filthy sins unnatural,
The which into this vulgar verse,
My tongue abhorreth to rehearse:
Like brutal beasts out of their minde,
Unnaturally abus'd their kinde,
By filthy sinking lecherie
And most abominable Sodomie,
As holy Scriptures do deserive.
In that Countrey were Cities five.
Which were Sodom and Gomorrah,
Zeboim, Segor, and Adama:
Among them all found there was none
Undefiled but Lot alone.
Now Abraham dwelt near hand by,
Which prayed for Lot effectually:
For GOD made him advertisement,
That he would make such punishment:
To Lot two Angels GOD did send,
Him from that fury to defend.
When the people of that Region
Saw the Angels come to the town,
Transformed into fair young men,
They purposed them for to ken,
And abuse them unnaturally,
With their foul sinking Sodomy.
Of that thing Lot was wonder wo,
And offered them his daughters two,
Them at their pleasure for to use;
But they his daughters did refuse.
And then the Angels with their might,
These men deprived of their sight,
And so perforce left them alone.
From Lots lodging when they were gone,
They him commanded hastily,
For to depart from that City:
That foul unnatural lechery,
A vengeance from the Heaven did cry,
The which did move GOD to such yre,
That from the Heaven brimstone and fire,
With awful thundering rained down, And

And did consume that whole region,
Of all that land escap'd no mo,
Except Lot, and his daughters two.
His wife was turn'd into a stone,
So wifeless was he left alone,
For she was inobedient,
And kept not the commandement,
When the Angels gave them command,
Soon to depart out of that land,
They charged them under great pain,
Never to look backward again.
When Lots wife heard the thundering
Of flamming fire, and lightening,
The woful cryes lamentable
Of people most epouventable:
For none of them had force to flee,
She yearn'd that sorrowful sight to see;
And as she turned her anon
She was transformed in a stone,
Where she remaineth to this day:
Of her I have no more to say.
To show at length I am not able,
That pitious process lamentable,
How cities, castles, towns and towrs,
Villages, battallyes and bowrs,
They were all into powder driven:
Fortress by the roots up riven:
Their king their queen, their people all:
Young and old burnt in powder smal.
No creature was left alive.
Fowels, beasts, man nor wife.
The earth, the corn, herbs, fruits & trees,
The children on the nurses knees.
Right suddenly in an instant
Unwarily came that judgement,
As it was in the time of Noy,
When God did all the world destroy,
And for the self sin of Sodomie,
And most abominable bougerie.
That vice at length for to declare,
I think it now not necessare.

When all was burnt flesh, blood and bones,
The hills, valleys, rocks and stones:
The countrey sank for to conclude,
Where now there stands an ugly flood,
The which is called the Dead sea,
Next to the countrey of Judie:
Whose stinking strands black as tar,
The fewr of it men seits on far.
Into Diantius thou mayst read
Of that countrey the length and bread,
Of length fifty miles and two,
And fourteen miles of breadth also
Lot of his wife was so again,
That to a mountain wild he past
Of company he had no mo,
Except his lusty daughters two:
And by their provocation,
As Moles makes narration,
Alone into that mountain wild,
His daughters two he got with child,
For they believed in their thought,
That all the world was gone to nought
As it became that Nation:
Thinking that generation
Would fail, except they craftily
Caus'd their father with them to ly:
And so they found a crafty wile,
How they their father might beguile,
And caused him to drink wight wine
Which men to lechery doth incline,
When he was full and fallen in sleep,
His daughters quietly did creep
Into his bed full secretly,
Provocking him with them to ly:
He knew not how he was beguil'd
Till both his daughters were with child
And bare two sons in certain.
They being in that wild mountain,
Of whom two Nations did proceed,
As in the Scripture thou mayst read:
In the which Scripture thou mayst see

At

At length this woful miſcefe.
This miſery became but wear.
From Noes flood three hundred year,
Together with fourſcore and eleven,
As counteth Carion full even.
And after Noahs death I gueſs,
One and fourty years there was:
When Abraham was of age I ween,
Fourſcore of years and nineteen,
Then this foul ſin of Sodomy
Was puniſhed ſo rigorouſly.
Great God preſerve us in our time,
That we commit not ſuch a crime.
Tedious it were for me to tell
This Monarchie during what befell.
And wonders that on earth were wrought,
Which to my purpoſe longeth nought:
As home the people of Iſrael,
Did long time into Egypt dwell.
And of their great punition,
Through Pharaohs perſecution:
And how Moſes did them convoy
Through the red ſea with meekle joy:
Where King Pharaoh moſt miſerably
Was drowned with his huge army:
And how that people wandring was,
Forty years in the wilderneſs.
Moſes that time, as I heard ſay,
Received the Law on mount Sinay
That time Joſuah from Jordan,
Led the people to Canaan,
Where Saul, David and Solomon,
With Hebrew Kings many one,
Did richly reign in that Countrey,
Enduring this firſt Monarchie.
The ſiege of Thebes miſerable,
Where blood was ſhed incomparable,
Of Noble men into thoſe dayes,
With other terrible affrays.
As how the Greeks wrought vengeance
Upon the noble Troyans,

Becauſe that Paris did convoy,
Perforce fair Helena to Troy
which was King Menelaus wife,
where many a thouſand loſt their life.
That time the valiant Hercules,
Throughout the world did him addreſs,
where he did many a doughty deed.
As in his ſtory thou mayſt read:
And how through Deianica his wife,
This Champion did looſe his life,
In flamming fire full furiouſly,
The death he ſuffered cruelly.
That time Remus and Romulus
Did found that City moſt famous
Of Rome, ſtanding in Italy,
As in their ſtory thou mayeſt ſee,
Wouldſt thou read Titus Livius.
Thou ſhouldſt find works wonderous
Whole worthy deeds are well kend,
And ſhall be to the worlds end:
Though they began with cruelty,
And ended with great miſery,
As been the matter to conclud,
Of all ſhedders of guiltleſs blood.
In Greece the great Poetrie,
Medicine, Muſick, Aſtronomie,
During the Monarchie began,
By Homerus that famous man:
Together with Heſiodus,
As divers Authors ſheweth us,
It were too long to put in rime,
The books that they wrote in their time.
Theſe were the acts principal.
That Monarchy during which befell,
As for good Abraham and his ſeed,
Into the bible thou mayſt read,
How in his time, as I hear tell,
Began the Kingdom ſpiritual:
As I have ſhown to thee before,
Wherefore of them I ſpeak no more.

A short Description of the second, third and fourth Monarchies.

Father, said I, which was the man,
That the next Monarchy began?
E. Cyrus, said he, the King of Perse,
As Chronicles hath done rehearse;
Prudent and full of policy
Began the second Monarchy:
For he was the most godly King,
That ever in Perse or Mede did reign:
For he of his benignity
Delivered from captivity
The whole people of Israel,
Into the time of Daniel,
the which had been prisoners
In Babylon full seventy years.
therefore God of grace bening.
Gave him a divine knowledging.
During his time as I hear tell,
he used counsel of Daniel.
Carion at length doth specifie
Of his marvelous nativity,
And of his vertuous upbringing.
And how he vanquisht Cresus king.
With many other valiant deed,
As into Carion thou mayst read.
whose succession did endure
to the tenth King thereof be sure,
But after his great conquesting,
Right miserable was his ending,
As Herodotus doth describe:
In Scythia he lost his life,
where the undaunted scythians:
Vanquisht the noble Persians.
And after that Cyrus was dead.
Queen Tomyre hacked off his head,
which was the Queen of Scythians,
In despite of the Persians.
He cast his head, for to conclude,
Into a vessel full of blood,

An

And saild these words right cruelly:
Drink thou thy fill, if thou be dry,
For thou didst ay blood shedding thirst,
Now drink at leasure, if thou list.
After that Cyrus succession
Of all the world had Possession,
Alexander with sword and fire,
Attain'd perforce the third Empire,
which was the King of Macedone,
with valiant Greeks many one:
In battel fell and furious,
Vanquisht the mighty Darius.
which was the tenth and the last king,
which did after king Cyrus reign:
As for this potent Emperor,
Alexander the Conqueror,
If thou at length would read his reign,
And of his cruel conquessing.
In English tongue, in his great book,
At length his life there thou mayst look,
How Alexander that potent King,
Was twelve years in his conquessing:
And how for all his great conquest,
He lived but one year in rest,
When by his servant secretly,
He poyson'd was full piteously.
Unlean and Alexander compare
To thunder or fire flaught in the air:
A cruel planet, a mortal wierd,
Down thringing people with his sword,
Ganges that most famous flood,
He mired with the Indians blood.
And Euphrates with the bloud of perse:
Whose cruelty for to rehearse,
And guiltless blood which he did shed,
Were right abominable to be read,
After his short prosperity,
He died with great misery.
It were too long to be decided,
How all their Realms were divided,
All while that Cesar Julius,

When

When he had vanquisht Pompeius,
Was chosen Emperor and King,
Above the Romans for to reign.
That potent Prince was the first man,
Which the fourth Monarchie began,
And had the whole dominion
Of every land and region:
Whose successors did reign but weer,
Over the world many hundred year:
But gentle Julius, alace,
Reign'd Emperor but little space,
Which I think pity to deplore,
In five moneths, and little more:
By false exorbitant treason,
That prudent Prince was troden down,
And murdered in the Counsel-house.
By cruel Brutus and Cassius,
After that Julius was slain,
Did reign the Great Octavian,
Of Emperors one of the best,
During his time was peace and rest,
Over all the world in each Region,
As Storys do make mention:
And eke I make it to thee plain,
During the time of Octavian,
The son of God our Lord Jesu,
Took mankind of the Virgin true,
And was that time in Bethlem born,
To save mankind that was forlorn,
As Scripture makes narration,
Of his blest incarnation.
Now have I told thee as I can,
How the fourth Monarchie began,
But in thy mind thou mayst consider,
How worldly power hath been but slidder,
For all their great Empires are gone:
Thou seest there is no Prince alone,
Which hath the whole dominion,
This time of every region.

Q. Father, what reason had these Kings,
Robers to be of others reigns,

But any right and juſt quarrel,
Where thought that they might make battel,
And common people to down thring?
To this. ſaid I, make anſwering.
E. My ſon, ſaid he, that ſhall be done,
As I beſt can, and that right ſoon:
Theſe Monarchies, I underſtand,
Diſordinate were by command
Of God the Salvator of all
For to down thring, and to make thrall
Undaunted people vicious,
And eke for to be gracious,
To them which vertuous were and good
As Daniel hath done conclud
At length into his propheſies,
How there ſhall be four Monarchies:
His ſecond chapter thou mayſt ſee,
How after the firſt Monarchie,
When Nebuchodonozor king
An Image ſaw in his ſleeping,
With auſter look. both high and broad,
And of pure fine gold was his head,
His breaſt and arms of ſilver bright,
His womb of copper. hard and wight,
His loins and limbs of iron right ſtrong,
His feet of clay. iron mixt among.
From the mountain there came alone,
Without mens hands, a full great ſtone,
Which on that figures feet did fall,
And dang all down in powder ſmal.
Of whoſe interpretation.
Doctors do make narration:
The head of gold doth ſignifie,
Firſt, the Aſſyrians Monarchie,
The ſilver breaſt they do apply,
To Perſians which rang ſecondly:
The womb of copper or of braſs,
Thirdly, to Greeks prepared was.
His loins and limbs of iron and ſteel,
Clerks have them compared well,
The Romans through their diligence,

To have the fourth preeminence
Above each other Nation.
By this interpretation,
The mixed feet with iron and clay,
Did signifie the latter day,
When that the world shal be divided,
As afterward shall be decided.
So Christ is signifi'd the stone,
Whose Monarchy shal never be gone:
For under his dominion,
All Princes shall be troden down.
When that great God Omnipotent,
Come to his general Judgement,
His Monarchy shall then be known,
And after shall be to thee shown.
And as the Scripture shall thee tell,
How in the eight of Daniel,
He saw into his vision,
By a plain exposition,
How that the Greeks would work vengeance
Upon the Medes and Persians,
Comparing the Greeks unto a Goat,
With an horn fierce, furious and hot,
Which kill'd the Rams with horns two,
Compar'd the Perse and Mede also,
And so by Daniels prophesies,
All their great mighty Monarchies,
The which all other Realms suppressed,
By the great God they were devised:
As he of Titus the Roman,
Son and heir to Vespasian,
Made him a furious instrument
To put the Jews to great torment:
Which I suppose ere I hence fare,
Shortly that process to declare.

Of the most miserable and terrible distruction of Jerusalem.

FAther, said I, declare to me,
Enduring the fourth Monarchie,
The most misfortune that befel:

E. Why lon, said he that shall I tell,
The most and manifest misery
Became upon that great City
Jerusalem when it was suppress.
As stories do make manifest:
But as the Scripture doth devise
Jerusalem was destroyed twise:
First for their great Idolatrie,
which they committed in Jurie
The honor ought to God alone,
They gave to figures of stock and stone;
Before Christs Incarnation
Came this first desolation,
five hundred years fourscore and ten,
In Chronicles as thou mayst ken,
how Nebuchodonozor King,
That famous city did down thring:
Their King with people many one,
Brought them all bound to Babylon,
where they remained prisoners,
The space of threescore and ten years,
And that first desolation
Was called, the transmigration.
Was no man left into their Lands,
But poor folk labouring with their hands.
Till mighty Cyrus King of Perse,
As Daniel hath done rehearse,
Was moved by God for to restore,
The Jews where they dwelled before.
If I neglect, I were to blame,
The last siege of Jerusalem,
Whose ruine was most miserable,
And for to tell right terrible:
Was never in earth, city, nor town,
Got such extream destruction.
The Towns of Tyre, Thebe, nor Troy,
They never suffered half such noy.
The Emperor Uelyasian.
He did devise that siege certain.
There was the Prophesie compleat,
which Christ spake on Mount Olivet, when

When he Jerusalem beheld,
The tears from his eyes distill'd,
Seeing by divine prelence,
The great destruction and vengeance
Which was to come on that City,
His heart was pierced with pity,
Saying: Jerusalem, if thou knew
The great ruine, soyt thou wouldst rew;
For ought that I can to thee show:
The verity thou wilt not know:
Nor hast in consideration
Thine holy visitation:
Thy people will no way consider,
whom gathered I would have together
As wandring sheep are without herds,
Or as the hen gathered her birds
Under her wings right tenderly,
which they refused despitefully:
wherefore shal come that dreadful day,
That no remedy make you may,
Thy dungeons shal be dung asunder,
So all the world shal at thee wonder.
Thy temple now most triumphant,
Shal be trod down among the sand.
And as he said so it befell,
As hereafter I shal thee tell.
C. Show me, said I, with circumstance,
The special cause of that mischance.
T. Said he: As Scripture doth conclud,
For shedding of the guiltless blood
Of prophets which God to them sent;
And eke because that they miskent
Jesus the son of God soveraign.
when he among them did remain:
For all the miracles that he shew
Maliciously they him misknew:
though by his great power divine,
the water clear he turn'd to wine
And by the self same power and might,
to the blind born he gave the sight:
And gave the crooked men their feet,

And

And made the lepers whole compleat
He healed all, and raisd the dead,
Yet held they him at mortal feed,
Because he shew the verity,
They did conclude that he should die.
The Bishops Princes of the Priests,
They grew so bolden in their deeds:
The scribes and doctors of the Law,
Of God not man they stood no aw
On Christ Jesus to work vengeance,
Right to the false Pharisians,
A sect of fained religion,
Devised his confusion,
And sent their servants at the last,
And with strong cords they bound him fast:
Then scourged him both back and side.
That none for blood might see his hide:
There was not left a penny broad
Unwounded from his head to feet,
In manner of derision,
They plat to him a cruel crown
Of pricking thorns sharp and long,
Which on his heavenly head they throng,
Then caus'd him, for the greater lack,
Bear his own gallows on his back,
To the vile place of Calvary,
Where many a thousand men might see:
That Innocent they took perforce,
And plat him backward to the cross:
Through feet and hands, great nails they drive,
Till blood abundantly out burst:
Without grudging, clamor or cry,
That pain he suffered patiently:
And for augmenting of his griefs,
They hanged him between two thieves:
Where men might see the bloody wounds,
Which sprang forth from his feet and hands,
From thorns thrusted on his head,
Ran down bullering streams red:
In the presence of many a man,

That Blood-Royal on rockes ran.
Shortly to say, that heavenly King
In extream dolor there did hing,
Till he said, Consummatum est,
With a loud cry he gave the Ghaist.
When he was dead, they took a dart,
And pierced that King through the heart
From whom there came water and blood:
The earth then trembled: so conclude,
Phebus did hide his beams bright,
That through the world there was no light,
The great vale of the Temple rave,
The dead men rose out of their grave,
And in the City did appear,
As in the Scripture thou mayst hear:
Then Joseph of Arimathie,
Did bury him right honestly,
But yet he rose full gloriously,
On the third day triumphantly:
With his Disciples in certain,
Forty days he did remain,
After to heaven he ascended,
The Jews nothing their life amended,
Nor gave no credit to his saws,
As at more length the storie shaws:
But cruelly they did oppress
All men that Christs name did profess,
And persecuted many one:
They pilson'd both Peter and John,
And Steven they stoned to the dead:
From James the less they strokt the head:
This was the cause, in conclusion,
Of their cruel confusion.

The prudent Jew Josephus sayes,
That he was present in those dayes:
And in his book makes mention,
How after Christs ascension,
The space of two and forty years,
Began these cruel mortal wears,
The second year of Vespasian.
When many taken were and slain. Jose-

Iosephus plainly doth conclude,
Was never seen such a multitude.
Before that time into the town,
Which came for their confusion,
Where great infortune so befel,
To all the princes of Israel.
Conveen'd againts the time of paich,
But to return they had no grace.
The bold Romans with their Chiftan
Titus the son of Uelpasian,
Their army over Judea spied:
Then all men to the City fled,
Believing there to get relief,
But all that turn'd to their mischief:
The Romans leaped them about,
That by no way they might win out.
Six moneths did that siege endure,
Where loß were many creature,
Which there in misery did remain.
Till they were all taken and slain.
During the time of this assail,
Their meat and drink, and all did fail:
For there was such a multitude,
That thousands died for fault of food.
Necessity caus'd them to eat perforce,
Dog, cat, and ratton, als and horse:
Rich men behoved to eat their gold,
Then died for hunger manifold.
Such hunger was without remead,
The quick behov'd to eat the dead,
The filth of privies many eat,
To length their life, they thought it sweet.
The famous Ladies of the town,
For fault of food they fell in swoon.
When they might get no other meat.
They kill'd their proper bairns to eat:
But all for nought despitefully,
Their own souldiers full greedily,
Reft them that flesh mon miserable:
And they with mourning lamentable,

For extream hunger yeeld the spirit,
There was the prophesie compleat,
As Christ before made narration,
The day of his grim passion.
When that the Ladies for him mourned,
Full pitiously to them he turned,
And said: daughters, mourn not for me,
Mourn for your own posterity:
Within short time shall come that day,
That men of this City shall say,
When they are trapped in the snare:
Blest be the womb that never bare.
The barren pays then shall they bliss,
That doleful day thou shalt not miss.
This prophesie it came to pass,
That they cry many loud, alace:
Such sorrowful lamentation
Was never heard in that Nation:
Seeing the lusty Ladies sweet,
Dying for hunger in the street:
Their husbands, nor their children,
Might give to them no comforting,
Nor yet relieve them of their harms;
But either dying in others arms,
After this woful indigence,
Among them rose such pestilence,
Wherein there died many hunder,
Which to declare it were great wonder.
And for final conclusion,
These war-like walls they did ding down.
Prince Titus with his Chevalry,
With trumpets sounding triumphantly,
He entred in that great City,
But to deplore I think pity,
The painful clamor horrible,
Of wounded folk most miserable.
There was nought else but take and slay,
For there might no man win away:
The strands of blood ran through the street,
Of dead folk trosen under feet.
Old widows in the preals were smor'd: Young

Young Virgins shamefully defloy'd.
The great temple of Solomon,
With many a curious carved stone,
With perfect pinacles on hight,
Which were both beautiful and wight,
Wherein rich jewels did abound,
They rushed rudely to the ground:
And set into their furious ire,
Sanctum sanctorum into fire:
And with extream confusion,
All their great dungeons they dang down.
There hyrsled were the golden breasts
Of Bishops Princes of the Priests.
There taken was the great vengeance
Of the false scribes and pharisance:
All their painted hypocrisie,
That time might make them no supplie.
That day they dolefully repented,
That to the death of Christ consented:
Though it was our salvation,
It was to their Damnation.
The vengeance for the blood guiltless,
From Abel to Zacharias,
That day upon Jerusalem fell,
But tedious it were to tell,
The great extream confusion,
And of blood such effusion,
Was never slain so many a man,
At one time since the world began:
The Jews that day got their desire,
Which they did ask into their ire,
As in the Scripture is specified,
That day when Christ was crucified:
When Ponce Pilate the President,
Said to them: I am innocent
Of the just blood of Christ Jesus,
They cryed: his blood light upon us,
And on our generation:
They got their supplication:
That day with many a careful cry,

Their blood was shed abundantly.
Josephus writteth in his Book,
His Chronicles who list to look,
During that cruel siege certain,
Were eleven hundred thousand slain:
Of prisoners were told and seen,
Fourscore thousand and seventeen:
Out of the land they did expel
All the people of Israel:
And for their great ingratitude,
They live yet under servitude,
There is no Jew in no Country,
Which hath one foot of property,
Nor never had without utter wear,
Since this day sixteen hundred year:
Nor never shall, I to thee shew,
Till that they turn to Christs Law.
Some sayes, that Jews manifold,
Were thirty for a penny sold,
As Judas sold the King of glore,
For thirty pennies, and no more.
After that many were mischieved,
When novels past how long they lived
Upon their gold, without doubt,
They slit their bellies to search it out:
The rest to Egypt they did send
Prisoners to their lives end.
Titus took in his company,
Great number of the most worthy,
With him to Rome they led them bound,
Then cruelly did him confound.
His victory for to decore
And for augmenting of his glore,
Caus'd put them into publick places,
Where each man might behold their faces,
Then with wild Lyons cruelly,
He caus'd devore them dolefully.
This high triumphant mighty town,
At Pasch was put to confusion:
Because that in the time of Pasch,
They crucified the King of grace.

Sens

Some have this matter done indite,
More ornately then I can write,
Wherefore of it I speak no more,
Only to God be laud and glore.

Of the miserable end of certain tyrannous Princes, and especially the Beginners of the four Monarchies.

NOw have I done declare at thy desires,
As thou demandest into terms short,
And who began the principal Empires,
As Chronicles and Storyes do report:
Wherefore, my son, I heartily thee exhort,
Perfectly print into thy remembrance,
Of this inconstant world the variance.

The princes of these four great Monarchies,
In their most highest pomp imperial,
Trusting most sure to be set on their seas,
The fraudful world gave to them mortal falls
For their reward, and dark memorials,
Though over the world they had preeminence:
Of it they got no other recompence.

For such like as the snow doth melt in May,
Though the reflex of Phebus beams bright,
These great Empires right so are went away:
Gone is their glore, their power, and their might:
Because they were rovers withoutten right,
And blood-shedders full cruel: for to conclude,
Right cruelly therefore was shed their blood.

Behold how God ay since the world began,
Hath often times made Kings instruments
To scourge people, and to kill many a man,
Which to his law were inobedients:
When they had done, perfurnisht his intents,
In daunting wrongous people shamefully,
He suffers them be scourged cruelly.

Even as the School-master doth make a wand
To daunt and ding the scholers of rude engine,
The which will not studie at his command:
He scourges them, and only to that fine,
That they should to his good counsel incline: when

When they obey, appeased in his ire,
He takes the wand, and casts it in the fire.
God of King Pharaoh made an instrument,
Which was the great King of Egyptiance,
His own peculiar people to torment:
That being done, he wrought on him vengeance,
And let him fall through inobedience:
And finally he with his great army.
In the red sea was drowned dolefully.
Right so Nebuchadonozor King,
God made of him a furious instrument,
Jerusalem and the Jews to down thring,
When they to God were disobedient:
Thy reft from him his riches and his rent,
And him transformed in a beast brutal,
Seven years and more as writeth Daniel.
Alexander through prideful tyranny,
In years twelve did make his great conquest,
Ay shedding lakeless blood full cruelly,
Till he was King of Kings he took no rest:
In all the world when he was full posset,
In Babylon throned triumphantly,
Through poyson strong deceased dolefully.
Duke Hannibal the strong Carthagiane,
The daunter of the Romans pomp and glory:
By his power were many thousands slain,
As may be read at length into his story,
At Cannes where he wan the victorie.
Of Romans hands that dead lay on the ground,
Three heaped bushels were of rings found.
Into that mortal battle I heard sane,
Of the Romans most worthy warriors.
Attour Captains, were forty thousand slain:
Of whom there was thirty wise senators,
And twenty Lords which had been pretors,
That died each in defence of their Countrie,
And for to hold their land at libertie.
What reward got the cruel Champion,
When he had slain so great a multitude?
And when the glass of his vain glore was run,
A shameful death: and shortly to conclude, this

This is reward of all shedders of blood:
For he got such extream confusion,
He kill'd himself in drinking strong poyson.
Behold the two most famous champions,
That is to say, Julius and Pompey.
Which did conquest all earthly regions,
As well many Lands, as Iles into the sea,
And to the town of Rome caus'd them obey:
For Pompeius subdued the Orient,
And Julius Cesar all the Occident.
But finally these two did strive for state,
Whereby three hundred-thousand men were slain:
But Pompeius after that great debate,
He murthered was, the story telleth plain:
Then Julius was Prince and soveraign,
Above the whole world Emperor and King,
But into rest short time endur'd his reign.
For within five moneths and little more,
Amids the Lords into the counsel-house,
He murdered was, what needs process more,
As I have said, by Brute and Calsius.
If thou wouldst know their deeds dolorous,
Thou mayst at length go read the Roman story,
Which hath this matter put in memory.
Gone is the golden world of Assyrians,
Of whom King Ninus was first and principal.
Gone is the silver world of Persians.
The copper world of Grecks now thral.
The world of yron, which was the last of all,
Compared to the Romans in their glore.
Are gone right so, I hear of them no more.
Now in the world of yron mixt with clay,
As Daniel at length hath done indyte:
The great Empires are molten clean away,
Now is the world of dolor and despite:
I see nought else but trouble infinite:
Wherefore my son, I make it to thee kend,
This world I wot, is drawing to an end.
Tokens of dearth, hunger and pestilence,
With cruel wars both by sea and land:

Realm against realm with mortal violence,
Which signifies the last day even at hand:
Wherefore my son, be in thy faith constant,
Raising thine heart to God to cry for grace,
And mend thy life whilst thou hast time and space.

Of the first Spiritual and Papal Monarchie.

C. FAther, is there no prince reignand,
Which hath the world at command,
As had the King of Assyrians,
Perse. Greeks, or the Romans,
Who hath now dominion
Of every land and region?

C. There is no prince, my son, said he,
That hath the principal Monarchie,
Above the world universal,
With whole power imperial,
As Alexander, or Darius,
Or as had Cesar Julius,
For Orient and Occident:
Were all to them obedient.
Notwithstanding, I find one King,
Which into Europe now doth reign,
That is the potent prince of Rome,
Empiring over all Christendom,
To whom no prince may be compare,
As Cannon-Laws can declare.
All princes of the Occident,
Are to his grace obedient,
For he hath whole power compleat,
Both of the body and the spirit.
Which never had no prince before,
Except the mighty king of glore.
To Christ he is the great Lieutenand,
In holy Peters seat sittand:
So he is of all Kings King.
Which into europe now doth reign.
And as the Roman emperours,
Having the world under their cures,
Had princes, knights, and champions,
Rulers into all regions,
Upholding their authoritie,

using

Using Justice and policie:
Right so this potent pope of Rome,
The soveraign king of Christendom
Hath into every Countrey,
His princes of great gravity:
In some Countrey his Cardinals,
In their most precious apparels,
Archbishops, bishops thou mayst see,
Defending his authority;
With other potent patriarchs,
Colledges full of cunning Clarks:
Abbots and priors as ye ken,
Misrulers of religious men.
Officials with their procuratours,
Whose longsome laws spoils the poor.
Arch-Deans and Deans of dignity,
Great doctors of divinity,
Their Chanters and their Sacristans,
Their Thesaures and their Subdeans,
Legions of priests seculars:
parsons. Vicars, Monks and Friers.
Of diverse orders many one.
Which longsome were for to expone:
In sundry habits as ye ken,
Differing from other Christen men.
Fair Ladies of religion
professed in every region.
False Hermites fashioned like the friers:
proud parish Clarks and pardoners,
Their Gyvners and their Chamberlains,
With their temporal Courtisans:
Thus all the world by land and sea,
His sanctitude they did obey:
Not only his spiritual kingdom,
But the great emperor of Rome,
And kings of every region,
That day when they receive the crown,
They make oath of fidelity,
To defend his authority.
Moreover with humble reverence,
They make to him obedience,

By

By themselues, or Ambassadors,
Or other ornate Orators:
Who do gainstand his Maiestie,
His laws or yet his libertie,
Or holds any opinion
Contrare his great dominion,
Either by way of deeds or words,
Are put to death by fire and swords.
Saint Peter styled was sanctus,
But he is called sanctissimus.
his style at length if thou wouldst knaw,
Thou must go look the Canon Law,
Both in the sixth of Clementin,
His stately style there may be seen.
There thou shalt find, read if thou can,
How he is neither God nor man.
C. what is he then, by your judgement?
E. Said he: We thinks him different,
Far from our soveraign Lord Jesus,
And to his kind contrarious:
For Christ was natural God and Man.
C. If he be neither, what is he than?
E. The Canon law, my son, said he,
That question will declare to thee,
It doth transcend my rude ingine,
His sanctitude for to define;
Or to show the authority
Pertaining to his Maiesty,
So great a Prince where shalt thou find,
That spiritually may lose or bind:
Nor by whom sins are forgiven,
Be they with his disciples striven?
Whom ever he binds with his might,
They bounded are in Gods sight:
whomever he looses on earth here down,
Are loosed by God in his region.
As he is Prince of Purgatorie,
Delivering souls from pain to glorie:
Of that dark dungeon, withoutten doubt,
Whomever he pleaseth, he takes out.
Our secret sins every year,

We muſt ſhow to ſome Prieſt or Frier,
And take their abſolution,
Or elſe get no remiſſion:
So by this did they clearly ken,
The ſecrets of all ſecular men.
Their ſecrets we know not at all,
Thus are we to them bound and thral:
Whatever their miniſters commands
Muſt be obey without demands.
Wherefore my ſon, I ſay to thee,
This is a marvelous Monarchie,
Which hath power Imperial,
Both of the body and the ſoul.

T. Father, ſaid I. declare to me,
Who did begin this Monarchie?

F. Said he: Chriſt Jeſus, God and man,
That Empire graciouſly began,
Not by fire, nor by the ſword,
But by the vertue of his word,
And left into his Teſtament
Many a devote document,
Unto his ſucceſſors to be uſed,
Though many of them be now abuſed:
For Peter and Paul with all the reſt
Of their brethren, made manifeſt
The law of God with true intent,
Preaching the old and new Teſtament.
They led their lives in poverty,
Devotion and true humility,
As did their Maſter Chriſt Jeſus,
And were not half ſo glorious,
As their ſucceſſors now in Rome,
Empyring over all Chriſtendom,
After the death of Peter and Paul,
And of Chriſts true Diſciples all,
Their ſucceſſors within few years,
As at the more length the ſtorie bears,
Right cruelly came to the hight,
From ſpiritual life to temporal right.

T. Father, ere we paſs further more,
When did begin their temporal glore?

T.

E. My son said he. thou shalt understand,
Ere ever a Pope got any land.
Two and thirty great Popes of Rome,
Received the crown of martyrdom:
But not the threefold diadem.
To wear three crowns they thought great shame,
Till Sylvester the Confessor,
From Constantine the Emperor,
Received the Realm of Italy,
Right so of Rome the great city,
That was the root of their riches.
Then sprang the well of wealthiness.
When that the Pope was made a king,
All princes bowed at his bidding.
This act was done withoutten wear,
From Christs death three hundred year.
Then Lady sensuality.
Took lodging in that great city,
Where she sensyn hath done remain,
As their own Lady soverain.
There kings into all Nations,
Made pitifs great foundations:
They thought great merit and honour,
To counterfeit the Emperor,
As did David of Scotland king,
The which did found during his reign,
Fifteen abbeyes with temporal lands,
Withoutten tithes and offerands:
By whole holy simplicity.
He left the crown in poverty.
Now have I shown thee as I can,
How their temporal Empire began,
Ascending up ay gree by gree,
Above the Emperors majestie:
So when they got among their hands,
Of Italie all the Emperors lands,
After that into each Countrey
Sprang up their temporality,
With such great riches and such rent,
That they gan to be negligent,
In making ministration

To Christs true Congregation,
And took no more pain in their preaching;
And far less travel in their teaching:
Changing their spirituality
In temporal sensuality.

C. Father, think ye that they are sure,
That their empire shall long endure?

E. Apparently it may be kend,
Said he, their glory shall have an end.
I mean their temporal Monarchie,
Shall turn into humility:
Through Gods word, without debate,
They shall turn to their first estate,
As in Daniels prophesie appears,
Thereto shall not be many years:
Albeit Christs faith shall never fail,
But more and more it shall prevail.
Though Christs true congregation
Suffers great tribulation,

C. Father, said I, by what reason,
Think ye their empire should come down,
Considering their preeminence?

E. said he, for disobedience,
Abusing the commandement
Which Christ left in his testament,
Using their own tradition,
Contrare Christs institution:
For Christ in his last convention,
The day of his ascension,
To his disciples gave command.
That they should pass to every land.
To teach and preach with true intent,
His Law and his commandement:
No other office ye to them gave:
He did not bid them seek or crave,
Coyps, presents nor offerands,
Nor yet Lordships nor temporal lands:
But now it may be heard and seen,
Both with thine ears and eke thine een,
How prelats now in every land,
Take little cure of Christs command; neither

Neither unto their deeds nor laws.
Neglecting their own canon Laws:
Using themselves contrarious.
For the most part to Christ Jesus.
Christ thought not shame to be a preacher,
And to all people of truth a teacher:
A Pope, a Bishop a Cardinal,
To teach and preach will not be thral.
They send forth friers to teach for them,
Which makes the people mock them for shame.
Christ would not be a temporal king,
Richly into no realm to reign.
But fled temporal authority,
As in the Scripture thou mayst see,
All men may know how Popes reigns
In dignity above all Kings,
As well of temporality,
As into spirituality.
Thou mayst see by experience,
The popes princely preeminence.
In chronicles if thou list to look,
How Carion writes in his book,
A notable narration.
The year of our salvation,
Eleven hundred and six and fifty,
Pope Alexander presumptuously,
Which was the third Pope of that name,
Frederick the Emperor he did defame,
In Venice that triumphant town,
That noble emperor he caus'd lay down
Upon his womb with shame and lack,
Then trod his feet upon his neck,
In token of obedience:
There he shew his preeminence,
And caus'd his Clergy for to sing
These words hereafter following:
Super aspidem et basiliscum ambulabis,
Et conculabis leonem et draconem, that is
Thou shalt walk upon the Adder and Cocatrice,
And thou shalt tread down the lyon and dragon.
Then said the humble Emperor: I

I do to Peter this honour,
The Pope answered with words wroth,
Thou shalt me honor and Peter both.
Christ for to show his humble spirit,
Did wash his poor disciples feet:
The Popes holiness I wis,
Will suffer Kings their feet to kiss.
Birds had their nests, & fods their den,
But Christ Jesus saver of men.
In earth had not a penny bread.
Whereupon he might repose his head;
Albeit the Popes excellence
Hath Castles of magnificence:
Abbots, Bishops, Cardinals,
Have pleasant palaces royals,
Like Paradise all these pleasant places
Wanting no pleasure of their faces.
John. Andrew, James, Peter nor Paul,
Had few houses among them all;
From time they knew the verity,
They did contemn all prosperity:
And were right heartily content
Of meat and drink and abulment.
To save mankind that was forlorn,
Christ bare a cruel crown of thorn.
The pope three crowns for the nons,
Of gold, powdred with precious stones:
Of gold and silver, I am sure,
Christ Jesus took but little cure.
And left not when he yeeld the spirit,
To buy himself a winding-sheet:
But his successor good Pope John,
When he deceased in Avignon,
He left behind him a treasure
Of gold and silver great measure,
By a just computation,
Well five and twenty million,
As doth endite Palmerus:
Read him and thou shalt find it thus.
Christ-disciples were well known.
Through vertue which was to them shown: but

But ſpecially fervent charity,
Great patience and humility.
The popes flocks in all regions,
Are known beſt by their clippes crowns.
Chriſt he did honor matrimonie
Into Cana of Galilie,
Where he by his power divine,
Did turn the water into wine:
And eke he choos'd ſome married men
To be his ſervants, as ye ken.
And Peter during all his life,
Yt thought no ſin to have a wife,
Ye ſhall not find in no paſſage,
Where Chriſt forbiddeth marriage,
But lawful for each man to marry,
Which lacks the gift of chaſtity.
The pope hath made the contrare laws
In his kingdom, as all men knaws,
None of his prieſts dare marry wives,
Under the pain even of their lives:
Though they have concubines fifteen,
Into that caſe they are overſeen.
What chaſtity they keep in Rome,
Is well known over all Chriſtendom.
Chriſt did ſhow his obedience,
Unto the Emperors excellence,
And cauſed Peter for to pay
Tribute to Ceſar for them tway.
Paul bids us be obedient
To kings as the moſt excellent:
The contrare did Pope Celeſtin,
When that his ſanctitude ſereen
Did crown Henry the Emperor,
I think he did him ſmal honor,
For with his hand he did him crown,
Then with his feet the crown caſt down,
Saying, I have authority,
Men to exalt to dignity,
And to make Emperors and Kings,
And then deprive them of their reigns.
Peter by mine opinion,

Did never vſe ſuch dominion:
Apparantly by my judgement,
This Pope read never the new teſtament:
If he had learned at that lore
He had refuſed ſuch vain glore:
As Barnabas, Peter and Paul,
And right ſo Chriſts diſciples all.
The good captain Cornelius,
When ſaint Peter came to his houſe,
To worſhip him fell at his feet:
But ſaint peter with humble ſprits,
Did raiſe him up with diligence,
And did refuſe ſuch reverence.
Right ſo ſaint John th'evangeliſt,
The Angels feet he would have kiſt,
And he refuſed ſuch honor,
Saying, I am but ſervitor,
And the thy fellow and thy brother:
Give glory to God, and to none other.
And likewiſe Barnabas and paul.
Such honor did refuſe at all,
In Lyſtra where they wrought great works:
The prieſts of Jupiter and his clerks,
And all the people with their adviſe,
Would have made to them ſacrifice,
Of which they were ſo diſcontent,
That they their clothing rave and rent,
And paul among them rudely ran,
Saying, I am a mortal man:
Give glory to God of kings king,
That made heaven, earth, and every thing,
Since peter and John vain glore refuſed
With popes why ſhould vain glore be uſed?
peter, Andrew, John, James and paul,
And Chriſt true diſciples all,
By Gods word their faith defended:
To burn and ſcald they never pretended.
The pope defends his traditions,
By flamming fire without remiſſions:
Albeit men break the Law divine,
They are not put to ſo great pine,

For

For wholedom, nor idolatry,
For incest, nor adultery;
Or when young virgins are defloured,
For such things men are not abhoured:
But who that eats flesh into Lent,
Are terribly put to torment:
And if a priest happen to marry,
They do him banish cutse and wary,
Though it be not against the Law
Of God, as men may clearly know.
Between these two what difference been,
By faithful folk it may be seen.
Such Antitheses many mo,
I might declare, which I let go:
I may not tarry to compile
Of each Order the sately stile:
The silly Nuns will think great shame,
Except they called be, Madam:
The poor priest thinks he gets no right,
Be he not stiled like a Knight,
And called Sir, before his name,
As Sir Thomas, and Sir William.
All Monks, as ye may hear and see,
Are called Brans, for dignitie:
Albeit his mother milk the kow.
Yet must be called, Dean Androw.
Dean Peter, Dean Paul, Dean Robert:
With Thus they take a painful part,
With double clothing from the cold,
Eating and drinking when they would,
With curious countring in the Quere:
God knows if they buy heaven full dear.
My Lord Abbot right venerable,
Ay marshalled upmost at the table:
My Lord Bishop right reverent,
Sits above Earls in Parliament:
And cardinals during their reigns,
Fellows to Princes and to Kings:
The Pope exalted in honor,
Above the potent Emperor.
The proud person I think truly,

he leads his life right lustily:
For why he hath no other pyne.
But takes the tithes, and spends them syn:
But he is oblicht by reason
To preach unto his parishon:
Though they lack preaching seventeen year,
he will not lack a peck of bear:
Some parson hath at his command
The wanton wenches of the land:
Als they have great prerogatives.
That they may part ay with their wives,
Without divorce or summoning,
Then take another without wedding.
Some would think it a lusty life.
Ay when he lists to change a wife,
And take another of more beauty:
But seculars lack that liberty,
The which are bound in marriage.
But they like rams into their rage,
Unpilled, runs among the ewes,
So long as nature in them grows:
And the the Vicar, as I trow,
he will not fail to take a kow,
And upmost cloth (though babes them ban)
From a poor silly husband-man,
When that he lyeth for to die.
Having small children two or three:
That hath three kine without ten ma,
The Vicar must have one of tha,
With the gray cloke that haps the bed,
Albeit that he be poorly cled,
And if his wife die on the morn,
Though all the babes should be forlorn,
The other kow he cleeks away,
With the poor coat of raploch gray:
And if within two years or three,
The eldest child happen to die,
Of the third kow he will be sure.
When he them hath all under cure,
And father and mother both are dead,
Beg must the babes without remead: They

They hold the corps at the Kirk still,
And there it must remain a while,
Till they get sufficient soverty,
For their Church right and duty.
Then comes the Lands-lord perforce,
And cleeks to him an hired horse.
Poor laborers would these laws were down,
Which never founded was by reason.
I heard them say under confession,
That Law was brother to oppression.
My son, I have shown as I can,
How the fifth Monarchy began,
Whose great Empire for to report,
At length the time been all too short.

A short Discription of the Court of *Rome*.

FAther, said I, what rule keep they in Rom
Which hath spiritual dominion,
And Monarchy above all Christendom?
Show me, I make you supplication.
C. My son, would I make true narration,
Said he, to Peter and Paul though they succeed,
I think they prove not that into their deed.
For Peter, Andrew and John, were fishers first,
Of men and women to the Christian faith:
But they have spied their net with hook and line,
On rents, riches, on gold and other graith:
Such fishing to neglect they will be laith.
For why, they have fished over-thwart strands,
A great part truly of all temporal lands.
With the tenth part of all goods moveable,
For the upholding of their dignities,
So been their fishing very profitable,
On the dry land, as well as on the seas:
Their very water they spread over all countreys,
And with their hose-net dayly draws to Rome,
The most fine gold that is in Christendom.
I dare well say, within this fifty year,
Rome hath received forth of this region,
For buls and benefices which they buy ful dear,
That might ful well have payed a kings ransom.
But were I worthy for to wear a crown, priests

Priests should no more our substance so consume,
Heading yearly so great riches to Rome.
Into their trammel-net they sang a fish
More then a whale, worthy of memory,
Of whom they had many a daint, dish,
By which they are exalted to great glory.
That marvellous monster, called purgatory:
Albeit to us it be not amiable.
It hath to them been very profitable.
Let they that fruitful fish escape their net,
For which they have so great commodities:
A more fat fish I trust they shall not get,
Though they should search out through the Ocean
flew, the dayly dolorous Exigies. (seas:
Silly poor priests may sing with heart full sory,
Lack they that painful palace purgatory.
Farewell monkry, with channon nun and frier,
Alace, they will be lightlied in all lands:
Cowls will no more be known in church or queer,
Let they that fruitful fish escape their hands.
I counsel you to bind them fast in bands:
For Peter, Andrew, nor John could never get
So profitable a fish into their net,
Their merchandise into all nations.
As printed lead, their wax, and their parchment,
Their pardons and their dispensations,
They do exceed some temporal princes rent,
In such traffick they are not negligent:
Of benefice they make good merchandise,
Through simmony, which they hold little vice.
Christ did command Peter to feed his sheep.
And so he did feed them full tenderly;
Of that command they take but little keep,
But Christs sheep they spoil pitiously,
And with the wool they clothe them curiously:
Like greedy wolves they take of them their food:
They eat their flesh and drink both milk and blood.
For their office they serve but little hyr:
I think such pastors are not worth to pise,
Which cannot guide their sheep about the myr.

they

They are so busie in their Merchandise:
Though Peter was porter of paradise,
That pleasant passage craftily they close.
Through them right few gets entry I suppose.
Christ Jesus said, as Matthew doth report,
Woe be to scribes, and to pharisiance,
The which did close of paradise the port:
Of them we have the same experience,
To enter there they make small diligence.
They take such care of temporal business,
Right so from us they stop the plain entress,
The spiritual keys that Christ to Peter gave,
Their colour with smoke and rust are faded:
Unexercised they hold them in their neeve:
Of that office they serve to be derided
With Gods word, except that they amend it,
Opening ȳ port which long time hath been closed,
That we may enter with them and be rejoyced.
Contrare to Christs institution,
To them that dies in habit of a frier,
Rome hath them granted full remission,
To pass to heaven straight way withoutten wier,
Which been in Scotland used many a year.
Is there such vertue in a friers hood,
I think in vain Christ Jesus shed his blood.
Would God, the pope who hath preeminence,
With advice of his Councils general,
That they would make their dedeful diligence,
That Christs Laws might be keeped over all,
And truly preached both to great and small:
And give to them spiritual authority,
Which can perfectly show forth the verity.
Who cannot preach a priest should not be named
As may be proved by the Law divine:
And by the cannon Law they are defamed
That takes priesthood but only to that fine:
To all vertue their hearts they should incline,
In special to preach with true intents,
And minister the needful sacraments.
As for their monks, their chanons and their friers,

And

And lusty Ladies of religion.
I know not wherefo their office effers:
But men may see their great abusion:
They are not like, into conclusion,
Neither into their words, nor by their warks,
To the Apostles, prophets, nor patriarchs.
If presently these prelats cannot preach,
Then let each Bishop have a suffragan,
Or successor who can the people teach,
On their expenses yearly to remain,
To cause the people from their vice refrain:
And when a prelat happens to decease,
Then put a perfect preacher in his place.
Do they not so, on them shall ly the charge,
Giving unable men authority.
As who would make a fiers-man to a barge,
Of one blind born which can no danger see:
If that ship drown, forsooth I say for me,
Who gave the fiers-man such commission,
Should of the ship make restitution.
The humane Laws that are contrarious,
And not conforming to the Law divine,
They should expel, and hold them odious,
When they perceive them come to no good fine,
Invented but by sensual mens engine:
As that law which forbiddeth marriage,
Causing young clerks burn into lusts rage,
Full hard it is chastity to observe,
Without great grace and abstinence.
Into our flesh ay reigneth till we starve,
That first original sin concupiscence,
Which we through Adams disobedience
Have done incur, and shall endure for ever,
Till that our soul and body death dissever.
Wherefore made God of marriage the band
In paradise? as scripture doth record.
In Galilee, right so I understand,
Was marriage honored by Christ our Lord:
Old Law and new thereto they do concord.

I think, for me, better that they had sleepen,
Then to have made a Law, and never keepen.
Took not Christ Jesus his humanity
Of a Virgin in marriage contracted,
And of her flesh clad his divinity?
Why have they done this blessed bond discend
In their kingdom? would God it were corrected,
That young Prelats might marry lusty wives,
And not in sensual lust to lead their lives.
Did not Christ choose of honest married men,
As well as they had keeped chastity,
For to be his disciples as ye ken,
As in the scripture clearly thou mayst see?
They keepen still their wives with honesty:
As Peter, and his spouses brethren all,
Observed chastity matrimonial.
But now appears the prophesie of Paul,
How some should rise into the latter age,
That from the true faith should depart and fall,
And some forbid the bond of marriage,
As thou shalt find into that same passage,
They should command from meats for to abstain,
Which God creat his people to sustain.
But since the Pope our spiritual Prince & king,
He doth overlee such vices manifest,
And in his kingdom suffers for to reign,
The men by whom the verity is suppress:
I excuse not himself more then the rest.
Alace, how should we members be well used,
When thus our spiritual heads are abused?
The famous ancient Doctor Avicen,
Says, when ill rheum descendeth from the head,
Into the members genders meekle pain,
Except there be made hastily remead,
When the cold humor doth therefrom proceed,
In sinews it causeth Arthritica,
Right so into the hands Chiragra.
Of maledies it genders many mo,
Except men get some soverain preserve,
As in his thighs Scietica passio, And

And in the breast sometimes the strong caterve,
Which causeth men right hastily to sterve:
And Podagra right difficile for to cure
In mens feet which long time doth endure.
So to this most triumphant court of Rome,
This similitude I may full well compare,
Which hath been heir ship over all Christendom,
And to the world an evil exemplare,
That sometimes was lead-star and luminare,
And the most sapient seat of sanctitude,
And now alace, bare of beatitude.
Their kingdom may be called Babylon,
Which sometime was a bright Jerusalem,
As plainly meaneth the Apostle John.
Their most famous city hath lost the fame:
Inhabiters thereof their noble name.
For why they have of saints the habitacle,
To Simon Magus made a tabernacle.
A horrible vail of every kind of vice,
A loathly loch of stinking lecherie,
A cursed cave, corrupted with covetice,
Bordered about with pride and simonie:
Some say, a cistern full of sodomie:
Whose vice in special, if I would declare,
It were enough for to perturb the air.
Of truth the whole Christian religion,
Through them is scandalized and offended:
It cannot fail but their abusion,
Before the throne of God it is ascended.
I dread but doubt, except that they amend it,
The plagues of John his revelation,
Shall fall upon their generation.
O Lord, which hath the heart of every king
Into thine hand, I make thee supplication,
Convert that court, that of thy grace benign,
They would make general reformation
Among themselves in every nation,
That they may be an holy exemplar
To us thy poor Laick common popular.
Hungred, alace! for fault of spiritual food,

Because from us is hid the verity:
O prince, that shed for us his precious blood,
Kindle in us the fire of Charity,
And save us from eternal misery,
Now laboring in thy Church militant,
That we may come to thy Church triumphant.

THE FOURTH BOOK.

Making mention of the death of the Antichrist, of the general judgment, &c. With an Exhortation by *Experience* to the *Courteour*.

C. PRudent Father, Experience,
Since you of your benevolence,
Hath caused me for to consider,
How worldly pomp & glore been slider
By diverse stories miserable,
Which to rehearse been lamentable
Yet ere we pass out of this vale,
I pray you, give me your counsel,
What shall I do in time coming,
To have the glore everlasting?

E. My son, said he, set thine intent
To keep the Lords Commandement:
And preats thee not to climb over hy,
To no worldly authority,
Who in this world do most rejoyce,
Are fardest ay from their purpose.
Wouldst thou leave worldly vanities,
And think on four extreamities,
Which are to come, and that shortly,
Thou wouldst never sin wilfully:
Print these four in thy memory,
Death, the hell and heavens glory,
And extream judgement general,
Where thou must render a count of all;
Thou shalt not fail to be content,
Of quyet life and sober rent,
Considering no man can be sure
In earth one hour for to endure:

So all worldly prosperity
Is mixed with great misery.
Wert thou Emperor of Asia,
King of Europe and Africa,
Great dominator of the sea:
And though the heavens did thee obey,
All fishes swimming in the strand,
All beasts and fowls at thy command;
Concluding thou wert king over all,
Under the heavens imperial,
In that most high authority,
Thou should find least tranquillity:
Example of King Solomon.
More precious life had never none:
Such riches with so great pleasure,
Had never King nor Emperour,
With most profound intelligence,
And super-excellent sapience.
His pleasant habitations,
Precelled other Nations,
Gardens and parks for harts and hinds,
Stanks with fishes of diverse kinds:
Most profound masters of Musick,
That in the world was none them like:
Such treasure of gold and precious stones,
In earth had never King at once.
He had seven hundred lusty Queens,
And three hundred fair concubins.
In earth there was no thing pleasand,
Contrarious to his command;
Yet all his great prosperity.
He thought it vain and vanity,
And never found repose compleat,
Without affliction of the spirit.

C. Father, said I, it marvels me,
He having such prosperitie,
With so great riches above measure,
For he had infinit pleasure.

C. My son, said I, if thou wouldst know,
The verity I shall thee show;
There is no worldly thing at all,

May

May satisfie a mans soul;
For it is so insatiable,
That heaven and earth may not be able
A soul alone for to content,
Till it see God Omnipotent.
Was never none, nor never shall be
Satiate, that sight till that he see.
Wherefore, my son, set not thy cure
In earth where nothing can be sure,
Except the death alanerly,
Which follows men continually:
Therefore, my son, remember thee,
Within short time thou must die,
Not knowing when, how, or in what place,
But as it pleaseth the King of Grace.

Of Death.

Of miseries most miserable,
Is Death, and most abominable:
That dreadful dragon with his darts,
Ay ready for to pierce the hearts
Of every creature on live:
Contrare whose strength may no man strive.
Of dolent death this sore sentence,
Was given through disobedience
Of our parents: alace, therefore,
As I have done declare before,
How they and their posterity,
Were all condemned for to dy
Albeit the flesh to death be thral.
God hath the soul made immortal:
And so of his benignity,
Hath mixt his justice with mercy:
Therefore call to remembrance,
Of this false world the variance,
How we like pilgrims even and morrow,
Are travelling through this vale of sorrow:
Sometime in vain prosperity,
And sometime in great misery.
Sometime in bliss, sometime in bail,
Sometime right sick, and sometime hail:
Sometime full rich, and sometime poor: when

Wherefore, my son, take little cure,
Neither of great prosperity,
Nor yet of greater misery:
But pleasant life and hard mischance,
Ponder them both in one ballance,
Considering none other authority:
Riches wisdom nor dignity,
Empire of realms, beauty, nor strength,
May not one day our lives length:
Since we are sure that we must die,
Farewel all vain felicity.
Greatly it doth perturb my mind,
Of dolent death the divers kind:
Though death to every man resorts,
Yet strikes he into sundry sorts
Some by hot fevers violence,
Some by contagious pestilence.
Some by Justice execution.
Been put to death without remission.
Some hanged, some do lose their heads,
Some burnt, some sodden into leads:
And some for their unlawful acts,
Are rent and riven on the rakes.
Some are dissolved by poyson,
some in the night are murdered down:
Some falls into phrentike,
Some dies into hydropike,
And other strange infirmities,
Wherein many a thousand dies,
Which humane nature doth abhorre;
As in the gut, gravel and gore.
Some in the flux and fever quartan,
But ay the hour of death's uncertain.
Some are dissolved suddenly,
By catharre or apoplexy:
Some do destroy their self, and also
As Hannibal and wise Cato.
By thunder death doth some consume,
As he did the third King of Rome,
Called Tullus Hostilius.

As writeth great Valerius:
For he and his houshold at once,
Where burnt by thunder, flesh and bones,
Some dieth by extream excess
Of joy, as Valerie doth express.
Some by extream melancholy,
Will die but other malady.
In Chronicles thou may well ken,
How many hundred thousand men
Are slain, since first the world began,
In battel, and how many a man,
Upon the seas do lose their lives,
When that ships upon the rocks rives:
Though some die naturally through age,
Far mo die raving in a rage.
Happy is he the which hath space,
At his last hour to cry for grace,
Albeit death be abominable,
I think it should be comfortable
To them of the faithful number,
For they depart from care and cumber,
From trouble, travel, hurt and strife,
To joy an everlasting life.
Polidorus Virgilius,
To that effect he writeth thus:
In Thrace when any child was born.
Their kin and friends was them before
With dolent lamentation,
For the great tribulation,
Calamity, cumber and cure,
That they on earth are to endure;
But at their death and burying,
They make great joy and banqueting,
That they have pass from misery,
To rest and great felicity.
Since death been final conclusion,
What avails worldly provision,
When wisdom may not countramand,
Nor strength the hour may not gain-stand?
Then thousand millions of treasure,
May not prolong thy life one hour:

After whole dolent departing,
Thy spirit shall but tarrying, :
Straightway to joy inestimable,
Or to strong pain intollerable :
Thy vile corrupted carion,
Shall turn to putrifaction,
And so remain in powder smal,
Unto the judgement general.

A short Discription of the Antichrist.

SAid I, Father, I hear men say.
That there shall rise before that day,
Which ye call general judgement,
A wicked man from Satan sent,
And contrary that law of Christ,
Called the cruel Antichrist :
And some sayes that mischievous man
Descend shall of the tribe of Dan.
That should be born in Babylon.
The which deceive shall many one.
Infidels shall of every airt.
With that false prophet take a part :
And how Enoch and Elias,
Shall preach against that false Messias :
But finally his false doctrine,
And he, shall be put to ruine :
But neither by the fire nor sword,
But by the vertue of Gods word :
And if this be of veritie,
The sooth, I pray you, show to me ?
E. My son, said he, as writeth John,
There shall not be a man alone,
Having that name in special ;
But Antichrists, in general
Have been, and now are many one :
And right so in the time of John,
Were Antichrists, as himself sayes,
As presently now in these dayes,
Are right many withoutten doubt,
Were their false laws well sought out :
Who was a greater Antichrist, F 5 And

And more contrarious to Christ,
Then the false prophet Mahomet,
which his curst laws made so sweet:
In Turkie yet they are observed,
where through the hell he hath deserved.
All Turkie, Saracens and Jews,
That in the son of God not trows,
Are Antichrists, I thee declare,
Because to Christ they are contrare.
Daniel sayes in his prophesies,
That after these great monarchies
Shal rise a marvelous potent king,
which with a shameful face shal reign,
mighty and wise in dark speakings,
And prosperous in all pleasant things:
Through his falshood and craftiness,
he shal flow into wealthiness.
The godly people he shal not
By cruel death, and them destroy,
the king of kings shal him gainstand,
then he destroyed withoutten hand.
Paul sayes: before the Lords coming,
That there shal be a departing,
And that man of iniquitie,
To all men he shal openest be:
Which shal sit on the holy seat,
Contrary God to make debate:
But that son of perdition
Shal be putto confusion,
By power of the holy spirit,
when he his time hath done compleat.
Believe not that in time coming
A greater Antichrist shal reign,
Then there hath been, and presently
Are now, as clarks can espy:
Therefore my will is that thou knaw,
Whatever they be that make the law,
Though they be called Christian men.
By natural reason thou mayst ken,
Be they never of so great valor,
Pope, cardinal, king, or emperor,
Erroning their traditions

Above Christs institutions,
Making laws contrare to Christ,
He is a very Antichrist.
And who doth fortifie or defend,
Such law, I make it to thee kend,
Be he a Pope, Emperor, King or Queen,
Great sorrow shal on them be seen,
At Christ his extream Judgement,
Except in time they do repent.

A short Remembrance of the most terrible day of Judgement.

C. FAther, said I, with your licence
Since you have such experience,
Yet one thing at you would I spear,
When shall this dreadful day appear,
Which you call Judgement general?
What things before that day shal fall?
Where shal appear that dreadful Judge?
Or how may faultres get refuge?

C. Said he, as to thy first question,
I can make no solution:
Wherefore perturb not thine intent,
To know the day, hour, or moment;
To God alone the day is known,
Which never was to Angels shown:
Albeit by diverse conjectures,
And principal expositures,
Of Daniel and his prophetie,
And by the sentence of Elie,
Which have declared as they can,
How long it's since the world began:
And for to show have done their cure,
How long they trust it shal endure:
And eke how many ages been.
As in their works it may be seen.
But to declare those questions,
There are diverse opinions.
Some writers have the world divided
In six ages, as been decided,
Into Fasciculis temporum,

And Chronica chronicorum:
And by the sentence of Elie,
The world divided is in three,
As cunning master Carion,
Hath made plain exposition.
How Elie sayes withoutten wears,
The world shall last six thousand years:
Of whom I follow the sentence,
And let the other books go hence.
From the creation of Adam,
Two thousand years to Abraham:
From Abraham by this narration.
To Christ his incarnation,
Right so hath been two thousand years,
As by their prophesies appears:
From Christ, as they make to us kend,
Two thousand years to the worlds end,
The which are by-gone, as I ween,
A thousand six hundred, ten and thirteen,
And so remains to come but wear,
Three hundred thirescore, and eighteen year,
And then the Lord omnipotent,
Shall come to his great judgement.
Christ sayes: The time shall be made short,
As Matthew plainly doth report,
That for the worlds iniquitie.
The latter time shall shortned be,
For pleasure of the chosen number,
That they may pass from care and cumber.
So by this count it may be kend,
The world is drawing near an end:
For legions are come no doubt,
Of Antichrists were they sought out:
And many tokens do appear,
As after shortly thou shalt hear:
How that saint Jerome doth indyte,
That he hath read in Hebrew writ,
Of fifteen things in special,
Before that Judgement general:
Of some of them I take no cure,
Which I find not in the scripture.

A part of them though I declare,
First I will to the scripture fare:
Christ sayes before that day of doom,
There shall be signs of sun and moon:
The sun shall hide his beams bright,
So that the moon shall give no light:
The glistring stars by mens judgement
Shall fall forth of the firmament.
Of these signs are we farther gone,
Some moral sense we will expone,
As cunning clerks have oft declared,
And have the sun and moon compared,
The son to the state spiritual,
The moon to princes temporal.
Right so the stars they do compare
To rakle common populare,
The moon and stars have no light,
But the reflex of Phebus bright:
So when the sun of light is dark,
The moon and stars must needs be mirk,
Right so when pastors spirituals,
Popes, Bishops and Cardinals,
In their beginning shew'd great light,
The temporal state was ruled right:
But now alace, it is not so,
Their shining lamps been long ago,
Their radious beams are turn'd to reek:
For now in earth nothing they seek,
Except riches and dignity,
Following their sensuality,
Many prelats are now reignand.
The which no more do understand
What doth pertain to their office,
Then they can kindle fire with yce.
Woe be to Popes, I say for me,
That suffers such enormity,
That ignorant worldly creatures
Should in the Church have any cures.
No marvel though the people slide,
When they have blind men to their guide:
For a prelat that cannot preach,

For Gods Law to people teach,
Clay compares them in his wark,
To a dumb dog that cannot bark:
And Christ him calleth in his grief,
Woll like a murtherer or a thief.
The cunning Doctor Augustin,
To wolves and devils doth them devin.
The cannon Law doth him defame,
That of a prelat bears the name,
And will not preach the divine laws,
As the decrees plainly shaws,
But those that have authority,
To provide spiritual dignity.
Might if they pleased to take pain,
Cause them light all their lamps again:
But ever alace, that is not done,
So darkned been both sun and moon,
Were kings lives well declared,
The which are to the moon compared;
Men might consider their estate,
From charity degenerate.
I think they should think meikle shame
Of Christ for to take their surname:
They live not like to Christians,
But more like turks or pagans;
Turks contrare turks makes little wear,
But christian princes takes no fear
Which should agree as brother with brother:
But now each one dings down another:
I know no reasonable cause wherefore,
Except pride, covetous and vain glore,
The emperor moves his ordinance
Contrare the potent king of France.
And France right so with great rigor,
Contrare his friend the emperor:
And right so France against England,
England also against Scotland,
And eke the Scots with all their might,
Do fight for to defend their right,
Between the realms of Albion,
Where battles have been many one
can

Can be made no affinity,
Nor yet no consanguinity:
Nor by no way they can consider,
That they may have no peace together:
I dread these wars make no ending,
Till they be both under one king,
Though Christ the soveraign king of grace,
Left in his testament love and peace,
Our kings from war will not refrain,
Till there be many a thousand slain:
Great damage made by sea and land,
As all the world may understand.

T. Father, I think that temporal Kings
May fight for to defend their reigns:
For I have seen the spiritual state
Make war, their rights for to debate.
I saw Pope Julius manfully,
Pass to the field triumphantly,
With a right awful ordinance,
Contrare Lewis the King of France:
And for to do him more despite,
He did his Region interdict.

E. My son, said he, as I suppose,
That belongs well to our purpose,
How sun and moon are both denude
Of light, as clerks do conclude:
Comparing them, as you heard tell,
To spiritual state and temporal:
And common people have departed,
Which to the stars have been compared,
Lack people follow ay their heads,
And specially into their deeds,
The most part of religion
Been turned to abusion.
What doth avail religious weeds,
When they are contrare to their deeds?
What holiness is there within
A wolf clad in a wedders skin?
So by these tokens doth appear,
The day of Judgement draweth near.
Now let us leave this moral sense,

proceeding to our purpose hence,
And of this matter speak no more,
Beginning where we left before.
the scripture sayes: After these signs,
Shal be seen many marvelous things,
Then shal rise tribulations
In earth, and great mutations,
As well here under, as above,
when power of the heavens shal move,
Such cruel wars shal be ere than,
Was never since the world began;
The which shal cause great indigence,
As dearth, hunger and pestilence:
the horrible sound of the sea,
The people shal perturb and flee.
Jerome sayes: It shal rise on hight
Above the mountains by mens sight:
But it shal not spread over the land.
But like a wall shal straight upstand,
Then settle down again so low,
that no man shal the water know:
Great whales shal rumith, rout and rair,
whose sound rebound shal in the air.
All fish and monsters marvelous,
Shal cry with sounds odious,
that men shal wither on the bird,
And weeping warie shal there weird,
with loud alace, and wail-away,
That ever they lived to see that day,
And specially those that dwelling be
Upon the coasts of the sea.
Right so, as Jeromie concluds,
Shal be seen ferlies on the floods:
The sea with moving marvelous,
Shal burn with flams furious:
Right so shal burn fountains and flood,
And herb and trees shal sweat like blood.
Fowls shal fall forth out of the air,
wild beasts to the plain repair,
And in their manner make their moan,
Howling with many grielly groan.

The bodies of the dead creatures,
Appear shal on their sepultures:
then shal both men, women and bairns
Come crying forth of dark caverns,
where they for dread were hid before,
with sighs and sobs, and hearts full sore,
Wandring about as they were wood,
Affamished for fault of food:
None may make other comforting,
But double grief and lamenting.
what may they do but weep and wonder,
when they see rocks shake all asunder,
throgh trembling of the earth and quaking.
Of sorrow then shal be no slaking,
they that are living in those dayes,
May tell of terrible affrayes:
Then riches, rents, and great treasure,
that time may do them smal pleasure:
But when such wonders do appear,
Men may be sure that day draws near,
The just men shal pass to the glore,
Unjust to pain for evermore.

C. Father, said I, we dayly read
An article into our creed.
Saying, that Christ Omnipotent,
Into that general Judgement,
Shal judge both quick and dead also:
Wherefore declare me ere I go,
If there shal any man or wife,
That day be founden upon life?

C. Said he, As to that question,
I shal make some solution:
The scripture plainly doth expone,
When all tokens are come and gone,
Yet many an hundred thousand men
that self-same day shal be livand,
Albeit there shal no creature,
Neither of day nor hour be sure:
For Christ shal come so suddenly,
That no man shal the time espy,
As it was in the time of Noy,

when

When God did all the world destroy:
Some on the field shall be labouring,
Some in the temple marrying,
Some before Judges making plea,
And some men falling on the sea:
Those that be on the field going,
Shall not return to their lodging:
Who been upon the house above,
Shall not have leasure to remove.
Two shall be in the Mill grinding,
Which shall be taken without warning,
The one to everlasting glore,
The other lost for evermore.
Two shall be lying in one bed,
The one to pleasure shall be led,
The other shall be left alone,
Weeping with many a grievous grone.
And so my son, thou mayst well know,
The world shall be as it is now,
The people using business.
As holy Scripture doth express.
Since no man knows the hour nor day,
The Scripture bids us watch and pray,
And for our sins be penitent.
As Christ would come incontinent.

The manner how Christ shall come to his Judgement.

When all tokens are brought to end.
Then shall the son of God descend:
As fire flaught hastily glancing,
Descend shall the great heavenly King,
As Phebus in the Orient
Lightneth in hast the Occident,
So pleasantly he shall appear
Among the heavenly clouds clear,
With great power and Mightie,
Above the countrey of Judie,
As Clerks have concluded hail,
Direct above the lusty vale
Of Josophat, and mount Olivet.

All

All prophesie there shall be compleat.
The angels of the orders nine,
Environ shall the throne divine,
With humble adoration,
Making him ministration:
In his presence there shall be born
The sign of cross, and crown of thorn,
Pillar and nails, scourges and spear,
With every thing that did him deer,
The time of his grim passion.
And for our consolation,
Appear shall in his hands and feet,
And in his side, the print compleat
Of his five wounds precious,
Shining like rubies radious,
To reprobats confusion:
And for final conclusion,
He sitting in his tribunal,
With great power imperial,
Then shall an Angel blow a blast,
Which shall make all the world agast,
With hideous voice and vehement,
Rise up dead folk, come to judgement,
With that all reasonable creature,
That ever was formed by nature,
Shall suddenly rise up at once,
Conjoined with soul, flesh, blood and bones,
That terrible trumpet I hear tell,
Shal be heard in heaven, earth & hell:
Those that were drowned in the sea,
That boustrous blast they shall obey,
Where ever the body buried was,
All shall be found into that place
Angels shall pass in the four airts
Of earth, and bring them from all parts,
And with an instant diligence,
Present them to his Excellence.
Saint Jerome thought continually
On this Judgement so ardently:
He said: Whether I eat or drink,
Or wake, or sleep, forsooth I think,

That

That terrible trumpet like a bell,
So quickly in mine ears doth knel,
As instantly as it were present;
Rise up, dead folk, come to Judgement.
If Saint Jerome took such affray,
Alace, what shal we sinners say.
All those that shal be found alive,
Then shal immortal be belive:
And in the twinkling of an eye,
with fire they shal translated be,
And never for to die again,
As divine scripture showeth plain:
As ready both for pain and glore.
As they which died long time before.
Some authors say, they shal appear
In age of three and thirty year,
whether they die young or old,
Whose great number may not be told.
That day shal not be miss one man,
which was born since the world began.
The Angel shal them separat
As doth an herd, sheep from the goat.
And those that be of Belials band,
trembling upon the earth shal stand
On the left hand of that great Judge,
But esperance to get refuge:
But those that are predestinat,
Shal from the earth be elevat;
And that most happy Company,
Shal ordered be triumphantly,
At the right hand of Christ our king,
high in the air with loud loving.
Full glorioully there shal compear,
more bright then phebus in his sphear,
the Virgin Marie Queen of Queens.
With many a thousand of Virgins,
The fathers of the Old Testament,
which were to God obedient,
Father Adam shal them convoy,
with Abel, Seth, Enoch and Noy.

Abraham

Abraham with all his faithful warks,
With all the prudent patriarks:
John the Baptist shal there compear,
the principal and last messenger,
which came but half a year before
The coming of the king of glore.
Moses and Esayas honorable.
With all true prophets venerable.
David with all the faithful kings,
Which vertuously did rule their reigns.
the noble chiftain Josue,
With gentle Judas Maccabe,
With many a noble champion,
Which in their time with great renown
Manfully to their lives end,
the Law of God they did defend.
With Eve that day shal be present,
the Ladies of the Old Testament
Debora, Adams daughter dear,
With four most lusty Ladies clear,
Which kept were in the Ark with Noy.
Sara and Keturah with joy,
the which to Abraham wives been,
With good Rebecca there shal be seen.
The prudent wives of Israel.
Good Leah, and the fair Rachel,
With Judith, Hester and Susanna,
And the right sapient Queen Saba.
There shall compear Peter and Paul,
With Christ his good disciples all.
Lawrence and Steven with their blest band,
Of Martyrs mo then ten thousand.
Gregorie, Ambrose and Augustin,
With confessors a triumphant train,
With Saint Francis and Benedick,
Saint Bernard and saint Dominick,
With smal numbers of Monks and Friers,
Of Carmelits and Cordeliers,
That for the love of Christ only,
Renounc'd the world unfeignedly:
With Elizabeth and Anna,

All

All good wives shall compear that day
The blest and holy Magdalen,
That day before her sovereign,
Right pleasantly he shall present,
All sinners that were penitent,
Which of their guilt here asked grace,
In heaven with her shall have a place.
But woe be to that hasteful hand,
Which shall stand low at his left hand:
Woe then to Kings and Emperors,
That were unrighteous conquerors,
For their glore and particular good,
Caus'd shed so meekle sakeless blood,
Both scepter, crown and robe royal,
That day they shall make count of all,
And for their cruel tyranny,
Shall punisht be perpetually.
Ye Lords and Barons more and less,
That your poor tenants did oppress,
By great Sirsum and double mail,
More then your lands were avail,
With sore exorbitant carriage,
With merchets of their marriage,
Tormented both in peace and war,
With burdens more then they can bear,
Be they have payed to you their mail,
And to the priest the teinds hail:
And when the land again is sown,
What rests behind. I would were known.
I trust. they and their poor household,
May tell of much hunger and cold,
Except ye have of them pity,
I dread ye shall get no mercy,
That day when Christ Omnipotent,
Comes to his general judgement.
Woe be to publick oppressors.
To tyrants and to transgressors,
To murtherers and common thieves,
That did not mend their great mischiefs;
Fornicators and usurers
Common publick adulterers.

All

All perverse wicked hereticks,
All false deceitful schismaticks,
All shal be present in that place,
With many lamentable alace.
The curst Cain that never was good,
With all shedders of sakeless blood.
Nimrod the founder of Babylon,
With false Idolaters many one.
Ninus the King of Assyria,
With great dole shal compear that day,
Which first invented Imagery,
Where through came great Idolatry,
For making of that Image Bell,
That day his hyre shall be in hell.
The great oppressor Pharao,
That tyrant Emperor Nero,
Shall with them curst King Herod bring,
With many other careful King,
The cruel King Antiochus,
With the most furious Olofernus,
Great oppressors of Israel,
That day their hyre shall be in hell.
With Judas shall compear a clan
Of false traytors to God and man.
There shall compear of every land,
With Ponce Pilat a bailful band
Of temporal and spiritual States,
False Judges with their Advocats,
There shall our Senyeours of the Session,
Of all their faults make clear confession.
There shall be seen the fraudful failyies,
With Sheriffs, Provest, and of Bailyies:
Officials with theie consistorie clerks,
Shall make count of their wrongous works,
They and their perverse procutours,
Oppressors both of rich and poors,
Though Dilatours full of false deceit,
Which many one caus'd beg their meat.
Great dole that day to Judges been,
That comes not with their conscience clean.
That day shal pass by peremptors, Without

Without cautel, or dilatory,
No duplicandum nor triplicandum,
But shortly pass to sententiandum,
Without continuations,
Or any applications:
That sentence shall not be retreated,
Nor with no man of Law debated.
Ye Laborers of sea and Lands,
Perfect crafts-men, and rich merchands,
Leave your deceits and crafty wiles,
Which silly simple folk beguiles:
Make recompence here as ye may,
Remembring on that dreadfull day.
With Mahomet shall compear, no doubt,
Of Antichrists an hideous rout.
Bishop Annas and Caiaphas,
With them in company shall pass.
The Scribes and false Pharisiens,
Which wrought on Christ great violence,
With many a turk and Saracen,
With great sorrow there shall be seen
popes with their traditions,
Contrare Christs institutions,
With many a cowl and clipped crown,
Which Christ Laws hath beaten down:
And would not suffer for to preach
The verity, nor the people teach,
But laick men put to great torment,
Which used Christ his testament,
All Kings and Queens there shall be kend,
The which such Laws did defend.
To that court shall come many on:
Of the black byk of Babylon.
The innocent blood that day shall cry
A loud vengeance full piteously,
On those cruel bloody butchers
Of Martyrs, prophets and preachers:
Some with the fire, some with the sword,
Which plainly preached God his word,
That day they shall rewarded be,
Conform to their iniquitie.

The Sodomits and Gomorrhance,
On whom God wrought so great vengeance,
With Dozay, Dathan, and Abiron,
with their assistants many one:
The holy Scripture will thee tell,
how they sank down all to the hell,
with Simon Magus shal resort,
Of proud Heretics a shameful sort.
The self same day there shal be seen,
Many a cruel careful Queen:
Queen Semiramis, king Ninus wife,
A tyger full of fuet and strife.
Together with Queen Jezabel,
Which was covetous and cruel.
The false deceitful Dalila,
With cruel Queen Clytemnestra,
The which did murther in the night,
Agamemnon both wife and wight.
The which was her soveraign Lord,
As Greek stories do record:
With cruel Queens many one,
Which longsome were for to expone.
Ye wanton Ladies and burgess wives.
That now for sweet tails strives,
Flapping the filth among your feet,
Raising the dust into the street,
That day for all your pomp and pride,
Your tails shal not your hips hide.
These vanities ye shal repent,
Unless that ye be penitent.
With Pythonissa, I hear tell,
Which raised the spirit of Samuel,
That day with her there shal resort,
Of rank witches a sorrowful sort,
Brought from all parts many a myle,
From Savoy, Athole and Argyle,
And from the Rhynds of Galloway,
with a woful wail-away.
Ye brethren of religion,
In time leave your illusion,

which which ye have the world abused,
Or ye that day shal be refused,
I speak to you all in general,
Not to one order special:
That day all creatures shal ken.
If ye were saints or worldly men,
Or if ye took the chapelry,
That ye might live most pleasantly,
And get good large portion;
Or for a godly devotion,
That day your fained sanctitude
Shal not be known by your hoods:
Your superstitious ceremonies,
Participat with Idolatries.
Cold, cutted shoots, nor clipped head,
That day shal stand you in no stead:
For cowls black, gray, nor begard,
Ne shal that day get no reward.
Your polit painted flattery,
Your dissimulat hypocrisie,
That day they shall be clearly known,
when they shal reap as they have sown:
Therefore in time be penitent,
Or else that day ye shal be shent.
I pray you heartily, as I may,
Remember on that dreadful day,
Ye Abbots, Priors, or Priorels,
Consider what ye do confels;
And how that your promotion
Was nothing for devotion,
But to obtain the Abbacy:
Ye made your vow of chastity,
Of poverty and obedience:
Therefore remord your conscience,
How these three vows been observed,
And what reward hath been deserved:
Wherefore repent while ye have space,
Since God is liberal of his grace.

C. Father, said I, declare to me,
Where shal our Prelats ordered be,
Which now are in the world levand?

with whom shal come that spiritual band?

E. Said he, as saint Barnard describes,
Except that they amend their lives,
And leave their wanton vicious warks:
Not with the Prophets, nor Patriarchs,
Nor with the Martyrs and Confessours,
The which to Christ were true Preachours:
Their predecessors Peter and Paul,
That day will them misknow at all:
So shal they not, I say for me,
With the Apostles ordered be:
I trow they will dwel on the border
Of hell, where there shal be no order,
Enlong the flood of Phlegeton,
Or on the brayes of Acheron,
Crying on Charon, I conclud,
To ferry them over that furious flood,
To eternal confusion.
Except they leave their abusion.
I trow, these prelats more and less,
Shal make clear count of their riches,
That dreadful day with hearts full sore,
And what service they did therefore.
The princely pomp, or apparel
Of Pope, Bishop, or Cardinal,
Their royal rents and dignitie,
That day shal not regarded be.
There shal no tailes, as I hear say,
Of Bishops be born up that day.
Come they not with their conscience clean,
On them great sorrow shal be seen,
Except that they their lives amend
In time, and so I make an end.

The manner how Christ shall give his Sentence.

WHen all these Congregations
Are brought out of all Nations,
Which shal be without process,
Though I have made so long digress:

For in the twinkling of an eye,
All mankind shal presented be,
Before that Kings excellence,
Then shortly shal he give sentence:
First, saying to that blessed band,
Which ordred be at his right hand,
Come with my Fathers benediction,
And receive your possession,
which was for you preordinate
Before the world was first create.
When I was hungry, ye me fed:
when I was naked, ye me cled:
Oft times ye gave me harbery,
And gave me drink when I was dry:
And visit me with minds meek,
when I was prisoner and sick:
In all such tribulation,
Ye gave me consolation.
Then shal they say: O potent King,
when saw we thee suffer such thing?
we never saw thine Excellence
Subdued to such indigence
Yet shal he say, I you assure,
when ever ye did receive the poor,
And for my sake make them supplie,
That gift doubtless ye gave to me:
Therefore shal now begin your glore,
which shal endure for evermore.
Then shal he look on his left hand.
And say unto the faithful band,
Pass with my malediction,
To eternal affliction,
In company with fiends fell,
In everlasting fire of hell.
When I stood naked at your gate,
hungry and thirsty, cold and wet,
Right feeble, sick, and like to die,
I never got of you supplie:
And when I lay in prison strong,
Of you I might have lyen full long,
without your consolation,

Of my supportation.
Trembling for dread, then shal they say,
with many hideous harm-say:
Alace good Lord, when saw we thee
Subiect to such necessitie?
when saw we thee come to our dore,
hungry and thirsty, naked and poor?
when saw we thee in prison ly,
Or thee refused harbery?
Then shal that most excellent King,
To these wretches make answering:
That time when ye refused the poor,
which needful cryed at your doors,
And of your superfluity,
For my sake made them no supply:
Refusing them, ye me refused:
with wretchednes so ye were abused:
Therefore ye shal have to your hyr,
The everlasting burning fire,
Without grace, peace, or comforting.
Then shal they cry full sore weeping:
That we were made. Alace, good Lord:
Alace, is there no misericord?
But thus withouten hope of grace,
Tyn presence of that pleasant face,
Alace, for us it had been good,
we had been smoked in our cod.
Then with a rear the earth shal rive,
And swallow them both man and wife.
Then shal these creatures forlorn,
wary the hour that they were born,
With many an hideous cry and yell,
From time they feel the flames fell,
Upon their tender bodies bire,
whose torments shal be infinit.
The earth shal close, and from their sight
Shal taken be all kind of light.
There shal be howling and weeping,
withouten hope of comforting.
In that inestimable pain,

Eternally they shal remain,
Burning in furious flames red,
Ever dying, but never dead:
That the smal minut of an hour,
To them shal be so great dolour,
They shal think they have done remain
A thousand years into that pain.
Alace, I tremble to hear tell,
That terrible tormenting of hell.
That painful pit for to deplore,
Which must endure for evermore.
Then shal these glorified creatures,
With mirth and infinit pleasures,
Convoyed with joy angelical.
Pass to the heavens imperial,
with Christ Jesus our soveraign king,
In glore everlastingly to reign;
Of man which passeth the engine,
The thousand part for to define,
Clanerly to the least pleasure
Predordinat for one creature.
Then shall a fire, as clerks sain,
Make all the hills and valleys plain,
From earth up to the heavens empire.
All shal renewed be by that fire,
Purging all things material,
Under the heavens Imperial:
Both earth and water, fire and air,
Shall be more perfect made and fair,
The which before had mixed been,
Shal then be purified and made clean.
The earth like crystal shal be clear,
And every planet in his sphear,
Shal rest without ten more moving,
Both starry heaven and crystalin
The first & highest heavens movable.
Still stand but turning, firm and stable.
The sun into the Orient
Still stand, and in the Occident
Rest shal the moon, and be more clear
Then now is Phebus in his sphear:

And

And eke the Lantern of the heaven,
Shal give more light by degrees seven
Then it give since the world began:
The heavens renewed shal be then.
Right so the earth with such devise,
Compared to the heavenly paradise:
So heaven and earth shal be all one,
As meaneth the Apostle John.
The great sea shal no more appear,
But like a crystal pure and clear,
Passing imagination
Of man, to make narration,
of glore, which God hath done prepare
To every one which cometh there;
The which with ears nor yet with eyen
Of man may not be heard nor seen:
With heart it is unthinkable.
And with tongue unpronounceable:
Whose pleasures shal be so perfite,
Having in God so great delite
The space now of a thousand year,
That time shal not an hour appear;
Which cannot comprehended be,
Till we that pleasant sight shal see.
When Paul was ravisht in the spirit
To the third heaven of glore repleat:
He sayes, the secrets which he saw
They were not lawful for to shaw
To no man on earth living:
Wherefore preass not to understand,
Albeit thereto thou hast desire.
The secrets of the heavens Empire.
The more men look on Phebus bright,
The more feeble shal be their sight.
Right so let no man set his cure
To seek the high divine nature.
The more men study, I suppose,
Shal be the more from their purpose.
To know whereto should men intend,
Which Angels cannot comprehend?

But after this great Judgement,
All things to us shall be patent.
Let us with Paul our minds adress,
He being full of heavenliness,
Full humbly he teacheth us
Not for to be to curious:
Albeit men be of great engine,
To seek the highest secrets divine.
Whose judgements are unsearchable,
His ways strange and investigable,
That is to say past out finding,
Of whom no man can find ending.
It sufficeth us for to implore,
Great God to bring us to his glore.

Of certain pleasures of the glorified bodies.

SInce there is none in earth may comprehend
The heavenly glore: and wisdom infinite:
Wherefore my son, I pray thee not pretend
Too far to seek the matter of delite,
Which passeth natural reason to indite,
That God before that he the world creat,
Prepar'd to them which are predestinate.
All mortal men shall be made immortal,
That is to say, never to die again:
Impassible and so celestial,
That fire nor sword may do to them no pain,
Nor heat, nor cold, nor frost, nor wind, nor rain
Chogh such things were, may do to them no dear,
These creatures right so shall they be as clear.
As flamming Phebus in his mansion,
Considering then if there shall be great light,
When every one into his region
Shall shine like to the sun, and be as bright:
Let us with Paul desire to see that sight.
To be dissolved Paul had a great desire,
With Christ to be into the heavens empire.
And moreover, as clerks can descrive,
These marvelous lights they been incomparable:
Among the rest, in all their senses five,

They

They shall have sensual pleasures delectable:
The heavenly sound which shall be inenarrable,
Into their ears continually shall ring.
And the the sight of Christ Jesus our King.

Into this triumphant throne Imperial,
With his Mother the Virgin Queen of queens,
There shall be seen the court celestial,
Apostles, martyrs, confessors and Virgins,
Brighter then Phebus in his sphear that shines,
The Patriarchs and Prophets venerable,
There shall be seen in glore ineffimable.

And with their spiritual eyes shall be seen
That sight which is most superexcellent,
God as he is, and evermore hath been,
Continually that sight contemplate.
Augustin saith: He rather take on hand,
To be in hell, the seeing the essence
Of God, then be in heaven without his presence.
Who seeing God in his Deitate,
He seeth in him all other pleasant things,
The which with tongue cannot pronounced be:
What pleasure been to see the King of kings?
The greatest pain the damned folk down thrungs,
And to the Devils most punition,
It is of God to lack fruition.

And moreover they shall feel such a smel,
Surmounting far the flewr of earthly flowrs:
And in their mouth a taste, as I hear tell,
Of sweet and supernatural sapours:
As they shall see the heavenly bright colours,
Shining among their creatures Divine,
Which to describe transcendeth mans ingine.

And the they shall have such agility,
In one instant to pass for their pleasure,
Ten thousand myles in twinkling of an eye,
So that their joyes shall be without measure.
They shall rejoice to see the great dolor
Of damned folk in hell, and their torment,
Because it is of God the just judgement.

Subtility they shall have marvelous.

Supposing that there were a wall of brass,
A glorious body may right hastily,
Out through the wall without impediment pass.
Such like as doth the sun-beams out through the glass,
As Christ to his disciples did appear,
All entrels clote, and none of them did fear.

Albeit in heaven though every creature
Have not alike felicity and glore;
Yet every one shal have so great pleasure,
And so content, that they desire no more:
To have more joy they shal no more implore,
But they shal all be satisfied and content,
Like to this rude example subsequent.

Take a crowat, a pin-stop, and a quart,
A gallon pitcher, a puncion and a tun
Of wine, or balm, give every one his part,
And fill them full till they be over-run:
The little crowat, in comparison,
Shal be so full, that it shal hold no more
Of such measure, though they were twenty score.

Into the tun, or in the puncion,
So that these vessels in one quantity
May hold no more, except they over-run,
Yet have they not alike in quantity:
So by this rude example thou mayst see,
Though every one be not alike in glore,
Are satisfi'd, that they desire no more.

Though presently by God his purveyance,
Both beasts and fowls, and fishes in the sea,
Are necessary for mans sustenance,
With coins, herbs, flowers, and fruitful trees,
Then shal there be no commodity:
The earth shal bear no plant, nor beast brutal;
But as the heavens shal be bright like crystal.

Suppose some be on earth walking here down,
Or high above, where ever they please to go,
Of God they have ay clear fruition,
Both east and west, up, down, or to and fro:
Clerks have declared pleasures many mo,
Which both transcend all mortal mans ingine.

The

The thousand part of their pleasures divine.
Into the heaven they shal perfectly knew
Their tender friends, their father & their mother,
Their predecessors whom they never saw:
Their spouses, children, their sister & their brother:
And every one shal have such love to other,
Of others glory and joy they shal rejoice,
As of their own, as clerks do suppose.
Then shal be seen that bright Jerusalem,
Which John saw in his Revelation:
The mortal men alace, are seye to blame,
That will not have consideration,
And a continual contemplation,
With hot desire to come unto that glory,
Which pleasure shal endure for evermore.
O Lord, our God, and King Omnipotent,
Which knew ere thou the heavens and earth creat,
Who would to thee be disobedient,
And so deserve for to be reprobat:
Thou knowst the number of predestinat.
Whom thou didst call, and hast them justified,
And shal in heaven with thee be glorified.
Grant us to be, Lord, of that chosen sort,
Which of thy mercy superexcellent
Didst purifie, as Scripture doth report,
With the blood of that holy Innocent,
Jesus, which made himself obedient
Unto the death, and served on the rood:
Let us, O Lord, be purged with that blood.
All creatures that ever God created,
As writeth Paul, they wish to see that day:
When the children of God predestinated,
Shal be appear in their new fresh array:
When corruption shal be cleans'd all away,
And chang'd shal be their mortal quality,
In the great glory of immortality.
And moreover all things corporal
Under the concave of the heavens Empire,
That now to labor subiect are and thral:
Sun, Moon and Stars, earth, water, air and fire,

In

In a manner they have an hot desire,
Wishing that day, that they may be at rest,
As Erasmus expoundeth manifest.
We see the great Globe of the Firmament
Continually in moving marvelous:
The seven Planets contrary their intent,
Are rest about with course contrarious.
The wind and sea with storms furious,
The troubled air, with frost, and snow and rain,
Until that day, they travel ay in pain.
And all the Angels of the orders nine,
Having compassion on our miseries,
They wish after that day, and to that fine
To see us fred from our infirmities,
And cleansed from these great calamities,
And troublous life which never shall have end
Until that day, I make it to thee kend.

An Exhortation given by Father Experience, unto his Son the Courteour.

My Son, now mark well in thy memorie,
Of this false world the trouble transitorie.
Whose dreadful days do now draw near an end:
Then call on God to be thine adjutorie,
And every day, my son, memento mori:
And wotst not when or where that thou shalt wend.
Here to remain, I pray thee not pretend.
And since thou knowst the time is very short,
In Christ his blood set all whole they comfort.
Be not so much so lift in temporal things.
Since thou perceiv'd Pope, Emperor nor Kings
Into the earth have no place permanent:
Thou seest that death them dolefuly down things,
And reaves them from their rents richest reigns:
Therefore on Christ confirm thy whole intent,
And of thy calling be right well content:
Then God that feedeth the fowles of the air,
All needful things he shall for thee prepare.
Consider in thy contemplation,
Ay since the worldsfirst creation,

Mankind

Wanting hath suffered this misery mortal:
Ay tormented with tribulation,
With dolor, dread and desolation:
Gentles, and chosen people of Israel,
To this unhap, are all subject and thral:
Which misery no doubt shall ever endure
Till the last day, my son thereof be sure.
That day, as I have made narration,
Shall be the day of consolation,
To all the Children of the chosen Number:
There ended shall be their desolation.
And eke I make thee supplication,
In earthly matters take thee no more cumber.
Dread not to die, for death is but a slumber:
Live a just life, and with a joyous heart.
And of thy goods take pleasantly thy part.
Of our talking now let us make an end:
Behold how Phebus downward doth descend,
Toward his Palace in the Occident:
Dame Cynthia, I see, she doth pretend,
Into her watry region to alight,
With visage pale into the Orient.
The dew now bonks, the roses redolent,
The mary-gulds that all day were rejoyced
Of Phebus heat, now crafty are closed.
The direful birds are bowning to their trees,
And ceaseth from their heavenly harmonies.
The coin craik in the craft I hear her cry:
The bark, the bowlet, feeble of their eyes,
For their pastime nowin evening flees,
The nightingale with mirthful melodie,
Her natural notes do pierce up through the sky,
To Cynthia making her obeysance,
Which on the night doth take her dalliance.
I see Bolt Arctick in the North appear,
And Venus rising with her beams clear,
Wherefore, my son, I hold it time to go.
Would God, said I, you did remain all year,
That I might of your heavenly lessons lear:
Of your departing I am very wo.
Take patience, said he, it must be so:

Per-

Perchance I shall return with diligence,
Thus I departed from Experience.
And sped me home with heart sighing full sore,
And entred in my quiet Oratore:
I took paper, and there began to write
This misery, as you have heard before.
All gentle Readers heartily I implore,
For to excuse my rural rude endite:
Though Phartices would have at me despite,
Which would not that their craftiness were kend,
Let God be Judge and so I make an end.
Finis quod LINDSAY.

The Testament and Complaint of our Soverain Lord King *James* the fifth his *Papingo*, lying sore wounded, & may not dy, till every man have heard what she sayes; wherefore, gentle Readers, hast you, that she may be put out of pain. Complyed by Sir *David Lindsay* of the *Mount*, Knight, *alias* Lyon, King of Arms.

Livor post fata quiescit.

THE PROLOGUE.

ALthough I had ingine Angelical,
With sapience more than Solomonical,
I wot not what matter put in memory:
The Poets old in style heroical,
In brief and subtil terms Rhetorical,
Of every matter, tragedy and story,
So ornatly to their high laud and glory,
Have done endite, whose supream sapience
Transcendeth far my dull intelligence.
Of Poets now into our vulgar tongue,
For why, the bell of rhetorick been rung
By Chaucer, Gower, Ligat laureat,
Who dare presume these Poets to impugn,
Whose sweet sentence through Albion been sung?
Or who can now the works counterfait

Of Kennedie, with terms aureat,
Of wise Dumbar, who language had at large,
As may be seen into his golden targe:
Quintin, Mercer, Roul, Henderson, Hay & Holland,
Though they be dead, their lives are livand,
Which to rehearse, makes readers to rejoice.
Alace, for once that lamp was in this land,
Of eloquence the flowing balmy strand:
And in our English Rhetorick the rose,
As of rubies the carbuncle is chose.
And as Phebus doth Cynthia precel,
So Gawen Dowglas Bishop of Dunkel,
And whan he was into this land alive,
Above vulgar Poets prerogative,
Both in practick speculation:
I say no more: good readers may describe
His worthy works, in number mo then five:
And specially the true translation
Of Virgil, which been consolation
To cunning men, to know his great ingine,
As well in natural science, as divine.
And in the Court been present in these dayes,
That ballads, brieves, ludily and layes,
Which to our Prince dayly they do present:
Who can say more then Sir James English sayes,
In ballads, farles, and in pleasant playes?
But Culrose hath his pen made impotent:
Rid in cunning and practick right prudent:
And Stewart who desires a stately style,
Full ornat works daily doth compyle.
Stewart of Lorn will carp mos curiously,
Galbraith, Kinloch, when they list them apply,
Into that art are craftie of ingine:
But now of late is start up hastily
A cunning clerk, which writeth craftily,
A plant of Poets, called Ballentine,
Whose ornat writes, my wits cannot define:
Set he into the court authority,
He will precel Quintine and Kennedy.
Though I had ingine, as I have none,

I know not what to write, by sweet S. John:
For why, in all the earth, of eloquence
Is nothing left, but barren stock and stone.
The polite terms are pulled every one,
By these surnamed poets of prudence:
And since I find none other true sentence,
I shall declare ere I depart you fro,
The complaint of a wounded papingo.
Wherefore because my matter is but rude,
Of sentence and of rhetorick denude,
To rural folk my writings is directed,
Far fleemed from the sight of men of good:
For cunning men I know will soon conclude,
It nothing dowes, but for to be rejected:
And when I hear my matter is detracted:
Then shall I swear, I made it but in mowes,
To landwart lasses, that milk the kine and ewes.

The Complaint of the Papingo.

Who climbs too hy, perforce his foot must fail,
Expream I shall thee by experience,
If that thou please to hear a piteous tale,
How a fair bird by fatal violence,
Devored was, and might not make defence
Contrare the death, so failed natural strength,
As after I shall show you at more length.
A Papingo, right pleasant and versite,
Presented was to our most noble King,
Of whom his Grace a long time had delite
More fair in form, I wot flew never on wing:
This proper bird he gave in governing
To me, which was his simple serviture,
To which I did my diligence and cure.
To learn her language artificial,
To play plat-foot, and whissel, foot before:
But of her inclination natural,
She counterfeit all fowls less and more:
Of her courage she would withouc my lore,
Sing like the merle, and crow like the cock,
Pew like the gled, and chant like the laverock,

Bark

Bark like a dog, and kekkle like a kae,
Bleat like an hog, and buller like a bull,
Gail like a gouk, and weep when she was wae:
Climb on a cord, and laugh, and play the fool,
She might have been a menstrel against yool.
This blessed bird was to me so pleasant,
Where ever I sure, I bare her on mine hand.
And so befel upon a mirthful morrow,
Into my Garth I past me to repose,
This bird and I, as we were wont beforrow,
Among the flowers fresh, fragrant ang formose:
My vital spirits duely did rejoice,
When Phebus rose, and rave the clouds sable,
Through brightness of his beams amiable.
Without vapor was well purificat,
The temperat air, soft, sober, and seren:
The earth by nature so edificat,
with wholsome herbs, blew, white, red and green,
Which elevat my spirit from the spleen.
That day Saturn and Mars durst not appear,
Nor Eole from his cave he durst not stear.
That day perforce behoved to be fair,
By influence and course celestial,
No planet preass'd for to perturb the air:
For Mercurie by moving natural,
Exalted was into the throne triumphal
Of his mansion, into the fifteen gree,
In his own soveraign sign of Virginie.
That day did Phebus pleasantly depart
From Gemini, and entred into Cancer:
That day Cupido did extend his dart.
Venus that day conjoyned with Jupiter.
That day Neptunus hid him like a skar:
That day dame Nature with great business,
Furthered Flora to show her craftiness.
And retrograde was Mars in Capricorn,
And Cynthia in Sagitar assessed:
That day came Ceres, goddess of the corn,
Full joyfully John upon land she pleased:
The bad respect of Saturn was appeased
That day by Juno, of Jupiter the joy,

Per-

Perturbing spirits causing to hold coy,
The sound of birds surmounting all the skyes,
With melodie of notes musical,
The balmie drops of dew I can up dryes,
Hanging upon the tender twists small.
The heavenly hew and sound angelical,
Such perfect pleasures painted in mine heart,
That with great pain from them I might depart.
So still among those herbs amiable
I did remain a space for my pastance.
But worldly pleasure is so variable,
Mixed with sorrow, dread, and inconstance,
That thereunto is no comparisance:
So might I say, my short solace, alace,
Was driven to dolor in a little space.
For in that earth among these fragrant flowrs,
Walking alone, none but my bird and I:
Unto the time, that I had said mine hours,
This bird I set upon a branch me by,
But she began to speak right speedily,
And in that tree did so highly ascend,
That by no way I might her apprehend.
Sweet bird, said I, beware, mount not too hie,
Return in time, perchance thy feet may faylie,
Thou art right fat, and not well us'd to flie:
The greedy glad, I dread the thee assaylie,
I will, said she, Mastyie quod Mastyie,
It is my kind to climb ay to the hight;
Of feather and bone I wot well I am wight.
So on the highest little tender twig,
With wings displayd she sat full wantonly,
But Boreas blew a blast ere she wist,
Which breake the branch and blew her suddenly
Down to the ground with many a careful cry,
Upon a flob, she lighted on her breast,
The blood rushe out, and she cryd for a prest.
God wot, if then mine heart was wo begone,
To see that fowl flighter among the flowrs,
Which with great mourning gan to make her mon,
Now coming are, said she, the fatal hours

Of bitter death, now muſt I thole the throwis:
O dame Nature, I pray thee of thy grace,
Lend me leaſure to ſpeak a little ſpace.
For to complain my fate unfortunate,
And to diſpone my goods ere I depart,
Since of all comfort I am deſolate,
Alone, except the death here with his dart,
With awful chear, ready to pierce mine heart:
And with that word ſhe took a paſſion,
Then flatly fell, and wapped into ſwoon.
With ſory heart pierc'd with compaſſion,
And ſalt tears diſtilling from mine een,
To hear that birds lamentation,
I did approach under an haw-thorn green,
Where I might hear and ſee, and not be ſeen:
And when this bird had ſwooned twiſe or thrife,
She began to ſpeak, ſaying on this wiſe:
O falſe fortune, why haſt thou me beguil'd?
This day at morn, who knew this careful caſe?
Vain hope, through thee my reaſon was exil'd,
Having ſuch truſt into thy fained face:
That ever I was brought to the court, alace,
Had I in foreſt flown among my feers,
I might full well have lived many years.
Prudent counſel, alace, I did refuſe,
Againſt reaſon uſing mine appetite:
Ambition did ſo mine heart abuſe,
That Eolus at me had great delpite,
Poets of me have matter to indite.
Which clamb ſo high, and wo is me therefore,
Not doubting that the death ſhould me devore.
This day at morn my form and featherm fair,
Above the proud peacock was precelling:
And now a caitive carion full of care,
Bathing in blood down from heart diſtilling,
And in mine ears the bell of death is knelling.
O world ſo falſe and changeable felicity,
Fy on thy pride, avarice and immundicity.
In thee, I ſee nothing is permanent,
Of thy ſhort ſolace, ſorrow is the end,

The

Thy false infortunat gifts been to us lent,
This day full proud, the morn nothing to spend.
Oh, ye that do pretend ay to ascend,
My fatal end have in rememberance,
And you defend from this unhappy chance.
Whether that I was stricken in extasie,
Or through a strong imagination:
But it appeared in my fantasie,
I heard this dolent lamentation:
Thus dulled into desolation,
He thought this bird did brieve in her manner
Her counsel to the king, as you shal hear.

The first Epistle of the Papingo, direct to King James the fifth.

PRepotent Prince peerless in pulchritude,
Glore, honor, laud, triumph, and victory,
Be unto thine high excellent celsitude,
With martial deeds condign of memory.
Since Atropos consumed hath my glory,
And dolent death, alace, must us depart,
I leave to thee my true unfaigned heart.
Together with this Cedul subsequent,
With most reverent recomendation:
I grant thy grace gets many document,
By famous fathers predication:
With many notable narration,
By pleasant Poets in style heroical,
How thou shouldst guide thy seat imperial.
Some do deplore the great calamaties,
Of divers realms the transmutation,
Some piteously do treat of tragedies,
All for thy Graces information:
So I intend but adulation,
Into my barren rustical indite,
Amongst the rest (sir) something for to write.
Soveraign, cooceive this simple similitude.
Of officers serving thy Seneyorie:
Who guides them well get at thy Grace great good:
Who are unjust, degraded are of glory,
And cancellat out of thy memory:

Providing them more pleasant in their place,
Believe right so God shall do with thy Grace.
Consider well thou be officiar,
And a vassal to that King incompareable:
Preals thou to please that pleasant prince preclare
Thy rich reward shal be inestimable,
Exalted high in in glore interminable,
Above Archangels, vertuous Potestates,
Pleasantly placed amongst the Principats,
Of thy vertue Poets perpetually
Shall make mention untill the world be ended:
If thou exerce thine office prudently,
In heaven & earth thy Grace shall be commended:
Wherefore effear that he be not offended,
Which hath exalted thee to such honor,
Of his people to be a Governor.
And in the earth hath made such ordinance,
Under thy feet all things terrestrial,
Are subject to thy pleasure and passance:
Both fowls and fishes and beasts pastoral:
Men to thy service, and women they are thral:
Hanking, hunting, arms, and lawful armuer,
Preordinat by God for thy pleasure.
Masters of musick to recreat thy sprit,
With daunted voyce, and pleasant instrument:
Thus mayst thou be of all pleasures compleat,
If in thine office thou be diligent:
But be thou found sloathful and negligent.
Or injust in thine execution
Thou shalt not fail divine punition.
Wherefore since thou hast such capacity
To learn to play so pleasantly, and sing,
Ride horse, run spear, with great audacity,
Shoot with hand-bow, cross-bow, and culvering:
Among the rest, sir, learn to be a King:
Kyth on that craft thy pregnant fresh ingine,
Granted to thee by influence divine.
And since the definition of a King,
Is for to have of People governance,
Adress thee first, above all other thing,
To put thy body to such ordenance,
That

That thy vertue thine honor may advance:
For how should princes govern their regions,
That cannot duely guide their own persons?
And if thy grace would live right pleasantly,
Call thy counsel, and trust on them thy cure,
Their just decrees defend and fortifie:
Without good counsel may no prince long endure;
Work with counsel then shall thy work be sure.
Choose thy counsel of the most sapient,
Without regard to blood, riches, or rent.
Among all other pastime and pleasure,
Hold in thine adolescent years young,
Would'st thou each day study but half an hour,
The regiment of princely governing,
To thy people it were a pleasant thing,
There might'st thou find thine own vocation,
How thou should'st use the scepter, sword & crown.
The chronicles to know. I thee exhort,
Which may be mirror to thy majestie
There shalt thou find both good and ill report,
Of every Prince after his quality:
Though they be dead, yet their works shal not die.
Trust well thou wilt be stirred in that story,
As thou deservest to be put in memory.
Request that Roy which was rent on the rood
Ther to defend from deeds of defame,
That no Poet report of thee but good:
For Princes dayes endure but as a dream:
Since first King Fergus bare a diadem,
Thou art the last King of fivescore and five,
And all are dead, and none but thou alive.
Of whose number fifty and five were slain,
And most part of their own misgovernance:
Wherefore I thee beseech my soveraign,
Consider of their lives the circumstance:
And when thou knowst the cause of their mischance,
On vertue then exalt thy self on hie,
Trusting in God t escape that destinie.
Treat each true Baron as he were thy brother,
Which must at need thee and thy realm defend:

when

when (suddenly one doth oppress another,
Let justice mixt with mercy them amend.
Have thou their hearts, thou hast enough to spend:
And by the contrare, thou art but King of bone,
From time that their hearts are from thee gone.

I have no leasure for to write at length,
My whole intent unto thine Excellence:
Decreased so I am in wit and strength,
My mortal wound doth me such violence:
People of me may have experience:
Because, alace, I was uncounsellable:
Now must I die a caitive miserable.

The second Epistle of the Papingo, directed to her brethren of Court.

BRethren of Court, with mind precordial,
To the great God heartily I commend you:
Imprint my fall in your memorial,
Together with this cedul that I send you:
To pryals over high, I pray you, not pretend you.
This vain ascense of Court who will consider,
Who sits most hie, shal find his seat most slidder.
So ye that now go lanching up the ladder.
Take heed in time, fashning your fingers fast.
Who climbs most hie, most dint hath of the wea-
And least defence against the bitter blast (ther,
Of false fortune, which never taketh rest:
But now redoubted dayly she downe thrings,
Not sparing Popes, Emperors nor Kings.

Though ye be mounted up above the skyes,
And have both King and court in governance,
Some were as high, which now right lowly lyes,
Complaining for the court its variance:
The preterit time may be experience,
Which though vain hope of court did climb so hie,
Then lacked wings, when they thought best to flie.

Since each court is untrue and transitory,
Changing as oft as weather-cock in wind,
Making some glad, and other some right sory:
Foymost this day the morn may go behind.

Let

Let not vain hope of court your reason blind.
Trust well some men will give you lands as Lords
That would be glad to see you hang on cords.
I durst declare the miserability
Of diverse courts, were not my time is short;
The dreadful change, vain glore, and vility,
The painful pleasures, as Poets do report.
Sometime in hope, sometime in discomfort:
And how some men do spend their youthhood hoft
In court, and ends into the hospital.
How some in court are quyet counsellers,
Without regard to common-weal of Kings,
Casting their cure for to be conquerers:
And when they were high raised in their reigns,
How change of court them dolefully down things,
And when they were from their estate deposed,
How many of their fall been right rejoyced.
And now fond fained fools and flatterers,
For smal service obtain oft great rewards:
Panders, pike-thanks, cultrons, and clatterers,
Lowps up from lands, then lights amōg ẏ lairds,
Blasphemators, beggars, and common bards,
Sometime in court have more authority,
Then devout Doctors of Divinity.
VVho in some court been bairns of Beliel,
Full of dissimular painted flattery,
Provoking by intoxicat counsel,
Princes to whoredom and to harlotry:
Who do in princes put such halatry,
I say for me, such peart provocators,
Should punisht be above all strong traytors.
What travel, trouble, and calamity
Have been in court within these hundred years?
What mortal changes, and what miseries?
What noble-men been brought upon their beers?
Trust well, my friends, follow you must your
So since in Court been no tranquillity, (feers:
Set not on it your whole felicity.
The Court changes ofttimes with such outrage
That few or none may make it resistance:

And spareth not the prince more then the page,
As wel appeareth by experience.
The Duke of Rothsay might make no defence,
Which was pertaining Roy of this region,
But doletully devoured was in prison.
What dread, what dolor, had that noble king
Robert the third, when once he knew the case
Of his two sons the dolent departing,
Prince David dead, and James captive alace!
To true Scots-men which was a careful case.
This may ye know, the Court is variand,
When blood royal the change may not gainstand.
Who reign'd in court more hie & triumphand
Then Duke Murdoc while that his day endured?
Was he not then protector of Scotland?
Yet of the Court he was not well assured.
It changed so, his long service was smored:
He and his fair son Walter but remead,
Forfaulted were, and put to doleful dead.
King James the first the patron of prudence,
Gem of engine, and pearl of policie.
Well of Iustice and flood of eloquence,
Whose vertue doth transcend my fantasie,
For to describe; yet when he stood most hie,
By false exorbitant conspiration,
That prudent prince was piteously put down.
And James the second Roy of great renown,
Being in his super-excellent glore,
Through rakeles shooting of a great canon,
The dolent death alace did him devore,
One thing hath been of which I marvel more,
That fortune had at him such mortal feed,
Wong fifty thousand to wail him by the head.
My heart is pierced with pains for to panse,
Or for to write that Courts variance,
Of James the third when he had governance:
The dolor dread and desolation,
The change of Court and conspiration:
And how that Cochran with his company.
That time in Court clamb so presumptuously.

It had been good these bairns had not been born.
By whom that noble prince was so abused:
They grew as did the weeds among the corn,
That prudent Lords counsel was refused.
And held him quyet, as he had been inclused
Alace that prince by their abusion,
Was finally brought to confusion.

They clamb so hie, and got such audience
And with their prince grew so familiar:
His german brethren might get no presence:
The Duke of Albany, and the Earl of Mar,
Like banisht men were holden at the bar:
Till in the King there grew such mortal feud,
He fleem'd the Duke, and put the Earl to dead.

Thus Cobian with his native company,
Forc'd them to flee, but yet they wanted feathers,
Above the high cedars of Lebanie:
They clamb so hie till they lay over their ladders,
On Lawder bridge, then keeped were in tenders,
Strangled to death, they got no other grace:
Their king captive, which was a careful case.

To put in write the fate infortunat,
And mortal change perturbeth mine engine:
My wits been weak my fingers fatigat,
To dite or write the rancour and ruine,
The civil war, the battle intestin,
How that the son with banner braid displayed,
Against his father in battle came arrayed.

Would God that day the prince had been comforted,
With sapience of the proud Solomon.
And with the strength of Samson been supported,
With the bold heart of the great Agamemnon.
What should I wish? remedy there is none:
At morn a king, with sceptre, sword and crown,
At night with death a deformed carion.

Alace where is that right redoubted Roy,
That potent prince, gentle James the feird?
I pray to Christ his soul for to convoy:
A greater noble never reign'd on the eird.
O Atropus! wary may be thy weird:
For he was mirrar of humilitie,

Lest

Lead-star and Lamp of Liberality.
During his time so justice did prevail,
The savage Iles trembled for terrour:
Eskdale, Ewisdale. Liddisdale and Annandale,
Durst not rebell, doubting his dints dour,
And of his Lords had such perfect favour:
So for to show that he affeard not one,
But through the realm he would ride him alone.
And of his Court through Europe sprang the
Of lusty Lords, and tender Ladies ying, (fame
Triumphant, turneys justing, & knightly game,
With all pastime, according for a king.
He was the glore of princely governing:
Who through the ardent love he had to France,
Against England did move his ordinance.
Of Flowden field the ruine to revolve,
Of that most dolent day for to deplore,
I will for dread, lest dolor you dissolve:
Show you that prince in his triumphant glore,
Distroyed was, what needeth process more?
Not by the vertue of the English ordinance,
But by his own wilful misgovernance.
Alace, that day had he been counsellable,
He had obtained land, glore, and victory:
Whose piteous process been so lamentable,
I sorry for to put in memory.
I never read in tragedy nor story,
At one journey so many nobles slain,
For the defence and love of their soveraign.
Now brethren mark into your remembrance,
A mirror of these mutabilities,
So may ye know of the Courts inconstance:
When Princes are thus pulled from their fees.
After whose death what strange adversities?
What great misrule into this region rang,
When our prince yong culd nether speak nor gang?
During his tender youth & innocence, (chance?
What slouth, what reak, what murder and mis-
There was nought else but wreaking & mischance
Into that Court there reign'd such variance:

Diverse rulers made diverse ordinance.
Sometime our Queen reign'd in authority,
Sometime the proud Duke of Albany.
Sometime the Realm was ruled by regents,
Sometime by Lieutenants Leaders of the Law:
Then reign'd so many disobedients,
That few or none flood of another aw:
Oppression did so loud his bowgel blaw,
That none durst ride but into fear of wear.
John-upon-land that time did lose his meir.
Who was more high in honor elevat
Then was Margaret our high and mighty Princess:
Such power was to her appropriat,
Of King and realm, that she was Governess,
Yet came a change within a short process:
That pearl preclare, that lusty pleasant Queen,
Long time into that Court durst not be seen.
The Archbishop of saint Andrews James Betō,
Chanceller and primat in power pastoral,
Clamb next the King, most in this region:
The ladder shook, he lap, and got a fall:
Authority, nor power spiritual,
Riches, friendship might not that time prevail,
When dame Curia began to stir her tail.
His high prudence avail'd him not a mite,
That time the Court bare him such mortal feed,
As prisoner they kept him in despite,
And sometime wist not where to hide his head;
But disaguis'd like John the Reaff he yeed.
Had not been hope bare him such company,
He had been strangled by melancholy.
What cumber & care was in the court of France,
When King Francis was taken prisoner.
The duke of Bourbon amidst his ordinance,
Died at one stroke, right bailful brought to beer:
The Court of Rome that time ran all arier,
When Pope Clement was put in prison strong,
The noble city put to confusion.
In England who had greater governance,
Then their triumphant courtly Cardinal,
Th

The common-weal, some sayes, he did advance,
By equal Iustice, both to great and smal:
There was no Prelat unto him peregal:
English-men sayes, had he reign'd longer space,
He had deposed saint Peter of his place.
His princely pomp nor papal gravity,
His Palace royal, rich and radious;
Nor yet the flood of superfluity
Of his riches nor travel tedious,
When once Dame Curia held him odious.
Avail'd him not his prudence most profound.
The ladder brake, and he fell on the ground.
Where been the doughty Earls of Dowglas,
Which royally into this region rang,
Forfault and slain? what needeth more processe:
The earl of March was marshalled them among.
Dame Curia them dolefully down throng
And now of late who climb more hie among us.
Than did Archbald, sometime the earl of Angus?
Who with the Prince was more familiar,
Nor of his Grace had more authority?
Was he not great warden and Chancellar?
Yet when he stood upon his highest gree,
Trusting nothing but perpetuity,
Was suddenly deposed from his place.
Forfault and seemed he got no other grace.
Wherefore trust not into authority,
My dear brethren I pray you heartfully,
presume not in your vain prosperity:
Confirm your trust in God all utterly,
Then serve your prince with heart entire truly:
And when ye see the Court is at the best,
I counsel you then draw you to your rest.
Where is the high triumphant court of Troy?
Of Alexander, with his twelve prudent peers?
Of Julius, that right redoubted Roy?
Agamemnon most worthy in his wears?
To shew their fine my frayed heart affears:
Some murthered were, some poysoned pitifully,
there careful courts dispersed dolefully.

Trust well there is no constant court but one,
Where Christ is King, whose time interminable,
And high triumphant glore shal never be gone:
That quiet court mirthful and immutable,
Without variance stands ay firm and stable:
Dissimulance, flattery, and false report,
Into that Court shall never get resort.

Trust well my friends, this is no fained fare,
For who that is in the extream of dear,
The verity doubtless they should declare,
Without regard to favour, or to fear.
While ye have time, dear brethren make remead:
Adew for ever, of me ye get no more,
Beseeching God to bring you to his glore.

Adew, Edinburgh thou high triumphant town
In whose bounds right merrily I have been:
Of true trades-men the root of this region.
Well ready to receive Court, King, and Queen:
Thy policy and justice may be seen.
Were devotion, wisdom, and honesty,
And credence lost, it may be found in thee.

Adew, fair Snadown with thy towers hie,
The Chappel royal park and table round:
May, June, and July, would I dwell in thee.
Where I a man might hear the birds sound,
Which doth against thy royal rock resound.
Adew Lithgow, whose palace of pleasance,
Might be a patern in Portugal or France.

Farewel, Falkland, the fortress sure of Fife,
Thy polite park under the Lowmond law:
Sometime in thee I led a lusty life:
Thy fallow-deer to see them rake and raw.
Court-men to come to thee they stand great aw,
Saying, thy Burgh been of all borrows hall,
Because in thee they never got good ale.

The communing between the papingo, and her holy Executors.

The Py perceiv'd the Papingo in pain,
She lighted down, and fained him to greet:
Bair

Sister, said he alace, who hath you slain.
I pray you, make provision for your spryte:
Dispone your goods and you confess compleat:
I have power by your contrition,
Of all your mis's to give you full remission,
I am said she, a Channon regular,
And of my brethren prior principal:
My white rocket my clean life doth declare
The black is of the death memorial:
Wherefore I think all your goods natural,
Should be submitted whole unto my cure,
Ye know I am an holy creature.
The raven came rouping when he heard þ rair,
So did the gled with many a piteous pew,
And fainedly they counterfait great care.
Sister said they, your recklelness we rew:
Now best it is our counsel you ensue,
Since pretend to this promotion,
Religious men of great devotion.
I am black monk, said the ratling raven:
So said the gled, I am an holy frier,
And have power to bring you quick to heaven:
It is well known my conscience been clear,
The black Bible pronounce I shal perquerr,
So to our brethren you will give some good:
God wot, if ye had need of lives food.
The papingo said, Father, by the rood,
Albeit your rayment be religious like,
Your conscience I suspect it be not good:
I did perceive when prively ye did pike
A chiken from an hen under a dike.
I grant said he, that hen she was my friend,
And I that chiken took but for my tiend,
You know the faith by us must be sustain'd,
So by the pope it is preordinat,
That spiritual men should live upon their tiend:
But well I wot you been predestinat,
In your extreams to be so fortunat,
To have such holy consolation:
Wherefore we make you exhortation. since

Since dame Nature hath granted you such grace,
Leasure to make confession general,
Show forth your sin in time while you have space,
Then of your goods make a memorial.
We three shall makt your feast funeral,
And with great bliss bury we shall your bones,
Then trenalts twenty trattle all at once.
The rukes shal rear that men shall on them rew,
And cry Commemoratio animarum:
We shall make chiktns peep, and gastings pew,
Althogh the geese and hens should make alarum:
And we shall serve secundum usum sarum,
And make you safe we find saint Blaise to burgh,
Crying to you the careful corinogh.
And we shall sing about your sepulture,
Saint Mungos Matins, and the meekle Creed:
And then devoutly say, I you assure,
the old placebo backward ou the beed:
And we shall wear for you the mourning weed,
And though your sprite with pluto were possest
Devoutly shall your dirigie be drest.
Father said he, your facond words fair,
Full sore I dread be contrare to your deeds:
the wives of the villages cryes with care,
When they perceive ye mow oretward their meds.
Your false conceit both duc and drake sore dreads
I marvel soothly that ye be not ashamed
For your default, being so sore defamed.
I do abhor my poor perturbed sprite,
to make to you any confession:
I hear men say, you are an hypocrite.
Exempted from the Seneiy of the Session.
To put my goods in your possession.
that will I not so help me Dame Nature.
Nor of my corps I will give you no cure.
But if I had the noble nightingale,
the gentle jay, the merl, and turtle true,
Mine obsequies and feasts funeral,
Order they would with notes all of the new,
the pleasant pown most Angel-like of hew

Would God I were with him this day confest,
And my devise duely by him adrest.
The mirthfull Mavis with the gay gold-spink,
And lusty lark would God they were present.
Mine infortune forsooth they would forethink,
And comfort me that been so impotent.
The swift swallow and partrick most prudent,
I know she would my bleeding stanch believe,
With her most vertuous stone restringitive.
Count me the case under confession,
The gled said proudly to the Papingo:
And we shall swear by our profession.
Counsel to keep, and show it no mo.
Me thee beseech, ere thou depart us fro,
Declare to us some causes reasonable,
Why we are holden so abominable?
By the travel thou hast experience,
First being bred into the Orient:
Then by thy good service and diligence,
To princes made here in the Occident:
Thou knowst the vulgar peoples judgement:
Whtre thou transcurred the hot Meridional,
Then next the Pole the plage Septentrional.
So by thine high ingine superlative,
Of all Countreyes thou knowst the qualities:
Wherefore I thee conjure by God alive,
The verity declare withoutten lies,
What thou hast heard by lands or by seas,
Of us church men, both good and evil report,
And how they judge, show us, we thee exhort?
Father, said she, I cative creature,
Dare not presume with such matter to mell:
Of your cases, ye know, I have no cure:
Demand them which with prudence do excel:
I may not pew, my pains have been so fell:
Also perchance ye will not stand content,
To know the vulgar people their judgement,
Yet will Death a little withdraw his dart,
All that lyeth in my memorial,
I shal declare with true unfained heart.

And first, I say to you in general,
The common people sayeth, ye be all
Degenerat from your holy primitives,
As testifies the process of your lives.
Of your peerless prudent predecessors,
The beginning, I grant, was very good:
Apostles, Martyrs, Virgins and Confessors,
The sound of their excellent sanctitude,
Was heard over all the world, by land and flood,
Planting the faith by predication,
As Christ had made to them narration.
To fortifie the faith they took no fear
Before princes preaching right prudently:
Of dolorous death they doubted not dear,
The verity declaring fervently.
And martyrdom they suffered patiently:
They took no cure of lands, riches nor rent:
Doctrine and death were both equivalent.
To show their works at length were great wonder,
In those miracles they were so manifest, (der,
In Name of Christ they healed many hunder,
Raising the dead, and purging the possest
With perverse spirits which had been oppress:
The crooked ran, the blind men got their ken.
The deaf men heard, and lepers were made clean.
The Prelats spoused were with poverty,
Into those days when they flourisht with fame:
And with her gowned Lady Chastity,
And Dame Devotion notable of name:
Humble they were, simple, and full of shame.
Thus Chastity and Dame Devotion.
Were principal cause of their promotion.
Thus they continued in this life divine,
Ay till there reigned in Romes great city,
A potent Prince, was named Constantin
Perceived the Church had spoused poverty,
With good intent, and moved with pity,
Cause of divorce he put between them two,
And parted them withoutten words mo.
Then chastly with a great solemnity,
Withoutten any dispensation,

The

The church he spoused with Dame Property,
Which hastily by proclamation,
To poverty caus'd make narration.
Under the pain of piercing of her een
That with the church she never should be seen.
Saint Sylvester y time reign'd Pope in Rome,
Which first consented to the marriage
Of Property, of which began the bloom,
Taking the cure on her with hie courage:
Devotion drew her to an Hermitage,
When she considered Lady Property
So high exalted into dignity.
O Sylvester! where was thy discretion,
Which Peter did renounce, thou didst receive:
Andrew and John they did leave their possession,
Their ships and nets, their lines and all the lave:
Of temporal substance nothing would they have,
Contrarious to their contemplation,
But soberly their sustentation.
John the Baptist went to the wilderness,
Lazarus, Martha, and Marie Magdalen,
Left heritage and goods both more and less:
Prudent saint Paul thought property prophane,
From town to town he ran, in wind and rain
Upon his feet, teaching the word of Grace,
And never was subjected to riches.
The gled then said: I hear nothing but good,
Proceed shortly, and thy matter advance.
The papingo said: Father, by the rood,
It were too long to bear the circumstance,
How Property with her new alliance,
Grew great with child, as true men to me told,
And bare two daughters goodly to behold.
The eldest daughter named was Riches,
The second sister Sensuality.
Which did increase within a short process,
Unpleasant to the Spirituality,
In great substance and excellent beauty.
These Ladies two grew so within few years,
That in the world were none might be their peers.

Thus

This royal Riches and Lady Sensual,
From that time forth they took whole governance
Of the most part of the spiritual:
And they again with humble observance,
Amorously their wits they did advance,
As true lovers their Lady for to please:
God wot if then their hearts were right at ease.

Some they forgot to study, pray and preach,
They grew so subject to dame Sensual:
And thought but pain poor people for to teach:
Yet they decreed it into their counsal,
They would no more to marriage be theral,
trusting surely to observe Chastity.
And all beguil'd said Sensuality.

Apparantly they did expel their wives,
that they might live at large without thirlarge,
At liberty to lead their lusty lives,
thinking men thral that been in marriage:
For new facts provoke to new courage,
thus chastity they turn into delight,
wanting of wives been cause of appetit.

Dame Chastity did steal away for shame,
When once she did perceive their purveyance:
Dame Sensual a letter did proclaime,
And her exiled Italy and France.
In England could she get no ordinance,
then to the King, and to the court of Scotland
She turned her withouten more demand.

trusting into that Court to get comfort,
She made her humble supplication:
Shortly they said, she should get no support,
But threatned her with blasphemation:
to priests go make your protestation:
It is, said they, many a hundred year,
Since Chastity had any entrance here.

tyred for travel, she to the priests past,
And to the rulers of Religion:
Of her presence shortly they were agast,
Saying: they thought it but abusion.
Her to receive: so with conclusion,

with one advice decreeted and gave doom,
they would recit no rebel out of Rome,
Should we receive that Romans have refused,
And banisht England, Italie and France,
For your flattry, then were we well abused:
pais hence, said they, and fall your wayes advance,
Among the Nuns go seek your ordinance:
For we have made oath of fidelity
to Dame Riches and Sensuality.
then patiently she made progression
towards the Nuns with heart sighing full sore.
they gave her presence with procession,
Receiving her with honor, laud and glore.
purposing to preserve her evermore:
Of that novels came to Dame property,
to Riches, and to Sensuality.
Which sped them at the post right speedily,
And set a siege proudly about that place:
the silly Nuns did yield them hastily,
And humbly of that guilt they asked grace,
then gave their hands of perpetual peace:
Receiving them, they cast up doors wide,
then Chastity there no longer might bide.
So for refuge fast to the Friers she fled,
who said, they would of Ladies take no cure,
Where is she now? then said the greedy sled,
Not among you, said she, I you assure:
I trust she be upon the borrow-moor,
By south Edinburgh and that right many means
profest among the sisters of the Seans.
there hath she found her mother poverty,
And devotion her own sister carnal:
there hath she found faith, hope and charity,
together with the vertuous Cardinal.
there hath she found a convent yet unthral
to Dame Sensual, nor yet with riches abused;
So quietly these Ladies are included.
that pyat said: I dread that they assailed,
they render them, as did the holy Nuns.
Doubt not, said he, for they are so artailed,

they

They purpose to defend them with their guns:
Ready to shoot, they have six great canons,
Perseverance, constance and conscience,
Austerity, labor and abstinence.
To resist subtil Sensuality,
Strongly they are enarmed feet and hand
By abstinence, and keeped poverty.
Contrare riches, and all her false servands.
They have a Bombard braced up in bands,
To keep their port, in the midst of their closs,
Which is called, Domine, custodi nos.
Within whose shot there dare no enemies
Approach their place, for dread of dints dour:
Both night and day they work as busie bees,
For their defence, ready to stand in stour:
And have such watches on their utter tour,
That dame Sensual with siege dare not assaily,
Nor come within a shot of their artailly.
The pyat said: Whereto should they presume,
For to resist sweet Sensuality,
Or dame Riches, which rulers are at Rome?
Are they more constant in their quality,
Then the princes of spirituality,
Which pleasantly withoutten obstacle,
Have them received in their habitacle?
How long trust ye, these Ladies shal remain
So solitare in such perfection?
The papings said: Brother, in certain,
So long as they obey correction,
Choosing their heads by election,
Unthral to riches and to poverty,
But as requireth their necessity.
O prudent presats, where was your prescience,
That took in hand to observe chastity
But austere life, labor and abstinence?
Perceive ye not the great prosperity,
Apparently to come of property?
Ye know great chear, great ease and idleness,
To lecherie was mother and mistress.
Thou rav'st unrock'd, the raven said, by ye rood.

So to reprove riches and property:
Abraham and Isaac were rich, and very good:
Jacob and Joseph had prosperity.
The papingo said: that is of verity
Riches, I grant, is not to be refused,
Providing als that they be not abused.
Then layd the raven a replication,
And said: Thy reason is not worth a mite,
As I shal prove with protestation:
That no man take my word into despite:
I say, the temporal princes have the wite,
That in the Church such pastors do provide,
To govern souls, themselves that cannot guide.
Long time after the Church took property,
The prelats liv'd in great perfection,
Unthral to riches or sensuality.
Under the holy spirites protection,
Orderly chosen by election,
As Gregorie, Jerome, Ambrose and Augustine,
Benedict, Bernard, Clement, Clete, and Line.
Such patient prelats entred by the port,
Pleasing the people by predication:
Now dyk-lowpers do in the Church resort,
By symonie and supplication:
Of princes, by their presentation:
So silly souls that are the Lords sheep,
Are given to hungry ravenous wolves to keep.
No marvel is though we religious men,
Degenered be, and in our life confused.
But sing and drink, none other craft we ken,
Our spiritual fathers have us so abused:
Against our will these traytors been intruded.
Lack men have now religious men in cures,
Profest virgins in keeping of strong whores.
Princes, princes, where is your high prudence,
In disposition of your benefices?
The guardoning of your Courticens,
Is some cause of these great enormities:
There is a sore waiting like hungry flies,
For spiritual cure, though they be nothing able,
Whose greedy throtes been ay insatiable. Princes

Princes, I pray you be no more abused,
To vertuous men having so smal regard:
Why should vertue through flatterie be refused,
That men of cunning can get no reward:
Alace, that ever a bragger or a baird,
A whore-maker, or common bazaturer,
Should in the Church get any kind of cure.
Were I a man worthy to wear a crown,
Ay when ther vaked any benefices;
I should cause call a Congregation,
The principal of all the prelacies.
Wos cunning Clerks of Universities,
Wos famous fathers of religion,
With their advice make disposition.
I should dispone all offices pastoral:
To doctors of divinitie or jure:
And cause Dame vertue pull up all her sails,
When cunning men had in the church most cure,
Cause Lords send their sons, I you assure,
To seek science, and famous schools frequent,
Then them promove that were most sapient.
Great pleasure 'twere to hear a Bishop preach,
A dean a doctor of divinity,
An Abbot which could well the convent teach,
A parson flowing in philosophie,
I cine my time to wish which will not be.
Were not the preaching of the begging friers,
Lost were the faith among the seculiers,
As for their preaching said the papingo,
I them excuse, for why they bien so thral
To property and her ding two daughters twa,
Dame riches and fair Lady sensual:
They may not use no pastime spiritual:
And in their habits take such great delite,
They have refused russet and raplach white.
Taking to them scarlet and cramosie,
With menever, mertrick, Greece, and rich armine:
Their low hearts are exalted so hie,
To see their papal pomp it is a pine.
More rich array is now with frinyes fine,

upon

Upon the barding of the Bishops mool,
Then ever had Peter or Paul against pool.
Their fair Ladies their chains may not escape,
Dame sensual such seed in them hath sown:
Lis skaith it were with licence of the Pope,
That each Prelat a wife had of his own,
then see their bastards throughout the country blown,
for now be they well commed from the schools,
They fall to work as they were common bul s.
Then said the gled, thou preached all in vain.
Pr secular folks have of your cale no cures.
I grant said she, yet men will speak again.
How ye have made an hundred thousand hoors,
which had not been, were not your lecherous lures,
And if I lie, heartily I me repent:
was never a birds, I know more penitent.
Then she her shave with devout countenance,
To that false gled, which fained him a frier:
And when she had fulfilled her pennance,
Full suttilly at her he can enquire:
Choose you said he, which of us brethren here,
Shall have of your natural goods the cures:
You know none been more holy creatures.
I am content said the poor papingo.
That you frier gled, & coby monk your brother,
have cure of all my goods, and eke no mo,
Since at this time friendship I find no other.
We shall be to you true, as to our brother,
Said they and swore to fulfill her intent.
Of that said she. I take an instrument.
The pyat said, what shall mine office be?
Over-man said she, unto the other two.
The rouping raven said sweet sister let see
Your whole intent, for it is time to go.
The greedy gled said: Brother do not so:
We will remain, and here hold up her head,
And never depart from her till she be dead.
The papingo thanked them tenderly,
And said, since ye have ta'en on you the cure,
Then part my natural goods equally,
That ever I had or have of dame nature,

All

First to the howlat indigent and poor,
Which on the day for shame dare not be seen,
To her I leave my gay garbert of green.
My bright depured eyes as crystal clear,
Unto the Back ye shal them both present,
In Phebus presence which dare not appear,
Of natural light he is so impotent.
My birnisht beck I leave with good intent
Unto the gentle piteous pelican,
To help to pierce her tender heart in twain.
I leave the gouk which hath no song but ont,
My musick with my voice angelical;
And to the goose give ye when I am gone,
Mine eloquence and tongue rhetorical:
And take and dry my bones great and smal,
Then close them in a case of Ebur fine,
And them present unto the phenix syne.
To burn with her when she her life renews:
In Arabie ye shal her find but weer,
And shal her know by her most heavenly hews,
Gold, azure, gowls purple and synoper:
Her date is for to live five hundred year.
Make to that bird my commendation,
Also I make you supplication.
Since of my corps I have given you the cure,
Ye speed you to the Court but tarrying.
And take mine heart of perfect portrature,
And it present unto the soveraign king:
I know ye will it close into a ring.
Commend me to his Grace. I you exhort,
And of my passion make him true report.
Ye thief my tripes shal have for your travel.
With liver and lung to part equal among you,
Praying Pluto the potent prince of hell,
If ye faithit, that in his net be fang you:
Be to me true, though I nothing belong you,
More I suspect your conscience been too large.
Dout not, said they. we take it with the charge.
Adieu brethren, said the poor papingo.
To talk no more. I have no time to tarry:
But since my spirit must from my body go,

I recommend it to the queen of Faric,
Eternally into her court to tarrie.
In wilderneſs among the holts hore.
Then ſhe inclin'd her head, and ſpake no more.
Plunged into her mortal paſſion,
Full grievouſlie ſhe gripped to the ground:
It were too long to make narration,
with ſighs full ſore, with many a ſting and ſtound
Out of the wound the blood did ſo abound,
A compaſs round was with her blood made red:
Without remead there is nothing but dead.
And by ſhe had in Manus tuas ſaid,
Extincted was her natural ſenſes five:
Her head full ſoftly on her ſhoulders laid,
Then yield the ſpirit with pains pungitive.
The raven began rudely to rug and ride,
Full ravenous-like, his empty throat to feed,
Eat ſoftly brother (ſaid the greedy gled.)
While ſhe is hot, let part her toen among us,
Take thou an half, and reach to me the other:
Into our right, I wot no wight dare wrong us.
The Pyat ſaid, the fiend receive the other,
Why make ye me ſtep-bairn, and I your brother.
You do me wrong (ſir Gled) I ſhrew your heart.
Take here, ſaid he, the puddings for thy part.
Then wot ye well mine heart was wonder ſair
For to behold that dolent departing:
Her angel feathers flying in the air,
Except the heart was left of her nothing:
The pyat ſaid, that pertains to the king,
Which to his Grace I purpoſe to preſent.
Thou (ſaid the gled) ſhalt fail of thine intent.
The raven ſaid, God nor I rap in a rope,
If thou get this to either king or duke:
The pyat ſaid, plain I not to the Pope,
Then in a ſmiddie I be ſmord with ſmook.
With that the gled the piece caught in his clook,
And fled his way, the reſt with all their might
To chaſe the gled, flew all out of my ſight.
Now have ye heard the little tragedie,

The

The sore complaint, the restament and mischance
Of this poor bird which did ascend so hie:
Beseeching you excuse mine ignorance,
And rude endite, which is not to advance.
And to the Quier I give commandement,
Make no repair where Norts been present.
Because thou been of rhetorick so denude,
Be never seen near hand none other book:
With King nor Queen with lord, nor men of good,
With coat unclean claim kindred to some cook:
Steal in a nook when they lift on thee look.
For smel of smock men will abhor to hear thee,
Hear I forsi wear thee, wherfore to lurk go lear thee.

The Dream of Sir *David Lindsay* of the Mount, Knight, familiar servitor to our Soveraign Lord, King *James* the fifth.

The Epistle to the Kings Grace.

RIght potent Prince, of hie imperial blood,
Unto thy Grace I trust it be well known,
My service done unto thy Celsitude,
Which needeth not at length for to be shown:
And though my youth-hood near be overblown,
Exercised in service of your Excellence:
Hope hath me heght a goodly recompence.
When thou wast young I bare thee in my arm
Full tenderly till thou began to gang:
And in thy bed oft happed thee full warm,
With Lute in hand then sweetly to thee sang.
Sometime in dancing fiercefully I sprang,
And sometime playing fairles on the flure,
And sometime of mine office taking cure.
And sometime like a fiend transfigurat,
And sometime like a greedily ghost of gry,
In diverse forms oft-times disfigurat.
And sometime disguised full pleasantly.
So since thy birth I have continually

been

Been exercis'd and ay to thy pleasure:
And sometimes Steward, Carver, and Carbour.
Thy Purse-maker and secret Thesaurer,
Thine usher ay since thy nativity:
And in thy Chamber chief Cubicular,
Which to this hour hath keeped my lawtie.
Loving be to the blessed Trinity,
That such a wretched Worm hath made so able,
To such a Prince to be so agreeable.
But now thou art by natural influence,
Digh of ingine, and right inquisitive,
Of antique stories and deeds martial:
How pleasantly the time for to overdrive,
I have at length the stories to discrive,
Of Hector, Arthur, and gentle Iulius,
Of Alexander and worthy Pompetus,
Of Jason and Medea all at length,
Of Hercules the acts honorable.
And of Samsons supernatural strength.
And of the leel Lovers the stories amiable.
And ofttimes have I fained many a fable
Of Troylus the sorrow and the joy,
And Sieges all of Tyr, Thebes and Troy.
The Prophesies of Rymer, Bed and Merlin,
And many other pleasant history.
Of the red Etin, and the Gyre Carlin:
Comforting thee when that I saw thee sory:
Now with support of the King of glory,
I shal thee show a story of the new,
The which before I never to thee shew.
But humbly I beseech thine Excellence,
With smat terms though I cannot express,
This simple matter for lack of eloquence:
Yet notwithstanding all my business,
With heart and hand my mind I will address,
As I best can, and most compendious.
Now I begin the matter napned thus.

The Prologue.

Into the Kalends of January,
When fresh Phebus by moving circular,

From

From Capricorn was entred in Aquarie,
With blaſts that had the branches made ful bare:
The ſnow and fleet perturbed all the air,
And fleemed Flora from every bank and buſs,
Through the ſupport of auſtere Eolus
After that I the longſome winter night
Had lyen waking in my bed alone:
through heavy thought, that no way ſleep I might,
Remembring of diverſ things by-gone.
So up I roſe and clothed me anone:
By this fair Titan with his beams light,
Over the world had ſpread his banner bright.
With cloke and hood I dreſſed me belive,
With double hoſe and mittans on mine hands:
Albeit the air was right penetrative,
Yet ſure I ſoith, lanching ov'rthrough the lands
Toward the ſea, to ſpoyt me on the ſands;
Becauſe unbloomed was both bank and bray:
And ſo as I was paſsing by the way.
I met Dame Flora in dole-weed diſaguiſed,
Which into May was dulce and delectable,
With ſturdy ſtorms her ſweetneſs was ſurpriſed:
Her heavenly hews were turned into ſable,
Which ſometime were to lovers amiable:
Fled from the froſt the tender flowrs I ſaw,
Under dame Natures mantle lurking law.
The ſmal fowls in flocks ſaw I flee,
To Nature making lamentation:
They lighted down beſide me on a tree:
Of their complaint I had compaſsion,
And with a piteous lamentation,
They ſaid, Bleſſed be ſummer with thy flowrs,
And waried be thou winter with thy ſhowrs.
Alace, Aurora, the lilly lark can cry,
Where haſt thou left thy balmy liquor ſweet
That us rejoyced, we mounting in the ſky?
Thy ſilver drops are turned into fleet.
O ſary Phebus, where is thy wholſome heat?
Why ſuffereſt thou thine heavenly pleaſant face
With miſty vapors be obſcur'd? alace.

Where art thou May, w̄ June thy sister sheen,
well brodered with desires of delight?
And gentle July with thy mantle green,
Embalmed with roses both red and white?
Now old and cold January in despite,
Reaves from us all pastime and pleasure:
Alace, what gentle heart may this endure?
Overspyled with the clouds odious,
was the golden skyes of the Orient:
Changing in sorrow songs melodious,
which we had wont to sing with good intent,
Resounding to the heavens firmament:
But now our day is changed into night.
with that they rose, and flew out of my sight.
Pensive in heart, passing full soberly,
Unto the sea forward I past anon:
The sea was out, the sand was smooth and dry,
Then up and down I mused mine alone,
Till that I spy'd a little cave of stone,
High in a craig, upward I did approach,
Without staying, and clamb up to the roach.
And purposed for passing of the time,
Me to defend from otiosity,
With pen and paper to register in rime,
So merry matter of antiquity,
And idleness, ground of iniquity,
She made so dull my spirits me within,
That I knew not at what end to begin.
But sate still in that cave, where I might see
The waltering of the waves up and down:
And this false worlds instability,
Unto the sea making comparison,
And of this wretched worlds variation:
To them that fixes all their whole intent,
Considering who most had, should most repent.
So with my hood I happed me full warm,
And in my cloke I folded both my feet:
I thoght my corps with cold should take no harm:
My mittans held my hands full well in heat:
The scouling rock me covered from the sleet,
There still did I fit my bones for to rest, till

Till Morpheus with sleep my spirit oppress.
So through the boysterous blasts of Eolus,
And through my waking on the night before:
And through the seas moving marvellous,
By Neptunus, with many a rout and roar.
Constrain'd I was to sleep withoutten more,
And what I dreamed in conclusion,
I shal you tell a most marvellous vision.

The Dream of Sir David Lindsay.

I thought a Lady of portrature perfyte,
Did salute me with benign countenance:
And I which of her presence had delite,
To her again made humble reverence.
And her demanded, saving her pleasure,
What was her name? she answer'd courteously,
Dame Remembrance, said she, called am I.
Which come now to for passime and pleasure
Of thee, and for to bear thee company;
Because I see thy spirit without measure,
So sore perturbed by melancholy:
Causing thy corps to wax both cold and dry,
Therefore get up and go anone with me.
So were we both in twinkling of an eye
Down through the earth in midst of the centre,
Ere ever I wist, into the lowest hell:
And in that careful cave when we did enter,
Pouting and youling we heard with many a yell,
In flame of fire right furious and fell,
Alas crying many careful creature,
Blaspheming God, and warying nature.
There saw we diverse Popes and Emperors,
Without recover many careful King.
There saw we many wrongous conquerors,
Withoutten right reavers of other reigns:
The men of kirk lay bonden into bings.
There saw we many careful Cardinal,
And Archbishops in their pontifical.
Proud and perverse Prelats out of number,
Bishops, Abbots, and false flattering Friers:
To specifie them all, it were a cumber:

Regu-

Regular Chanons, churle monks and charterers,
Curious clarks, and priests feculars.
There was some part of each religion,
In holy kirk which did abusion.
Then I demanded Dame Rememberance,
The cause of these prelats punition?
She said, the cause of their unhappy chance,
Was covetous lust and ambition?
The which now makes them lack fruition
Of God, and here eternally must dwel,
Into this painful poysoned pit of hell.
And they did not instruct the ignorant,
Provoking them to penitence by preaching;
But served worldly Princes insolent,
And were promoved by their fained fleitching,
Not for their science, wisdom, nor their teaching.
By simonie was their promotion,
More for deniers, then for devotion.
Another cause of the punition
Of these unhappy prelats imprudent,
They made not equal distribution
Of holy kirk Patrimony, nor rent;
But temporally they have it all mispent,
Which should have been tripartted into three:
First, to uphold the kirk in honesty.
The second part, to sustain their estates.
The third part to be given to the poors:
But they dispone these goods all other gates,
On carts and dice, on harlotry and whoors.
Those catives took no cure of their cures,
Their church ruine, their Ladies cleanly cled,
And richly ruled both in boord and bed.
Their bastard bairns proudly they provided,
The Kirk-goods largely they did on them spend:
In their default their subdites were misguided,
And counted not their God for to offend,
Which caus'd them lack grace at the latter end.
Ruling that rout, I saw in cups of brass,
Simon Magus, and Bishop Cajaphas.
Bishop Annas and the traytor Judas

Mahomet that prophet poysonable;
Core, Dathan and Abiram there was,
Hereticks we saw innumerable.
It was a sight right wondrous lamentable,
How that they lay into these flames fleeting,
With careful cryes, some groaning and weeping.
Religious men were punisht painfully,
For vain glory and disobedience.
Breaking their constitutions wilfully:
Not having their over-men in reverence,
To know their rule they took no diligence:
Unlawfully they used Property,
Passing the bounds of wilfull Poverty.
Full sore weeping, with voices lamentable,
They cryed loud: O Emperor Constantie,
We may wite thy possession poysonable,
Of all our great punition and pain:
Albeit your purpose was to a good fine,
Thou banisht from us true devotion,
Having such eye to our promotion.
There we beheld a den full dolorous,
Where that Princes and Lords temporal
Were cruciet with pains rigorous.
But to expream their pains in special,
It doth exceed all my memorial:
Importable pain they had but comforting:
Their blood royal made them no supporting.
Some cative king for cruel oppression,
And other some for their wrongous conquis,
Were condemned they and their succession.
Some for pub'lick adultery and incest,
Some suffered people never to live in rest,
Delyted so in pleasure sensual,
Wherefore their pain was there perpetual.
There was the cursed Emperor Nero,
Of every vice the horrible vessel.
There was Pharoah, with many princes mo,
Oppressors of the Children of Israel.
Herod, with many mo then I can tell.

Bonce Pilate was there hanged by the halse,
With anjun Judges, for their sentence falle.
Dukes, Marquisses, Earls, Barons & Knights,
With their princes was punisht painfully,
Participant they were of their unrights.
Forward we went, and let these Lords ly,
And saw where Ladies lamentably,
Like mad Lyons were carefully crying
In flame of fire right fouriously frying.
Empresses, Queens, and Ladies of honor,
Many Dutches, and Countes full of care,
They pierst mine heart these tender creatures,
So pined in that pit full of dispair.
Plunged in pain with many ruthful rare,
Some for their pride, some for adultery,
And for their tying of men to lechery.
Some had been cruel and malicious,
Some for making of wrongous heritors.
For to rehearse their lives vicious,
It were a great fray to the auditors.
Of lechery they were the very lures.
With their provocative impudicity,
Brought many a man to infelicity.
Some women for their pusillanimity,
Opprest with shame they did them never shrive,
Of secret sins done into quiety,
And some repented never in their life.
Withoutten ruth those ruffians did them rive
Rigorously without any compassion,
Great was their dool and lamentation.
That we were made, they cry'd full oft, alace!
Thus tormented with pains intollerable.
We mended not when we had time and space,
But took in earth our lusts delectable:
Therefore with fiends ugly and horrible,
We are condemn'd for evermore, alace,
Eternally withoutten hope of grace.
Where is the meat and drink delicious,
With which we fed our careful carions:
Gold, silver, silk, and pearls precious,

Our riches, rents, and our possessions,
Without ten hope of our remissions.
Alace, our pains they are unsufferable,
And our torments to count innumerable.
Then we beheld where many a thousand
Common people lay flightering in the fire:
Of every state there was a bailful band,
There might be seen many a sorrowful syre,
Some for envy suffered, and some for yre,
And some for lack of restitution,
Of wrongous goods without remission.
Mensworn merchants for their wrongous winning
Heurders of gold, and common usurers:
False men of law in cautels right cunning:
Thieves, reavers, and publick oppressers:
Some part there were of unleal laborers,
Craftsmen there saw we out of number:
Of each sort to declare, it were a cumber.
Also longsome for me is to indite,
Of this prison the pains in special:
The heat, the cold, the dolor and despite,
Wherefore I speak of them in general.
That doleful den, that furnace infernal,
Whose reward is to rew without remead,
Ever dying, and never to be dead.
Hunger and thirst in stead of meat and drink,
And for their clothing, toads and scorpions:
That dark mansion is tapissed with stink,
They see nothing but horrible visions;
They have but scorns and derisions.
Of foul fiends, and blasphemations.
There feeling is importable passions.
For melody, miserable mourning:
There was no solace, but dolor infinite,
In bailful beds bitterly burning,
With sobbing, sighing, sorrow, and with spite;
Their consciences their hearts so did byte:
To hear them flyte, it was a cause of care,
So in despite plunged into despair.
A little above that dolorous dungeon,
We entred into a countrey full of care, where

Where that we saw many a legion.
Weeping & howling with many a ruthful rair.
What place is that, said I, of bless so bare?
She answered and said, Purgatory,
Which purgeth souls ere they come to glory.
I see no pleasure here, but meikle pain:
Wherefore said I, leave we this sort in thral,
I purpose never to come here again,
But yet I do believe, and ever shall,
That the true kirk can no ways erre at all:
Such things to be as clarks do conclude,
Albeit my hope stands most in Christs blood.
Above that, in the third prison anone,
We entred in a place of perdition,
Where many babes were making drearie mone,
Because they lacked the fruition
Of God, which was the great punition.
Of baptism, they lacked the ensenyie.
Upward we went, and left that mirthless menyie.
Into a vault above that place of pain,
Unto the which but sojourn we ascended,
That was the Limb, in the which did remain,
Our fore-fathers, because Adam offended,
Eating the fruit, the which was so offended.
Many a year they dwel in that dungeon,
With darkness, and with desolation.
Then through the earth of nature cold and dry,
Glad to escape those places perilous;
We hasted us right wonder speedily,
Yet we beheld the secrets marvelous,
Of mynes of gold and stones precious:
Of silver, and of every fine metal,
Which to declare it were too long to dwel.
Up through the water shortly we intended,
Which environs the earth withoutten doubt:
Then through the air shortly we ascended,
His regions through beholding in and out:
Which earth and water closed round about.
Syne shortly upward through the fire we wene,
Which was the highest and hotest element.

When we had all the elements overpast,
That is to say, earth, water, air and fire:
Upward we went withoutten any red,
To see the heavens was our most desire:
But ere we might win to the heavens empire,
It behoved us to pass the way full even,
Up through the spheres of the planets seven.

First to the moon, and visite all her sphere,
Queen of the sea, and beauty of the night:
Of nature moist and cold, and nothing clear,
For of her self she hath none other light,
But the reflex of Phebus beams so bright,
The twelve signs she passeth round about,
In eight and twenty dayes withoutten doubt.

Then we ascended to Mercurius,
Which Poets call the God of eloquence:
Right donor-like with terms delicious,
In art expert, and full of sapience.
It was pleasure to pause on his prudence:
Painters and Poets are subject to his cure,
And hot and dry he is of his nature..

Also as cunning Astrologers sayes,
He doth compleat his course naturally,
In three hundred and eight and thirty dayes,
Then upward we ascended hastily
To fair Venus, where she right lustily
Was set into a seat of silver sheen,
That fair fresh Goddess, that lusty loves Queen.

They pierc'd mine heart, her blinks amorous,
Albeit that sometime she is changeable:
With countenance, and chearful colorous,
Sometime right pleasant, glad and delectable:
Sometime constant, and sometime variable,
Yet her beauty resplendent as the fire,
Swages the wrath of Mars that God of ire.

This pleasant planet, if I can right describe,
She is both hot and moist of her nature:
That is the cause she is provocative,
To all them that are subject to her cure,
To Venus works so that they may endure.
And she compleats her courses natural,

In twelve moneths withoutten any fail.
Then pass we to the sphere of Phebus bright,
That lusty lamp, and lantern of the heaven:
And gladder of the stars with his clear light,
And principal of all the planets seven,
And set in midst of them all full even,
As King royal roling into his sphere,
Full pleasantly into his golden chair.
Whose influence and vertue excellent,
Giveth the life to every earthly thing:
Which prince of every planet precellent,
Doth foster flowers, and causeth herbs to spring.
Through the cold earth, and causeth birds to sing:
Als his regular reigning in the heaven,
Is just under the Zodiak full even.
For to describe his diedem royal,
Bordered about with stones shining full bright:
His golden cart or throne imperial,
The four steeds that maweth it full right,
I leave to Poets, because I have no light:
But of his nature he is hot and dry,
Compleating in one year his course truly.
Then up to Mars in by we hasted us,
Wonder hot, and dryer then the thunder,
His face flaming as fire furious,
His boast and brag more awful then an hunder,
Made all the heaven most like to shake asunder:
Who would behold his countenance and fear,
Might call him well the God of men of weer.
With colour red, and look malicious,
Right cholerick of his complexion,
Austere, angerie, sweer and seditious,
Principal cause of the destruction
Of many good and noble region,
Were not Venus his ire doth mitigat,
This world of peace would be right desolat.
The God of grist withoutten sojourning,
In years two his course he doth compleat.
Then pass we up where Jupiter the king,
Sate in his sphere right amiable and sweet,

Complexionat with moistnes and with heat.
That pleasant Prince, fair, dulce, and delicat,
Provocked peace and banished debate.
The old Poets by superstition,
Held Jupiter the father principal
Of all these Gods, in conclusion,
Of his prerogative in special,
And by his vertues into general,
To old Saturn he maketh resistance,
When in his malice he would work vengeance.
Thus Jupiter withoutten sojourning,
Passeth through all the twelve signs full even,
In years twelve: then without tarrying,
Out pass into the highest of the seven,
To Saturnus, which troubleth all the heaven:
With heavy chear, and color pale as lead,
In him we saw but dolor to the dead.
And cold and dry is he of his nature,
Foul like an owl, of evil condition,
Right unpleasant he is of portraiture.
His intoxicat disposition,
It puts all things in perdition:
Ground of sickness and melancholious.
Perverse and poor, both false and envyous.
His quality I cannot love but lack,
As for his moving naturally but weer,
About the signs of all the Zodiack,
He both compleat his course in thirty year:
And so we left him in his frosty sphere;
Upward we did ascend incontinent,
But rest, till we came to the firmament.
The which was fixed full of stars bright,
Of figure round, right pleasant and perfyte:
Whose influence and right excellent light,
And whose number cannot be put in writ,
Yet cunning clarks do naturally indyte
How he both end his course withoutten weer,
In the space of an hundred and thirty year.
Then the ninth sphere and mover principal
Of all the rest, we visit all that heaven,
Whose daily motion is continual,

Both

Both firmament and all the planets seven,
From east to west making them go full even,
Into the space of four and twenty years,
Yet by the mind of the Astronemers.
The seven planets into their proper spheres,
From east to west they move naturally:
Some swift, some slow as to their kind effears.
As I have shown before especially
Whose motion causeth continually
Right melodious harmony and sound.
And all through moving of these planets round.
Then mounted we with right fervent desire,
Up through the heaven called the crystaline:
And so we entred into the heavens empire,
Which to describe it passeth mine engine,
Where God into his holy throne I syne.
Reigns in his glory inestimable,
With Angels clear which are innumerable.
In orders nine these spirits glorious
Are divided, the which excellently.
Making loving with sound melodious:
Seeing Sanctus right wonder fervently.
These orders nine they are full pleasantly
Divided into hierarchies three,
And three orders in every hierarchie.
The lowest order are the Angels bright,
As messengers to this low region:
The second order Arch-angels full of might,
Virtues potestats, principats of renown,
The fifth is called, Domination:
The seventh Thronus, the eighth high Cherubin,
The ninth and highest called Seraphin,
And next unto the blessed trinity,
In his triumphing throne imperial,
Three into one, and one substance in three,
Whose indivisible essence eternal.
The rude ingine of mankind is too small
To comprehend; whose power infinit,
And divine nature, no creature can write.
So mine ingine is not sufficient,
For to treat of his high divinitie:

All mortal men are insufficient
To consider these three in unity.
Such subtile matter I muſt needs let be,
To study on my creed it were full fair,
And let doctors of such matters declare.

Then we beheld the blest humanity
Of Christ sitting upon his seat royal,
At the right hand of the divinity;
With an excellent court celestial,
Whose exercition continual
Was in loving their Prince with reverence,
And on this wise they keeped ordinance.

Next to the throne we saw the queen of queens,
Well companied with Ladies of estate:
Sweet was the song of these blessed Virgins,
No mortal man their solace may endyte.
The angels bright innumerable infinite,
Every order into their own degree,
Were officers unto the deity.

Patriarchs and Prophets honorable
Collateral counsellers in his consistory:
Evangelists, Apostles venerable
Were Captains unto the King of glory,
Which champain-like had won the victory,
Of that triumphant court celestial:
Saint Peter was Lieutenant general.

The Martyrs were as noble valiant knights
Discomfiters of cruel battels three,
The flesh, the world the fiend, and all their mights,
Confessors, doctors in divinity,
As chappel-clarks unto his Deity:
And last we saw infinit multitude,
Making service unto his Celsitude.

Which by the high divine permission,
Felicity they had invariable:
And of his God head clear cognition,
And compleat peace they had interminable.
Their glore and honor was inseparable:
That pleasant place repleat of pulchritude,
Unmeasurable it was of magnitude.

This

There is plenty of all pleasures perfite,
And clear brightnes without obscurity,
Without cold, vulgar, and delite:
Without rancour, perfect charity:
Without hunger, satiability:
O happy are the souls predestinat,
When soul and body shal be glorificat.

These marvellous mirths for to declare
By Arithmetick, they are innumerable:
The portraiture of that Palace preclare,
By Geometris, it is unmeasurable;
By Rhetorick also impronouncable:
There is no ears may hear, nor eyes may see,
Nor heart may think this their felicity.

Whereto should I presume for to endite,
The which Saint Paul, that Doctor sapient,
Cannot express, nor into paper write,
The high excellent work indeficient,
And perfect pleasures ever permanent.
In presence of that mighty King of glore,
Which was and is, and shall be evermore.

At remembrance I humbly did desire,
If I might in that pleasure still remain.
Said she, Against reason is thy desire,
Wherefore, my friend, thou must return again
Into the world where thou must suffer pain,
And tholle the death with cruel pains sore,
Ere thou begin to reign with him in glore.

Then we returned, sore against my will,
Down through the spheres of the heavens clear:
Her commandment behov'd I to fulfil,
With sory heart, wot ye withouten weer,
I would full fain have stayed there all year.
But she said to me, there is no remead,
Ere thou remains here first thou must be dead.

Said I, I pray you heartfully, Madam,
Since that we have such contemplation
Of heavenly pleasures; yet ere we pass hame,
Let us have some consideration
Of earth, and of her situation

She answered and said, that shall be done,
So were we brought into the air full soon:
Where we might see the earth all at one sight.
But like a mote so it appear'd to me,
In the respect of the heavens bright,
I have marvel, said I, how this may be,
The earth it seems of a small quantity:
The least star fixed in the firmament,
Is more than all the earth by my judgement.
She said, son thou hast shown the verity,
The smallest star fixt in the firmament,
Indeed it is of greater quantity
Than all the earth, after the intent
Of wise and cunning clarks sapient.
What quantity is then the earth? said I,
That shall I show said she, to thee shortly.
After the names of the Astronomers,
And specially the Author of the sphere,
And other diverse great philosophers,
The quantity of the earth circular,
Is fifty thousand leagues without error,
Seven hundred and fifty and one mo,
Dividing by one league in miles two:
And every mile in right stades divided,
Each stade an hundred pace twenty and five:
A pace five foot, who would them right divide:
A foot four palms, as I can right deserve:
A palm four inch. And whole would believe
The circuit of the earth, pass round about,
Must be considered in this wise no doubt.
Suppose that there were no impediment,
But that the earth but peril were and plain,
Then that the person were right diligent,
And went each day ten leagues in certain,
He might pass round about, and come again
In four years, and fifteen weeks, and days ten.
So read the Author, and thou shalt find it so.

The divisions of the Earth.

They certainly she took me by the hand,
And said: my son, come on thy way with me
And

And so she made me clearly understand,
How that the earth divided was in three,
In Africa, Europe, and Asia,
After the mind of the Cosmographours;
That is to say, the two worlds descripturs.
First, Asia is contained in the Orient,
And is well more then both the other twain:
Africa and Europe in the Occident,
And are divided by the sea certain
And that is called, the sea Mediterran,
Which at the Strait of Marock hath entrie,
That is betweene Spanyie and Barbarie.
Toward the south-west lyeth Africa:
On the north west Europe doth stand,
And all the east containeth Asia,
On this wise is divided the firm land.
It were meekle for me to take in hand,
These regions to declare in special,
Yet shall I shew their names in general,
In many diverse famous regions,
Is divided this part of Asia,
Well plenisht with cities, towns, and towns,
The great Inde and Mesopotamia,
Ventapolis, Persia and Syria.
Cappadocia, Ceres and Armenie,
Babylon, Chaldea, Parth and Arabie.
Sydon, Judea and Palestina.
Upper Scythia, Iure and Galilee,
Hyberia, Bactria and Philestina,
Hircania, Tampegina and Samaria.
In little Asia lands Galathie,
Pamphilia, Isauria and Lede,
Rhegia, Arthusia, Assyria and Mede.
Secondly, we considered Africa,
With many fruitful famous regions,
As Ethiopie and Tripolitana,
Leuges, where standeth that triumphant town,
Of noble Carthage, that City of renown,
Garamantes, Nazabet, and Lybia,
Egypt also and Mauritania.
Fez with Numidie, and Tingitane, Of

Of Africa theſe are the principal:
Then Europe we conſidered in certain,
Whoſe regions ſhortly rehearſe I ſhal:
Theſe principal I find above them all,
Which are Spainyie, Italie, and France:
Whoſe ſub-regions were meekle to advance.
Nether Scythia, Thrace and Caramanie,
Auſtria Illiria, and Pannonia:
Denmark, Gothland Grunland, and Almanie,
Polt, Hungarie Boeme, Monica, Rhetia.
Helvetia, and diverſe ma.
Alſo in four divided is Italie,
Toſcane, Hetruria, Naples, and Campanie.
And ſub-divided ſundry other wayes,
As Lumbardie, Venice, and other ma.
Calaber, Romanes, and Genowayes.
In Greece, Epirus, and Dalmatia,
Theſſalia, Africa, and Illyria.
Achaia, Boetica, and Macedone,
Arcadie, Hiſtrie, and Lacedemone.
And France we ſaw divided into three,
Belgica, Celtica, and Aquitane:
And ſub-divided in Flanders, Picardie,
Normandie, Gaſcoin, Burgundie, and Brittain:
And others diverſe Duncheries in certain,
The which were too long for to declare:
Wherefore of them as now I ſpeak no mare.
In Spanyie lyes Caſtile and Arragone,
Navar, Galice, Portugal, and Granate:
Then ſaw we famous Iles many one,
Which in the Ocean ſea were ſituat;
Them to deſcribe my wit were deſolat:
Of Coſmographie I am not ſo expert,
For I did never ſtudy in that art.
Yet I ſhall ſome of their names declare,
As Madagaſcar, Cades, and Taproban.
And other diverſe Iles both good and fair,
Situat into the ſea Mediteran:
As Cypre, Candie, Corſica, and Saban,
Crete, Abydos, Thoes, and Sicilia,
Lapſus, Colie, and many others ma

Who wold at length heir the deſcription
Of every Ile, as well as the firm land:
And property of every Region.
To ſtudy and to read muſt take in hand,
All the authentick works to underſtand
Of Plinius, and worthy Ptolemie,
Who were expert into Coſmographie.
There ſhall they find the names and properties
Of every Ile, and each region:
Then I inquired of earthly Paradiſe,
Of the which Adam loſt poſſeſſion:
Then hew'd he me the ſituation
Of that preceiling place full of delite,
Whoſe properties were long for to endite.

Of Paradiſe.

THis Paradiſe of all pleaſures perfite,
Situat I ſaw into the Orient:
that glorious Garth of every flowr doth fleet
The luſty lillies, the roſes redolent,
Freſh wholeſome fruits indeficient,
Both herb and tree there groweth ever green.
Through vertue of the temperat air ſerene.
The ſweet wholſome aromatick odors,
Proceeding from the herbs medicinall:
The heavenly hew of thoſe fragrant flowrs,
It was a light wonder celeſtial.
The perfection to ſhew in ſpecial,
And joyes of the region Divine,
Of mankind it exceedeth the ingine.
And eke ſo high in ſituation,
Surmounting the mid region of the air:
Where no manner of perturbation
Of weather may aſcend ſo high as there.
For floods flowing from a fountain fair.
As Tygres, Ganges, Euphrates and Nile,
Which in the eaſt tranſcurreth many a mile.
The Countrey cloſed is about full right,
With walls high of hot and burning fire,
And ſtraitly kepyd by an Angel bright,
ſyne the departing of Adam our grandſyr: which

which through his crime incurred Gods yre,
And of that place lost the possession,
Both from himself and his succession.
When his lovesome Lady Remembrance,
All this foresaid had caus'd me understand,
I prayed her of her benevolence,
To show to me the countrey of Scotland.
Well son, said she, that shall I take in hand:
So suddenly she brought me in certain
Even just above the broad Ile of Britain.
Which standeth North-west in the Ocean sea,
And divided into famous Regions two:
The south part England a full rich countrie,
Scotland the North with many Iles mo.
By west England. Ireland both stand also,
Whose properties I will not take in hand
To show at length but only of Scotland.

Of the Realm of Scotland.

Which after my simple intendement,
And as Remembrance did to me report,
I shall declare the sooth and verament:
As I best can. and into terms short,
Wherefore effectuously I you exhort.
Albeit my witting be not to advance,
Yet where I fail, excuse mine ignorance.
When that I had overseen this region.
The which of nature is both good and fair:
I did propone a little question.
Beseeching her the same for to declare.
What is the cause our bounds been so bare
(Said I) or what doth move our misery?
Or wherefore doth proceed our poverty?
For through the support of your high prudence,
Of Scotland I perceive the properties:
Also consider by experience,
Of this countrey the great commodities:
First the abundance of fishes in our seas,
And fruitful mountains for our bestial,
And for our corn full many lusty vail.
The rich rivers pleasant and profitable,

The lusty lochs with fishes of sundrie kinds?
Hunting, hawking, for Nobles convenable,
Forrests full of doe, roe, harts and hinds.
the fresh fountains whose wholesom crystal strands
Refreshing so the flowrishing green medes,
So lack we nothing that to Nature needs.
Of every mettal we have the rich mines,
Both gold, silver, and stones precious,
Albeit we lack the spices and the wines,
Or other strange fruits delicious,
We have as good, and more needful for us:
Meat, drink fire, clothes might there be caus'd a-
which else is not into the Mappe found. (bound
More fairer men nor of greater ingine,
Nor of more strength, great deeds for to endure
Wherefore I pray you, that you would define
The principal cause wherefore we are so poor?
For I marvel greatly, I you assure,
Considering the people and the ground,
That riches should not in this realm abound.
My son. said she, by my discretion,
I shall make answer as I understand:
I say to thee, under confession,
The fault is not, I dare well take in hand,
Neither into the People, nor the Land.
As for the land, it lacks none other thing
But labor, and the peoples governing.
Then wherein lyes our inprosperity,
Said I. I pray you heartfully, Madam,
You should declare to me the verity?
Or who shall bear of our barran the blame?
For by my truth, to see I think great shame,
So pleasant People, and so fair a Land,
And so few vertuous deeds taken in hand.
Said she, I shall after my smal judgment,
Declare some causes into general:
And into terms short show mine intent,
And then transcend unto more special.
So this is my conclusion final.
Lacking of Justice, Policy and Peace,
Are cause of this unhappiness, alace.

It

It is difficile riches to encraate,
Where Policy maketh no residence:
And Policy may never have entrees,
But where that Justice doth its deligence.
To punish where there may be found offence.
Justice may not have domination,
But where Peace maketh habitation.
What is the cause, then would I understand,
That she would lack Justice and Policy,
More then doth France, Italy, or England?
Madam said I, show me the verity?
Since we have many laws in this country,
Why lack we of laws execution.
Who would put Justice to execution?
Wherein doth stand our principal remead?
Or who may make amends for this mischief?
Said she: I find the fault into the Head:
For they in whom doth ly our whole relief,
I find them root and ground of all our grief:
For when the heads they are not diligent,
The members must of needs be negligent.
So I conclud, the causes principal
Of all the troubles of this nation,
Are in the Princes into special,
The which have the gubernation,
And of the people domination:
Whose continual execution
Should be in Justice execution.
For when the sleathful herd doth slug and sleep,
Taking no care in keeping of his flock:
Who would go search among such herds sheep,
May able find many poor scabbed crock:
And going wild at large without en lock,
Then Lupus comes, and Laurence in a ling,
And without ruth the silly sheep down thring.
But the good herd-waker ist and diligent,
Doth so that all the flock are ruled right,
To whose whistel are all obedient:
And if the wolves do come by day or night
Them to devore, then they are put to flight.

Hunted

hunted and slain by their well daunted dogs,
So are they sure both of ews, lambs and hogs.
So I conclud, through the negligence
Of our fatuat heads insolent,
Is cause of all this Realms indigence,
Which in Justice have not been diligent:
But to good counsel disobedient,
having smal eye unto the Common-wealth,
But to their singular profit every deal.
For when these wolves by oppression,
The poor people but pity do oppress;
Then should the Princes make punition,
And cause these rebels for to make redress,
That riches might by, and policy increase:
But right difficil it were to make remead,
When that the fault is so into the head.

The Complaint of the Common-wealth of Scotland.

AND thus as we were walking to and fro,
We saw a boisteous beern come out the dene
But horse, on foot, as fast as he might go,
whose rayment was all ragged, torn and rent,
with visage lean, as he had fasted Lent:
And forward fast his way he did advance,
With a right melancholious countenance.
With scrip on hip, and pyke-staff in his hand,
As he had purposed to pass from hame:
Said I: Good man, I would fain understand,
If that you please, to show what were your name?
Said he; My son, of that I think great shame
But since ye would of my name have a feel,
Forsooth they call me, John the Common-weal.
Sir Common-weal, who hath you so disguised?
Said I, or what makes you so miserable?
I have marvel to see you so surprised,
The which that I have seen so honorable:
To all the world you have been profitable,
And well honored in every Nation:
How happens now your tribulation? Alace,

Alace, said he, thou seest how it doth stand
With me, and how I am discherished,
Of all my grace, and must pass from Scotland,
And go before where I was cherished.
Remain I here, I am but perished,
For there are few to me that taketh tent,
Which makes me go thus ragged, riven and rent.

My tender friends are all past to the flight,
For policy is fled again in France:
My sister Justice, almost hath lost her sight,
That she cannot hold rightly the balance.
Plain wrong is Captain of the Ordinance,
The which debarreth Lawty and Reason,
And small remead is found for open treason.

Into the South, alace, I was near slain,
Over all the land I could find no relief;
Almost between the Mers and Lochmaban,
I could not know a leal man by a thief.
To shew their reek, theft, murther and mischief,
And vicious works, it would infect the air,
Also too long some for me to declare.

Into the Highland I could find no remead,
But suddenly I was put to exile:
Those sweer swingers they took of me no heed,
Nor among them let me remain a while.
Also in the out-Iles, and in Argyle,
Unthrift, sweerness, falsehood, poverty and strife,
But policy in danger of her life.

In the Law-land I came to seek refuge,
And purpos'd there to make my residence:
But singular profit caus'd me soon dislodge,
And did me great injuries and offence:
And said to me: Soon, harlot, hie thee hence,
And in this Country see thou take no cures,
So long as mine authority endures.

And now I may no longer make debate,
For I know not to whom I should me mean:
For I have sought all the spiritual state.
Which took no count for to hear me complain:
Their officers they held me at disdain,
For Simony he rules up all that rout,

And

And Covetice that churl caus'd bar me out.
Pride hath chased from them humility,
Devotion is fled unto the Friers:
Sensual pleasure hath banisht Chastity:
Lords of Religion they go like seculiers,
Taking more count in telling their Depires,
Then they do of their constitution:
Thus are we blinded by Ambition.
Our Gentle-men are all degenerate:
Liberality and Lawty both are lost,
And Covetice with Lords laureat:
Knightly courage turned to brag and boast:
The civil war misguideth every host:
There is nought else, but each man for himself,
That makes me go thus banisht like an Elf.
Therefore, adew, I may no longer tarry:
Farewel, said I, and with S. John to borrow:
But wot ye well mine heart was wonder sory,
When Common-weal so souped was in sorrow,
Yet after the night, comes the glad morrow.
Therefore, I pray you, shew me in certain,
When that you purpose for to come again?
That question it shall soon be decided,
Said he: there shall no Scot have comforting
Of me, until I see the Countrey guided
By wisdome of a good and prudent king.
Which shall delight most him above all thing,
To put justice to execution,
And on strong traytors to make punition.
And yet to thee I say another thing,
I see right well that proverb is full true:
Wo to the Realm that hath too young a King.
With that he turn'd his back: and said, Adeu.
Over Fiech, and fell right fast from me he flew:
Whose departing to me was displeasand:
With that Remembrance took me by the hand.
And soon I thought he brought me to the rock
And to the cave where I began to sleep;
With that a ship did speedily approach,
Full pleasantly sailing upon the deep:

And

And then did slack her sailes, and gan to creep
Toward the land, anent where that I lay:
But wot you well, I got a fellon fray.
All her great cannons she let crack at once.
Down shook the streams from the top-castle:
They spared not the powder nor the stones:
they shot their boats, & down their anchors fell:
Their mariners they did shout and yell,
Then hastily I start out of my dream,
Half in a fray, and speedily past hame.
And lighlty dyned with lisk and appetit:
Then after past into an Oratore:
I took my pen, and there began to write
All the vision that I have shown before.
Sir of my dream, as now thou gets no more.
But I beseech God for to send thee grace,
To rule thy realm in unity and peace.

The Exhortation to the Kings Grace.

SIR, since that God of his preordinance.
Hath granted thee to have the governance
Of his people, and created thee a king,
Fail not to print in thy rememberance.
That he would not excuse thine ignorance,
If thou be careless in thy governing:
Wherefore adress thee above all other thing,
Of his laws to keep the observance,
If thou think long in Royalty to reign.
Think him that hath commanded dame Nature,
To paint thee of so pleasant portratour:
Her gifts they may be clearly on thee known:
To dame Fortune thou needs no Procatour,
For she hath largely shown on thee her cure,
Her gratitude she hath unto thee shown:
And since that thou must reap as thou hath sown,
Have all thy hope in God the Creator,
And ask him grace, that thou mayst be his own.
And then consider thy vocation,
That for to have the gubernation
Of this kingdom thou are predestinat.

Thou

Thou mayst well know by true narration,
What sorrow and tribulation
Hath been in this poor Realm infortunate:
Now comfort them that hath been desolat,
And of thy people have compassion,
Since thou by God art so preordinat.
Take manly courage, and leave insolence,
And use counsel of noble Dame Prudence:
Ground thee firmly on Faith and Fortitude:
Draw to the Court Justice and Temperance.
And to thy Common-wealth have attendance.
And also I beseech thy Celsitude,
Hate vicious men, and love them that are good:
And each flatterer thou fleem from thy presence,
And false report out of thy Court exclude.
Do equal Justice both to great and smal,
And be example to the people all,
Exercising vertuous deeds honorable.
Be not a wretch, for ought that may befal:
To that unhappy vice if thou be thral,
To all men thou shalt be abominable.
Kings nor Kinghts are never convenable
To rule the people, be they not liberal.
Was never yet no wretch too honorable.
And take example of the wretched ending,
Which made Midas of Thrace the mighty King,
That to his Gods made invocation,
Through greediness, that all substantial thing,
That ever he toucht, should turn but tarrying
Into fine gold: he got his supplication:
All that he toucht without delation,
Turned in gold, both meat, drink and clothing,
And died for hunger without recreation.
And I beseech thy Majesty serene,
From lechery thou keep thy body clean:
Taste never that intoxicat poyson:
From that unhappy sensual sin abstain,
Till that thou get a lusty pleasant Queen,
Then take thy pleasure with my benison:
Take heed how prideful Tarquin lost his crown,
For the deforcing of Lucrece the sheen, And

And was deprived and banisht Romes town.
And in despite of his lecherous living,
The Romans would be subject to no King,
Many long years, as stories do record,
Till Julius by vertuous governing,
And princely courage gan on them to reign,
And chosen of Romans Emperor, and Lord,
Wherefore, my soveraign in thy mind remord,
That vicious life makes oft an evil ending,
Except it be by special grace restor'd.
And if thou wouldst thy fame and honor grew,
use counsel of thy prudents Lords rew:
And see thou not presumptuously pretend
Thine own particular will for to ensew,
Work with counsel, so shalt thou never rew.
Remember of thy friends the fatal end,
Which to good counsel would not condescend.
Till bitter death alace did them persue.
From such unhap, I pray God thee defend.
And finally remember thou must die,
And suddenly pass from this mortal sea,
And art not sicker of thy life two hours:
Since there is none from that sentence may flee,
King, Queen, nor Knight, of low estate, nor hie.
But all must those of death the bittee showrs.
Where are they gone those Popes and Emperors?
Be they not dead? So shall it fare on thee.
Is no remead, strength, riches, and honors.
And so with conclusion,
Make you provision,
To get the infusion
Of his high grace,
Which bled with effusion,
With scorn and derision,
And died with confusion,
Confirming our peace.

The Complaint of Sir DAVID LINDSAY, of the Mount Knight, directed to the Kings Grace.

SIR I beseech thine Excellence,
Hear my complaint with patience:
My dolent heart doth me constrain
Of mine infortune to complain.
Albeit I stand in great doubtance,
Whom I shall blame of my mischance,
Whether Saturnus cruelty,
Reigning in my nativity,
By bad aspects which work vengeance,
Or other heavenly influence:
Or if I be predestinat,
In Court to be infortunat,
Which have so long in service been,
Continually with King and Queen,
And entred to thy Majesty,
The day of thy nativity:
Where through my friends been ashamed,
And with my foes I am defamed,
Seeing that I am not regarded,
Nor with my brethren of Court rewarded:
Blaming my sloathful negligence,
That seeks not for some recompence.
When diverse men do me demand,
Why gets thou not some peace of land,
As well as other men have gotten?
Then wish I to be dead and rotten,
With such extream discomforting,
That I can make no answering.
I would some wise men did me teach,
Whether that I should flatter or fleech:
I will not flyte that I conclude,
For crabbing of thy Celsitude:
And to flatter, I am ashamed:
Lack I reward, then am I shamed:
But I hope thou shalt do as well,
As did the father of Samel,
Of whom Christ maketh mention,
Who for a certain pension,
Hyred men to work in his vineyard:
But who came last got first reward,

Wherethrough the first men were displeased,
But he them prudently appeased:
For though the last men first were served,
Yet got the first that they deserved.
So I am sure thy Princlie,
Shall once regard me ere I die,
And rub the rust of mine ingine,
Which is for langour like to tine:
Although I bare not like a bard,
Long service yerneth ay reward,
I cannot blame thine Excellence,
That I so long lack recompence:
Yet I solliced like the lave,
My reward has not been to crave,
But now I may well understand,
A dumb man yet wan never land;
And in the Court men gets nothing
Without importunat asking.
Alace, my sloath and shamefastnes
Debar'd me from all greedines:
Greedy men that are diligent,
Right oft ne obtain their intent,
And fail not for to conquest lands,
And namely at young princes hands.
But I took never no other cure
In special but for thy pleasure:
But now I am no more dispar'd,
But I shall get princely reward:
The which shall be to me more glore,
Then them thou dost reward before,
When men do ask ought at a king,
Should ask his grace a noble thing.
To his Excellence honorable,
And to the asker profitable.
Though I be in mine asking slidder,
I pray thy Grace for to consider,
Thou hast both made Lords and Lairds,
And hast given many rich rewards
To them which wont fall far forder,
When I lay nightly by thy cheek:
I take the Queens grace thy mother,

My Lord Chancellor and many other,
Thy Nurse, and thine old Mistress,
I take them all to bear witness:
Did Willie Dillie were he alive,
My life full well he could deserve,
Now as a Chap-man bears his pack,
I bare thy Grace upon my back;
And sometimes Gridlings on my neck,
Dancing with many bend and beck.
The first syllabe, that thou didst mute,
Was Pa. da. lyne upon the lute.
Then plaid I twenty springs perqueer
Which were great pleasure for to hear.
From play thou lets me never rest:
But Ginkerton thou lobes ay best.
And when thou camest from the school.
Then I behov'd to play the fool:
As I at length into my dream,
My sundry service did expream:
Though it be better, as saith the wise,
Nap to the Court, than good service:
I know thou lovest me better than,
Then now some wife doth her Good-man:
Then men to other did record,
Said, Lindsay would be made a Lord.
Thou has made Lords sir, by saint Gill,
Of some that have not serv'd so well.
To you my Lords that do stand by,
I shall you show the causes why:
If you list to tarry, I shall tell
How my misfortune thus befell:
I prayed daply on my knee,
My young Master that I might see
Stage in his state royal,
Having power imperial:
Then trusted I without demand,
To be promoved to some Land;
But mine asking I got too soon.
Because th' Eclipse fell in the Moon,
The which all Scotland made on Geer,

Then did my purpose run areer,
The which were longsome to declare:
And eke mine heart is wonder fain,
When I have in remembrance.
The sudden change of my mischance:
The king was but twenty years of age,
When new rulers came in their rage,
For Common-weal no taking care,
But for their proffit singular:
Imprudently like witless fools,
They took the young prince from the schools,
Where he understood obedience,
Was learning virtue and science,
And hastily put in his hand
The governance of all Scotland:
As who would in a stormy blast,
When mariners been all agast,
Through danger of the seas rage,
Would take a child of tender age,
Which never had been on the sea,
And to his bidding all obey.
Giving him the whole governal,
To ship, merchant, and marinal,
For dread of rocks, and for land,
To put the rudder in his hand:
Without Gods grace is no refuge,
If there be danger ye may judge.
I give them to the devil of hell
That first devised that counsel:
I will not say it was treason,
But I dare swear it was no reason
I pray God let me never see reign
Into this Realm so young a king.
I may not tarry to decide it,
How then the Church a while was guided,
By them that partly took in hand
To guide the King and all Scotland.
And eke longsome for to declare,
Their fayend flattering words fair:
Sir (some would say) your Majestie
Shal now go to your liberte: Then

Thou shalt to no man be coacted,
Nor to the school no more subjected.
We think them very natural fools,
That learns over meckle at the schools.
Sir, you must learn to turn a spear,
And guide you like a man of wear:
For we shal put such men about you,
That all the world, and mo shal doubt you.
Then to his Grace they put a guard,
Which hastily got their reward,
Each man after their quality,
They did solist his Majesty.
Some caus'd him revel at the racket,
Some harl'd him to the hurlie hacket.
And some to shew their courtly cories,
Mould ride to Leith and run their horses,
And mightily gallop over the sands,
They neither spared spur nor wands:
Casting gamonds with bends and becks,
For wantonness some broke their necks:
There was no play but cards and dice,
And ay sir flattery bare the price.
Rounding and rouking one to another,
Take thou my part (said he) my brother:
And make between us sicker bands,
When ought shal vaik among our hands,
That each man stand to help his fellow:
I hold thereto man, by alhallow,
So you fish not within my bounds.
That shal I not, by great wounds,
Said he, but rather take thy part,
So shal I do, by my heart.
And if the thesaurer be our friend,
Then shal we both get tack and tiend:
Take he our part, then who dare wrong us,
And we shal part the pelf among us.
But haste us while the King is young,
But let each man keep well his tongue,
And in each quarter have a spy,
Us to advertise hastily,

When any calualities
Shal happen into our countries.
Let us make sure provision,
Ere he come to discretion.
He more he knows then doth a saint,
What thing it is to have or want:
So ere he comes to perfect age,
We shal be sicker of our wage,
And then let each carl crave another.
That mouth speak more, said he, my brother:
For God not I rap in a rope,
Thou might's give counsel to the Pope.
Thus labor'd they within few years,
That they became no pages peers:
So hastily they made a hand,
Some gathred gold, some conquest land.
Sir, some would say, By saint Denice,
Give to me some fat Benefice.
And all the profit you shal have:
Give me the name, take you the lave.
But by his Bulls were well come hame,
To make service he would think shame,
Then slip away withoutten more,
When he had gotten that he sought for.
We thought it was a piteous thing,
To see that fair young tender King,
Of whom these Gallants good none aw
To play with him pluck at the craw.
They became rich, I you assure,
But ay the Prince remained poor.
There was few of that guarison,
That learned him a good lesson:
But some to crack, and some to clatter.
Some playd the fool, and some did flatter.
Said one, Devil tick me with a knife,
But (sir) I know a maid in Fife,
One of the lustiest wanton Lasses,
Whereto (sir) by Mary she passes.
Hold thy tongue, brother, said the other,
I know fairer by fifteen fother.
Sir, when ye please to Lithgow pass, there

There shal ye see a lusty Lass,
Now trittle trattle, trow low,
Said the third man, thou doth but mow,
When his Grace comes to fair Sterling,
There shal he see a Dayes darling.
Sir, (said the fourth) take my counsel,
And go all to an high bordel;
There may ye lowp at liberty,
Withoutten any gravity.
Thus every man said for himself,
And did among them part the pelf.
But I, alace, ere ever I wist,
Was troden down into the dust:
With heavy charge withoutten more,
But I knew never yet wherefore,
And hastily before my face,
Another slipped in my place:
Which full slightly got his reward.
And tilled was, the ancient Laird.
That time I might make no defence,
But took perforce in patience:
Praying to send them a mischance
That had the Court in governance:
The which against me did malign,
Contrare the pleasure of the king.
For well I know his Graces mind
Was ever to me true and kind:
And contrare their intention,
Caus'd pay me well my pension:
Though I a while lacked presence,
He let me have none indigence.
When I durst neither peep nor look,
Yet would I hide me in a nook,
To see these uncouth vanities,
How they like many busie bees,
Did occupy their golden hours.
Alluth help of these new Governours.
But my complaint for to complect,
I got the sowr, and they the sweet.
And John Macrerie the kings seol,

Got double garments against Pool,
Yet in his most triumphant glore
For his reward got the glen gore:
Now in the Court seldome he goes
In dread men tread upon his toes,
As I that time durst not be seen,
In open Court for both mine een:
Alace, I have no time to tarry,
To show you all the feery fary
How these that had the governance,
Among themselves rais'd variance,
And who most to my skaith consented,
Within few years full sore repented,
When they could make me no remead,
For they were harl'd out by the head:
And others took the governing,
Well worse then they in all kind thing.
Those Lords took no more regard,
But who might purchase best reward:
Some of their friends got benefices,
And other some got Bishoprices:
For every Lord as he thought best
Brought in a bird to fill the nest,
To be a watchman to his marrow,
They gan to draw at the catharow,
The proudest Prelats of the kirk,
Were fain to hide them in the mirk.
That time so failed was their sight,
Sensyn they might not thole the light
Of Christs true Gospel to be seen.
So blinded are their corporal een
With worldly lusts sensual,
Taking in realms the governal,
Both guiding court and session,
Contrare to their profession:
Wherefore I think they should have shame,
Of spiritual Priests to take the name:
For Isaias into his wark
Calls them dumb dogs that cannot bark,
That call'd are Priests, and cannot preach,
Nor Christs law to the people teach:

If for to preach been their profession,
Why should they mell with court or session?
Except it were in spiritual things,
Referring unto Lords and Kings
Temporal causes to be decided,
If they their spiritual office guided,
Each man might say they did their parts.
But if they can play at the carts,
And mollet moylie on a mool,
Though they had never seen the school,
Yet at this day, as well as than,
Will be made such a spiritual man.
Princes that such prelats promoves,
Account thereof to give behoves.
Which shall not pass without punishment,
Except that they mend and repent:
And with due ministration,
Work after their vocation.
¶ I wish the thing that will not be,
The perverse prelats are so hie:
When once that they be called Lords,
They are occasion of discords:
And largely will propines height,
To cause each Lord with other fight,
If for their part it may avail:
So to the purpose of my tale,
That time in Court rose great debate,
And every Lord did strive for state,
That all the realm might make no redding,
Till on each side there was blood-shedding.
All fielded other in Land or Burgh,
At Lithgow, Melros and Edinburgh
But to deplore, I think great pain,
Of Noble-men that there were slain:
And as longsome to be reported,
Of them which to the Court resorted,
As tyrants, traytors and transgressors,
And common publick plain oppressors,
Men-murtherers, and common thieves,
Into that Court got their relieves.

There were few Lords in all these lands,
But to new Regents made their bands,
Then rose a reek ere ever I wist,
The which could all their bands birst.
Then they alone which had the guiding,
They could not keep their feet from sliding:
But of their lives they had such dread,
That they were fain to trot over Tweed.

¶ Now potent Prince, I say to thee,
I thank the holy trinitie,
That I have liv'd to see the day,
That all the world is went away,
And thou to no man art subjected,
Nor to such counsellers coaxed,
The four great vertues Cardinals,
I see them with the principals:
For Justice holds her sword on hie,
With her ballance of equitie.
And in this realm hath made such order,
Both through the High-land and the border,
That oppression and all his fellows,
Are hanged high upon the gallows.
Dame prudence hath thee by the head,
And temperance doth thy bridle lead.
I see Dame force makes assistance,
Bearing the targe of Assurance,
And lusty Lady Chastity.
Hath banisht sensuality.
Dame riches takes on thee such cure,
I pray God, that she long endure,
That poverty dare not be seen
Into thine house for both her een:
But from thy grace fled many miles,
Among the hunters in the Iles.
Dissimulance dare not show her face,
Which wont for to beguile thy Grace.
Folly is fled out of the town,
Which ay was contrare to reason.
Policy and peace begins to plant,
That vertuous men can never want,
Quhill all sloathful idle lowns,

Shall fettered be in the galeyons.
John upon land been glad, I trow.
Because the rush-bush keeps his kow:
So is there nought I understand.
Without good order in this land,
Except the spirituality,
Having thy Grace thereto have eye:
Cause them make ministration,
Conform to their vocation:
To preach with unfained intents,
And truly use the sacraments,
After Christs institutions,
Leaving their vain traditions,
Which to the silly sheep blind.
For whom Christ Jesus shed his blood:
And superstitious pilgrimages,
Praying to graven Images,
Expresse against the Lords command:
I do thy grace to understand,
If thou to mens Laws assent,
Against the Lords commandement;
As Jeroboam and many mo,
Princes of Israel also,
Consenters to Idolatry.
Which punisht were right piteously,
And from their realms rooted out.
So shalt thou be withoutten doubt.
Both here and there withoutten more,
And lack the everlasting glore.
And if thou wilt thine heart incline,
And keep his blessed law divine,
As did the faithfull Patriarks,
Both in their words, and in their warks:
And as did many faithful kings
Of Israel during their reigns:
As king David, and Solomon,
Who Images would suffer none
In their rich temple for to stand,
Because it was not Gods command:
But destroyed all Idolatrie,
As in the scripture thou mayst see whole

Whose rich reward was heavenly blis
Which shal be thine thou doing this.
Since thou hast chosen such a guard,
Now I am sure to get reward:
And since thou art the richest king,
That ever in this realm did reign,
Of gold and stones precious,
Most prudent and ingenious,
And hast thine honor done advance.
In Scotland, England, and in France,
By martial deeds honorable,
And are to every vertue able,
I know thy grace will not misken me,
But thou wilt either give or lend me,
Wouldst thy Grace lend me to a day,
Of gold a thousand pound or tway,
And I shal fix with good intent,
Thy Grace a day of payment,
With ferles obligation,
Under this protestation:
When the Bass and the Ile of May,
Bees set upon the mount Sinay.
When the Lowmond bettis Falkland,
Bees lift up to Northumberland.
When Churchmen yearns no dignity,
Nor wives no soveraignity:
When winter without frost, snow, wind or rain,
Then shal I give the gold again.
Or I fail make to thee payment,
After the day of Judgement.
Within a moneth at the least,
When saint Peter shal make a feast
To all the fishers of Aberlady.
So thou have mine acquittance ready:
Failing thereof by saint Philan,
Thy Grace gets never a groat again.
If thou be not content of this,
I must request the King of bliss,
That he to me have some regard,
And cause thy Grace me to reward:
For David king of Israel,

Who was the great Prophet royal,
Saith, God hath whole at his command,
The hearts of Princes in his hand,
Even as he list them for to turn.
That must they do without sojourn:
Some to exalt in dignity,
And some deprive in poverty.
Sometime of low men to make Lords,
And sometimes Lords to bind in cords,
And them all utterly destroy,
As pleaseth God that noble Roy:
For thou art but an instrument
Of that great God Omnipotent.
So when it pleaseth thine Excellence,
Thy Grace shall make me recompence,
Or he shall cause me stand content,
Of quyet life and sober rent,
And take me in my latter age,
Into my simple Hermitage,
And spend what mine elders have won,
As old Diogenes in his tun.
Of this complaint, with mind full meek,
Thy Grace answer, sir, I beseek.

Quod Lindsay to the King.

The Tragedie of the umwhile most Reverend Father, *David*, by the grace of God, *Cardinal* and *Archbishop* of *Saint Andrews*, &c. Compyled by Sir *David Lindsay* of the *Mount*, *Knight*, alias *Lyon King* of *Armis*.

Mortales cũ vati sitis, supra Deũ ne vos erexeritis

THE PROLOGUE.

NOt long ago after the hour of prime,
Secretly sitting in mine Oratorie,
I took a book to exercise the time,
where I found many tragedys and storie, which

which John Boccas had put in memory:
How many Princes, Conquerors, and Kings,
were wofully deposed of their reigns.
How Alexander the potent Conqueror,
In Babylon was poysoned piteously,
And Julius the mighty Emperor,
Murthered at Rome, causeless and cruelly:
Prudent Pompey in Egypt shamefully
He murthered was, what needeth process more,
whose tragedies were pity to deplore.
I sitting so upon my book reading,
Right suddenly before me did appear
A wounded man abundantly bleeding,
with visage pale, and with a deadly chear,
Seeming a man of two and fifty year,
In rayment red clothed full courteously,
Of velvet, and of satin cramosie.
With feeble voice, as men oppress with pain,
Shortly he made me supplication,
Saying, my friend, go read and read again,
If thou canst find by true narration,
Of any pain like to my passion:
Right sure I am were John Boccas alive,
My tragedy at length he would describe.
Since he is gone I pray thee to endite,
Of mine infortune some remembrance:
Or at the least my tragedy to write.
As I to thee shall show the circumstance,
In terms short of my unhappy chance,
Since my beginning to my fatal end.
which I would to all creatures were kend.
Can I (said I) make such memorial,
But of thy name I had intelligence?
I am David that careful Cardinal,
which do appear (said he) to thy presence,
That sometime had so great preeminence.
Then he began his deeds for to endite,
As ye shall hear, and I began to write.

The Tragedie of the Cardinal.

I David Beaton sometimes Cardinal,
Of noble blood by line I did descend:

By

During my time I had no peregal,
But now alace, is come my fatal end.
By gre̊ by gree upward I did ascend,
So that into this realm did never reign,
So great a man as I under a King.
When I was a young gallant gentle-man,
Princes to serve I set my whole intent:
First to ascend to Arbroth I began
An Abbacy of great riches and rent.
Of that estate yet was I not content,
To get more riches, dignity, and glore,
Mine heart was set alace, alace therefore.
I made such service to our soveraign King,
he did promove me to more high estate:
A prince above all princes for to reign,
Arch-Bishop of saint Andrews consecrat:
To that honor when I was elevat,
My pitiful heart was not content at all,
Till that I creat was a Cardinal.
Yet preast I to have more authority,
And finally was chosen Chancelar:
And for upholding of my dignity,
Was made Legat, then had I no compare.
I purchas'd for my profit singular,
My bores and my treasures to advance,
The Bishoprick of Mirepoise in France.
Of all Scotland I had the governal.
But mine advice concluded was nothing:
Abbot, Bishop, Archbishop and Cardinal,
Into this Realm no higher could I reign,
But if I had been Pope, Emperor or King,
For shortness of the time I am not able.
At length to show mine acts honorable.
For through my princely prodigality,
Among prelats in France I bare the pile:
I shew my Lordly liberality
In banqueting playing at cards and dyce,
Into such wildom I was holden wise.
And spared not to play with King nor Knight,
Three thousand crowns of gold upon a night.

In

In France I made four honest voyages,
Where I did acts dign of remembrance:
Through me were made triumphant marriages,
To our soveraign both profit and pleasance.
Queen Magdalen the first daughter of France,
With great riches was into Scotland brought.
That marriage through my wisdom was wrought.
After whose death in France I past again.
The second Queen homeward I did convoy:
That lusty princess Mary of Lorian,
Which was receiv'd with great triumph & joy,
So served I our right redoubted Roy:
Soon after that Henry of England King,
Of our soveraign desired a communing.
Of that meeting our King was well content,
So that in York was set both time and place;
But our Prelats and I would never consent,
That he should see King Henry in the face:
But we were well content albeit his Grace
Had sailed the sea to speak with any other,
Except the King who was his mothers brother.
Whereby there rose great war and mortal strife,
Great herships, hunger, dearth and desolation;
On either side did many lose their life:
If I would make a true narration,
I caused all that tribulation:
For to take peace I never would consent.
Except the King of France had been content.
During this war were taken prisoners,
Of noble men fighting full furiously,
Many a Lord, Baron, and Batchelers,
Wherethrough our King took such melancholy,
Which drave him to the death right dolefully;
Extream dolor did so overset his heart,
That from this life, alace, he did depart.
But after that both strength & speech is leased,
A paper blank I made his Grace subscrive
Into the which I wrote all that I pleased.
After his death, which were long to descrive:
Through that writting I purposed belive,
With support of some Lords benevolence,

In this region to have preeminence.
As for my Lord, our righteous governour,
If I would shortly show the verity,
To him I had no manner of favour,
During that time I purposed that he
Should never come to no authority;
For his support therefore he brought among us,
Faith of England, the noble Earl of Angus.
Then was I put aback from my purpose,
And suddenly cast in captivity:
My sinful heart to daunt, I do suppose,
Devised by the high divinity,
Yet in mine heart sprang no humility:
But now the word of God full well I know,
Who doth exalt himself, God will bring low.
In the mean time when I was so subjected,
Ambassadors were sent into England,
Where they both peace and marriage contracted:
And more surely for to observe that band,
Were promised diverse pledges of Scotland.
Of that contract I was no wise content,
For never would thereto give my consent.
To Captains that keeped me in ward,
Gifts of gold I gave them great plenty,
For to the future time I had regard:
Wherethrough I scaped from captivity;
But when I was free at my liberty,
Then like a Lyon loosed from his cage,
Out through the realm I ran to rail and rage.
Contrare the governour and his company,
Diverse times made I insurrection:
Purposing for to have him hastily
Subdued unto my correction,
Or put him to extream subjection:
During this time, if it were well decerned,
This realm by me was utterly divided.
The governor purposing to subdue,
I raised an host of many a bold Baron:
And made a rode that Lithgow yet may rew,
For he destroyed a mile about the town:
For that I got many black malisoun:

Yet

Yet contrare to the governours intent,
With our young prince we unto Stirivilling went.
For high contemption of the Governour,
I brought the Earl of Lennox out of France,
That lusty Lord living in great pleasure,
Did loose that land and honest ordinance:
But he and I fell soon at variance:
And through my counsel was within short space,
Forfault and fleemed he got no other grace.
Then through my prudence, practick & ingine,
Our Governour I caused to consent,
Ful quietly to my counsel incline,
Whereof his nobles were not well content:
For why I caus'd dissolve in parliament,
The band of peace contracted with England.
Wherethrough came harm & hership to Scotland.
The peace broken arose new mortal wars
By sea, and such reaf without relief,
Which to report my frayed heart it fears:
The verity to show in terms brief.
I was the root of all this great mischief.
The south countrey may say it had been good,
That my nurse had smoored me in my cood.
I was the cause of meekle more mischance,
For th'uphold of my glore and dignity,
And pleasure of the potent King of France.
With England would I have no unity:
But who consider would the verity,
We might full well have liv'd in peace and rest,
Nine or ten years. and then played loose at last.
Had we with England keeped our contracts,
Our noble men had liv'd in peace and rest,
Our merchants had not lost so many packs.
Our common people had not been oppress.
On either side all wrongs had been redrest:
But Edinburgh since, then Leith and Kinborn,
That day and hour may ban that I was born.
Our Governor to make him to me sure,
With sweet and subtil words I did him lure,
Till I his son and heir got in my cure:
To that effect I found a crafty wile, That

That be no manner of way might me beguile.
Then laugh I when his lieges did alledge,
How I his son had gotten into pledge.

The Earl of Angus, and his german brother,
I purpos'd then to make them lose their life:
Right so to have destroyed many other,
Some with the fire, some with the sword and knife:
In special many Gentle-men in Fife:
And purposed to put in great torment,
All sawyers of the old and new testament.

Then every man they took of me such fear,
That time when I had so great governance,
Great Lords dreading I should do them dear,
They durst not come to Court without assurance,
Since then hath not been such variance.
Now to our Prince, Barons obediently,
Without assurance come full courteously.

Mine hope was most into the King of France,
Together with the Popes Holiness,
Wote then in God my worship to advance:
I trusted so into their Gentleness,
That no man durst presume me to oppress.
But when the day came of my fatal hour,
Far was from me their support and succour.

Then to preserve my riches and my life,
I made a strength of walls high and braid:
Such a fortress was never found in Fife,
Believing there no man durst me invade:
Now find I true the Saw which David said;
Except God of any house be master of work,
He works in vain though it be never so stark.

For I was through the whole power divine,
Right dolefully beat down among the ash.
Which could not be through mortal mans ingine,
But as David did kill the great Golias,
Or Holofern by Judith killed was,
In midst among his triumphant army,
So was I slain into my chief City.

When I had greatest domination.
As Lucifer had in the Heavens empire,
Came suddenly my deprivation,

By

By them which did my dolent death conspire:
So cruel was their furious burning ire:
I got no time, leasure nor liberty
To say, In manus tuas, Domine.
Behold my fatal infelicity,
I being in my strength incomparable:
That dreadful dongeon made me no supply:
My great riches and rents profitable,
My silver-work, jewls inestimable.
My papal pomp of gold, my rich treasure,
My life and all I left in half an hour.
To the people was made a spectacle
Of my death and deformed carion.
Some said, It was a manifest miracle.
Some said, It was divine punition,
So to be slain into my strong dongeon.
When every man had judged as he list,
They salted me, then clad me in a kist.
I lay unburied five monethes and more.
Ere I was born to Closter, Church or Quere:
In a dung-hill, great pity to deplore,
Without suffrage of Chanon, Monk or Frier.
All proud Prelats at me may lessons lear,
Which reigned so long, and so triumphantly,
Then in the dub dung down so doitfully.

To the Prelats.

O Ye my brethren, princes of the priests,
I make to you hearty supplication:
both night and day revolve into your breasts
The process of my deprivation.
Consider what been your vocation.
To follow me, I pray you, not pretend you,
But read at length this cedul that I send you.
Ye know how Jesus his disciples sent
Ambassadors to every Nation,
To show his Law and his Commandement,
To all people by predication:
Therefore to you I make narration.
Since ye to them are very successors,
Ye ought to do as did your predecessors. Holy

How dare ye be so bold to take in hand,
For to be Heraulds to so great a King.
To bear his message both to burgh and land,
Ye being dumb, and can pronounce nothing:
Like menstrels that can neither play nor sing:
Or why should men give to such beirds an eyre,
That cannot guide their flock about the myre?

Ashame ye not to be Christ's servitors,
And for your hyre have great temporal lands,
Since of your office ye cannot take the cures,
As Canon law and scripture you commands?
Ye will not lack teind sheif nor offerand,
wind wool, teind lamb, teind calf, teind gryse and goose,
To make service ye are all out of use.

My dear brethren, do not as ye were wont,
Amend your lives now while your dayes endures
Trust well ye shal be called to your count,
Of every thing belonging to your cures:
Leave harlotry, your harlotry and whoors,
Remembring on mine unprovided dead,
For after death may no man make remead.

Ye prelats that have thousands for to scorn,
Ye send a simple Frier for you to preach:
It is your craft, I make it to you kend,
Your selves into your Temple for to teach:
But marvel not though silly friers fleach;
For if they plainly show the verity,
Then will they want the bishops charity.

Wherefore is given to you such royal rent,
But for to find the people spiritual food;
Preaching to them the old and new testament:
The Law of God doth plainly so conclude,
But not your hope into vain worldly good,
As I have done: behold my great treasure,
Made me no help at mine unhappy hour.

That day when I was bishop consecrat.
The great Bible was bound upon my back:
What was therein I little knew, God wat,
More then a beast bearing a precious pack:
But sadly my covenant I brake;

For

For I was oblist with mine own consent,
The law of God to preach with good intent.
Brethren, right so when ye were consecrat,
Ye oblisht you upon the self same wayes:
Ye may be called Bishops counterfait
As gallants busked for to make a guise.
Now think I Princes are not to puise,
To give a famous office to a fool,
As who would put a mitre on a mool.
Alace, if ye that sorrowful sight had seen,
How I lay bullering bathed in my blood,
To men your lives it had occasion been.
And leave your old corrupted consuetude,
Failing thereof: then shortly I conclude,
Except ye from your ribaldry arise.
Ye shall be served on the self same wise.

To the Princes.

IMprudent Princes, without discretion,
Having on earth power imperial.
Ye have been cause of this transgression,
I speak unto you all in generall,
Which do dispone all office spiritual.
Giving the souls which are Christs sheep,
To blind pastors but conscience to keep.
When the Prince doth lack an officer,
A baker, brewer, or a master-cook,
A trim taylor, a cunning cordoner.
Over all the land at length he will cause look,
Most able men such offices to brook.
A brewer that can brew most wholesome ail,
A cunning cook that best can season kail.
A taylor who hath fostered been in France,
That can make garments of the gayest guise:
Ye princes are the cause of this mischance,
That when there doth vaik any benefice,
Ye ought to do upon the self same wise.
Cause search and seek both in burgh and land.
The law of God who doth best understand,
Make him a Bishop who prudently can preach
As doth pertain to his vocation:
A parson who his parochin can teach,

Cause vicars make due ministration,
Also I make you supplication:
Make you Abbots right religious men,
Which to the people Christ law can ken.
But not to rebells new come from the rost,
Not of a stuffet stoln out of a stable;
The which into the school made never no cost,
Nor never was to spiritual science able.
Except the cards, the dyce, the chess and table.
Of Rome-rakers nor of rude ruffians,
Of calsay-packers nor of publicans.
Nor of fantastick fained flatterers
Most meet to gather nettles into May,
Of Cowhubbies, nor of clatterers,
That in the Church can neither sing nor say,
Though they be cloked up in Clarks array,
Like doated doctors new come out of Athens,
And mumble over a pair of mangled matins.
Not qualified to keep a benefice,
But through sir Simons solistation:
I was promoved on the self same wise,
Alace, through princes supplication.
And made at Rome through false narration
Bishop, Abbot, but no religious man:
Who me promov'd, I now their bones do ban.
Albeit I was Legat and Cardinal,
Little I knew therein what should be done:
I understood no science spiritual,
No more then did blind Allan of the moon,
I dread the King that sitteth high abone,
On you Princes, shall make more punishment,
Right so on us through righteous judgement.
On you Princes for undiscreet giving
To ignorants such offices to use:
And we for our importunat asking,
Which should have done such dignity refuse.
Our ignorance hath done the world abuse,
Through covetice of riches and of rent.
That ever I was a prelat, I repent.
O Kings! take ye no care to give in cure
Virgins profest into religion,

Into

Into the keeping of a common whoor?
To make, think ye not great derision,
A woman parson of a parochin.
Where there is two thousand souls to guide,
That from harlots cannot their lips hide?
What if King David lived in these dayes?
Or out of heaven, what if he looked down,
The which did found so many fair abbeyes,
Seeing the great abomination,
In many abbeyes of this Nation?
He would repent that narrowed so his bounds,
Of yearly rent threescore of thousand pounds.
Wherefore I counsel every Christian King,
Within his realm making reformation,
To suffer no mo rebells for to reign,
Above Christs true congregation:
Failing hereof, I make narration,
That the princes and prelats all at once,
Shall buried be in hell, soul, blood, and bons.
That ever I keeped benefice, sore I rew,
Or to such light so proudly did pretend:
I must depart, therefore my friends adew,
Wherewer it pleaseth God now must I wend:
I pray thee to my friends me recommend,
And farther not at length to put in write
My tragedie, as I have done endite.

The deploration of the Death of Queen Magdalen.

O Cruel death, too great is thy puissance,
Devourer of all earthly living things:
Adam, we may blame thee of this mischance
In thy default this cruel Tyrant reigns,
And spareth neither Emperor nor Kings.
And now alace, hath reft forth of this land,
The flower of France, and comfort of Scotland.
Father, Adam, alace that thou abusedst,
Thy freewill being disobedient:
Thou choosedst death, and lasting life refusedst,
Thy succession alace, that may repent

Thy

That thou hast made mankind so impotent,
That it may make to death no resistance:
Example of our queen the flower of France.
O dreadful dragon with thy doleful dart,
Which did not spare of feminine the flowr:
But cruelly didst pierce her through the heart,
And wouldst not give her respite for an hour,
To remain with her prince and paramour,
That she at leisure might have tane licence,
Scotland on thee may cry a loud vengeance.
Thou let Methusalem live nine hundred year,
Threescore and nine: but in thy furious rage,
Thou didst devour this young princess but wear
Ere she was compleat seventeen year of age:
Greedy gormond, why didst thou not asswage
Thy furious rage contrare this lusty queen,
Till we some fruit had of her body seen?
O Dame nature, thou didst no diligence.
Contrare this thief who all the world confounds.
Hadst thou with natural targes made defence,
That hyther had no come within her bounds,
And had been saved from such mortal wounds,
This many a year. but where was thy discretion,
That let her pass, till we had seen succession?
O Venus, with thy blind son Cupido,
Fy on you both, that made no resistance:
Into your Court you never had such two,
So leal lovers without dissimulance.
As James the fifth and Magdalen of France,
Descending both of blood imperial.
To whom in love I find no peregal.
For as Leander swam out through the flood,
To his fair Lady Hero many nights:
So did this prince through pulering streams wood
With Earls, Barons, Esquyers and with knights
Contrare Neptune, and Eole and their mights,
And left this realm into great desperance
To seek his love, the first daughter of France.
And the like prudent queen Penelope,

Right constantly well change him for none other,
And his pleasure, left her own country,
Without regard to father and to mother,
Taking no care of sister or of brother,
But shortly took her leave, and left them all,
For love of him, to whom love made her thral.

O dame Fortune, where was thy great comfort
To her to whom thou was so favourable?
Thy sliding gift made to her no support,
Her high linage nor riches intellable,
I see thy puissance is but variable:
When her father the most dear christian King
To his dear child might make no supporting.

The potent prince her lusty love and knight,
With his most hardy nobles of Scotland:
Contrare that baitful bither had no might,
Though all the men had been at his command,
Of France, Flanders, Italie and England,
With fifty thousand millions of treasure,
Might not prolong that Ladies life one hour.

O Paris, of all Cities principal,
Who did receive our Prince with laud and glory:
Solemnedly through arches triumphal,
Which day been digne to put in memory.
For as Pompey after his victory,
Was into Rome received with great joy,
So thou receivedst our right redoubted Roy.

But at his marriage made upon the morn,
Such solace and solemnisation,
Was never seen before since Christ was born,
Nor to Scotland such consolation:
There sealed was the confirmation
Of the well kepted ancient alliance,
Made between Scotland & the Realm of France.

I never did see a day more glorious,
So many in so rich abulliements:
Of silk and gold, with stones precious,
Such banqueting, such sound of instruments,
With song and dance, and martial ornaments.

But

But like a storm after a pleasant morrow,
Soon was our solace changed into sorrow.
O traytor death, whom none can contramand,
Thou mightest have seen the preparation
Made by the three Estates of Scotland,
With great comfort and consolation,
In every city, castle, tower and town,
And how each noble set his whole intent,
To be excellent in abullement.

Thief, saw'st thou not thy great preparatives
Of Edinburgh, that noble famous town:
Thou saw'st the people labouring for their lives
To make triumph with trump and clarion:
Such pleasure was never seen in this region,
As should have been the day of her entress,
With great propines given unto her grace.

Thou saw'st making right costly scaffolding
Depainted well with gold and azur fine:
Ready prepared for the upsetting,
With fountains flowing water clear and wine.
Disguised folk, like creatures divine,
On each scaffold to play a sundry story,
But all in weeping turned thou their glory.

Thou sawest full well many fresh garland,
Well ordred for receiving of their Queen,
Each crafts-man with his bent bow in his hand
Right gallantly in their clothing of green,
The honest burgess clad thou should have seen:
Some in scarlet, and some in cloth of green,
For to have met their Lady sovereign

Provost, Bailies and Lords of the town,
The Senators in order subsequent,
Clad into silk of purple black and brown:
Then the great Lords of the Parliament
With many knightly Baron and Barent.
In silk and gold, and colour comfortable:
But thou alace, all turned into sable.

Then all the Lords of religion.
And princes of the priests venerable,

Full pleasantly in their procession:
With all cunning Clarks honorable
But thirteenthly thou tyrant treasonable,
All their great solace and solemnities,
Thou turned into doleful dirigies.

Then next in order passing through the town,
Thou should have heard the noise of instruments
And taboen, trumpet, shalm and clarion.
With reed resounding through the elements:
The heralds with their awfull vestiments,
With mases upon either of their hands,
To rule the preas with burnisht silver wands.

Thou last of all in order triumphand,
That most illustrious princess honorable,
With her the lusty Ladies of Scotland,
Which would have been a sight most delectable:
Her rayment to rehearse I am not able:
Of gold, and pearl, and precious stones bright,
Twinkling like stars into a frosty night.

Under a pale of gold she should have past,
By burgesses born clothed in silks fine:
The greatest master of household at the last,
With him in order all the kings train.
Whose ornaments were longsome to define:
On this manner she passing through the town,
Should have received many benison.

Of Virgins and of lusty burgess wives,
Which should have been a sight celestial:
Ave la Royn, crying for their lives,
With an harmonious sound Angelical:
In every corner mirth musical:
But thou tyrant, in whom is found no grace,
Our Alleluia hath turned in Alace.

Thou should have heard the ornat Orators,
Making her Highness salutation,
Both of the Clergy town and counsellors,
With many notable narration,
Thou should have seen her coronation,
In the fair Abbey of the Holy-rood,

In

In presence of a mirthful multitude.
Such banqueting such awful ornaments,
On horse & foot that time which should have been,
Such Chappel Royal with such instruments,
And crafty musick singing from the spleen,
In this country was never heard nor seen.
But all this great solemnity and game,
Thou turned hast in Requiem eternam.

Inconstant world, thy friendship I defy,
Since strength, nor wisdom, riches and honour,
Vertue nor beauty none may certifie,
Within thy bounds for to remain one hour.
What avails to be King or Emperour.
Since princely puissance may not be exempted
From death whose dolor cannot be expressed.

Since man on earth hath no place permanent,
But all must pass by that most horrible port:
Let us pray to the Lord Omnipotent.
That doleful day to be our great comfort,
That in this realm with him we may resort:
which from the hell with his blood ransom'd been,
With Magdalen sometime of Scotland Queen.

O death though thou the body may devour
Of every man yet hast thou not puissance
Of their vertue for to consume their glore,
As shall be seen of Magdalen in France.
Sometime our queen, whom poets shall advance,
And put her in imperial memory,
So shall her fame of thee have victory.

Though thou hast killd a heavenly flour of France
Which impted was into the thistle keen:
Wherein all Scotland saw their whole pleasance,
And made the Lyon removed from the spleen:
Though the root be pulled from the leaves green,
The smell of it shall in despite of thee,
Keep ay two realms in peace and amity.

The answer which Sir David Lindsay made to the Kings flyting.

REdoubted Roy, your ragement I have red,
Which doth perturb my dull entendement.
From your flyting would God I were freed.
Or else some tygers tongue were to me lent.
Sir, pardon me tho, I be impatient,
Which am so with your prancing pen detracted,
And rude report, from Venus court delected.

Lusty Ladies that on your Lybel looks,
My company do hold abominable:
Commanding me bear company with Cooks,
And like a Devil they hold me detestable:
They banish me, saying, I am not able
Them to complease or please to their presence:
Upon your pen I cry a loud vengeance.

Were I a poet I should preass with my pen,
To wreck me on your venemous writting:
But I must do as dog doth in his den,
Fold both my feet, or flee far from your flyting:
The mickle Devil may not endure your dyting:
Wherefore To mundum crea in me I cry,
Proclaiming you the prince of Poetry.

Sir, with my Prince pertains me not to play,
But since your grace hath given me such cōmand
To make answer, I must needs it obey,
Though ye be strong now like an elephand,
And into Venus works most valiand,
The day will come and that within few years,
That ye will drain at leasure with your tears.

What can ye say further, but I am failed
In Venus works? I grant sir that is true.
The time hath been I was better artailed
Than I am now, but yet full sore I rew
That ever I did mouth thankless so persew:
Wherefore take heed, and your fine powder spare,
And waste it not, but if ye know well where.

though

Though you run rudely like a restless ram,
Shooting your bolt at many sundry shells:
Believe right well it is a biding game,
Wherefore beware of doubling of the bells,
For many one do hast their own souls knels:
And specially when that the well goes dry,
Then cannot get again such stuff to buy.
I give your counsel to the fiend of hell,
That would not of a princess you provide,
Suffering you run shooting from shell to shell,
Masting your corps letting your time over-slide:
For like a busteous bull you run and ride,
Riotously like a rude rubiator,
Ay sucking like a furious tornicator.
On Ladrons for to loup ye will not let,
How ever the carribalds cry the corinough:
Remember how beside the masking fat
You cast a queen overthwart a stinking trogh:
That fiend with fusting on her rosting hogh,
Cast down ye fat, wherethrough drink draf & jugs
Came rudely running down about your lugs.
Would God the Lady that loved you best,
Had seen you thereby swatring like two swine:
But to endite how that duddron you drest,
Drouped wt dregs whimpring with many whrin,
That process to report it were a pain.
On your behalf I thank God times ten score,
That you preserv'd from gut and from grandgore.
Now sir, farewel, because I cannot flyte,
And though I could, I were not to advance
Against your ornat meetre to endyte:
But beware with laboring of your lance:
Some sayes eeere comes a bucler out of France
Which will endure your dints tho they be dure.
Farewell, of flowing Rhetorick the flowr.

Quod Lindsay in his dyting,
Against the Kings flyting.

The complaint and publick confession of the Kings old Hound, called Bash, directed to *Bawty*, the Kings best beloved *Dog*, and his companions. Made at command of King *James* the fifth, by Sir *David Lindsay* of the Mount Knight, alias Lyon, King of Arms.

ALace! to whom should I complain,
In mine extream necessity?
Or to whom should I make my moan?
In Court no Dog will do for me:
Beseeching some for charity,
To bear my supplication,
To Scuddler, Lufra and Bawty,
Now ere the King pass from the town.
I have followed the Court so long
While in good faith, I may no mair:
The countrey knows I may not gang,
I am so crooked, old and sair.
That I know not where to repair:
For when I had authority,
I thought me so familiar,
I never dread necessity.
I rew the case that Geordy Steel
Brought Bawty to the Kings presence,
I pray God let him never do well,
Since that I got no audience:
For Bawty now gets such credence,
That he lyes on the kings night gown,
Where I perforce for mine offence,
Must in the close by like a clown:
For I have been ay to this hour,
A wirrier of lamb and hog,
A tyrant and a tuleyour,
A murtherer of many a dog.
Five fowls I chast out throgh a scrog,

Wherefore

Wherefore their mothers did me warie;
For they were all drown'd in a bog.
Syne at John Gordon of Pitcarrie,
Which in his house did bring me up,
And used me to kill the deer:
Sweet milk and meal he made me sup,
That trade I learned soon perqueir.
All other vertue ran areer.
When I began to bark and fyte:
For there was neither monk nor frier,
Nor wife, nor child, but I would byte.
When to the King the case was known,
Of mine unhappy heardiness,
And all the sooth unto him shewn.
How every dog I did oppress:
Then gave his Grace command express,
I should be brought to his presence:
Notwithstanding my wickedness,
In Court I got great audience.
I shew'd my great ingratitude
To the Captain of Badyeno.
Which in his house did find me food,
Two years with other hounds mo:
But when I saw that it was so,
That I grew high into the Court,
For his reward I wrought him wo,
And cruelly I did him hurt.
So they that gave me to the King,
I was their mortal enemy.
I took cure of no kind of thing.
But to please the Kings Majesty:
But when he knew my cruelty,
My falshood and my plain oppression,
He gave command that I should be
Hanged without confession.
And yet because that I was old.
His Grace thought pity for to hang me,
And let me wander where I would,
Then set my foes for to sang me.

And every Butchers dog down dang me,
When I trow'd best to be a Laird,
Then in the Court each wight did wrong me,
And this I got for my reward
I had wirried black mackeson,
Mere not the rebells came and red:
But he was fleemed from the town,
When once the king saw how I bled.
He caus'd lay me upon a bed,
For with a knife I was mischieved.
This mackeson for fear he fled,
A long time ere he was relieved,
And Patrick Stirling in Argyl,
I bare him backward to the ground,
And had him slain within a while.
Mere not the helping of an hound:
Yet got he many a bloody wound,
As yet his skin will show the marks.
Find me a dog where ever ye found,
Hath made so many bloody sarks.
Good brother Lanceman. Lindsays dog,
Which ever hath kept thy Lawtie.
And never wirried lamb nor hog,
Pray Lufra, Scudlar and Bawtie,
Of me Bash for to have pity,
And provide me a portion
In Dumfermling where I may dite
Pennance for mine extortion.
Get by their solistation,
A letter from the kings grace,
That I may have collation,
With fire and candle in the place,
But I will live short time, alace,
Lack I good fresh flesh for my gams,
Between Ashwednesday and Pash,
I must have leave to wirry Lambs.
Bawty consider well this bill,
And every point thereof fulfill,
And read this cedul that I send you,

And

And now in time of mild amend you,
I pray you that you not pretend you,
To climb too high, nor do no wrong:
But from your foes with right defend you,
And take example how I gang.
I was that no man durst come near me,
Nor put me layth of my lodging:
No dog durst from my dinner skar me,
When I was tender with the king.
Now every tyk doth me down thring.
The which before by me was wronged,
And swears I serve no other thing,
But in an halter to be hanged.
Though ye be homely with the king,
Ye scudler, Lufra, and Bawty.
Beware that ye do not down thring
Your neighbour through authority,
And your example make by me,
And believe well ye are but dogs:
Though ye stand in an high degree,
See ye bite neither lambs nor hogs:
Though ye have now great audience,
See that by you none be oppressed,
Ye will be punisht for your offence.
When once the king he will confess,
There is no dog that hath transgress
Through cruelty, if he may fang him.
His Majesty will take no res,
Till on a gallous he cause hang him.
I was once as far ben as ye are,
And had in Court such audience,
And ay pretended to be higher:
But when the kings excellence
Did know my fallet and offence,
And my prideful presumption,
I got no other recompence.
But hoyd and hunted out of the town.
Alas never so unkind a coyst,
As when I had authority:

Of my friends I took no force,
The which before had done for me:
This proverb is of verity,
Which I had learn'd in a letter,
The highest in court nearest the wicket,
Except he guide him all the better.
I took no more thought of a Lord,
Than I did of a kitching knave,
Though every day I made discord,
I was set up above the lave,
The gentle hound was to me slave,
And with the kings own fingers fed,
The silly raches would I reave,
Thus for mine ill deeds I was died,
Therefore, Balotte look best about,
When thou art highest with the King:
For then thou stands in greatest doubt,
Be thou not good in governing.
But no poor pyk from his feeding,
Nor yet no silly raches reave:
He flits above that lies all lying,
And of a knight can make a knave.
When I came stepping ben the floor,
All raches great room to me red:
I of no creature took cure,
But lay upon the kings own bed:
With cloth of gold though it were spred,
For fear each freek would stand on far:
With every dog I was so died,
They trembled when they heard me bar:
Good brother Balotte, hear the even,
Though with thy prince thou be potent:
It cryes a vengeance from the heaven,
For to oppress an innocent:
In wealth be thou most diligent,
And do no wrong to dog nor bitch,
As I have, which I now repent.
No meddan reave to make thee rich,
Nor for augmenting of thy bounds,

Ask

Ask no reward, sir at the king,
Which may do hurt to other hounds:
Explels against Gods own bidding.
Quite no poor tyk from his midding,
Through cast of court nor kings request;
And of thy self presume nothing,
Except thou be a brutal beast.
Trust well there is none oppressor,
Nor butchers dog, drawer of blood,
A tyrant nor a transgressor,
That shall now of the king get good,
From time forth that his estimate,
Doth clearly know the verity,
But he is steem'd for to conclude,
Or hanged high upon a tree.
Though ye be coupled altogether,
With link and lookes of silver fine,
A dog may come out of Wal whidder,
And make you lead a lower train:
Then shall your pleasure turn in pine,
When a strong hunter blows his horn,
And all your credance make you tine,
Then shall your labor be forlorn.
I say no more, good friends, adew,
In dread we never meet again:
Chat ever I knew the court, I rew,
Was never wyght so well of wane.
Let no dog now serve our soveraign,
Except he be of good condition:
Be he perverse I tell you plain,
He hath need of a good remission.
That I am on this wise mischieved,
The Earl of Huntly I may warie,
He ween'd that I had been relieved,
When to the Court he caus'd me carrie:
Would God I were now in Bitcarrie,
Because I have been so ill deddit:
Adew, I dare no longer tarrie,
I dread I wave into a widdie.

A Supplication directed from Sir *David Lindsay* of the Mount, to the Kings Grace, in contemption of side Tailes, and Muzzeled Faces.

SIR, though your Grace hath put good ordor,
Both in the high-lands and the border,
Yet I make supplication.
To have some reformation,
Of a small fault which is no treason,
Though it be contrary to reason:
Because the matter been so vile,
It may not have an ornat style:
Wherefore I pray your Excellence,
To hear me with great patience:
Of sinking weeds macular,
No man may wear a rose chaplat.
Soveraign, I mean of theis side tails,
Which through the dub and dubs trails,
Three quarters long behind their heels,
Expels against all common weals:
Though Bishops in their pontificials,
Have men to bear up their side tails,
For dignity of their office:
Right so a Queen, or an Empriss,
Albeit they use such gravity,
Conforming to their Majesty,
Though their robe royals be upborn,
I think it but a very scorn,
That every Lady of the land,
Should have their tail so side trailand
Albeit they be of high estate,
The Queen they may not counterfait:
Wherever they go, it may be seen,
How Church and calsay they sweep clean.
The Images into the Kirk,

Who

May think of their fine tails great irk,
For when the weather been most fair,
The dust flies highest in the air,
And all their faces doth begarie.
If they could speak they could them wary.
To see I think a pleasant sight.
Of Italie the Ladies bright,
In their clothing most triumphand,
Above all other Christen Land:
Yet when they travel through the towns,
Men sees their feet beneath their gowns,
Four inches above their proper heels,
Circulat above as round as wheels,
Wherethrough there doth no powder rise,
Their fair white limbs for to surprise.
But I think most abusion,
To see men of religion,
To bear their tails through the street,
That folks may behold their feet:
I trow saint Bernard nor saint Blaise,
Cause never man bear up their clause,
Peter, nor Paul, nor saint Andrew,
Cause never bear up their tails I trow
But I laught best to see a Nun,
Cause bear her tail above her bun,
For nothing else as I suppose,
But for to shew her lillie white hose:
In all their rules they will not find,
Who should bear up their tails behind,
But I have most into despite,
Poor clagocks clad with raploch white
Which have scarce two marks of fees,
Will have two ells beneath their knees,
Kittock that clerked was yeh reen.
The moyn will counterfait the Queen.
A moorland Meg that milks the yowes,
Clagged with clay above the howes:
In barn nor byre she will not bide,
Except her kirtle tail be syde.

In borrowes wanton burges wives,
Who may have sidest tails strives,
Well bordered with velvet fine,
But following them it is a pine.
In summer when the streets dryes,
They raise the dust above the skyes,
None may go near them at their ease,
Except they cover mouth and nease,
From the powder to keep their een:
Consider if their cloves be clean.
Between their cleaving and their knees,
Who would behold their sweaty thies,
Begaried with dirt and dust,
It were enough to stanch the lust
Of any man that saw them naked:
I think such giglots are but glaiked,
Without profit to have such pride,
Harling their clagged tails so side.
I would the borrowstoun bairns had breeks,
To keep such mist from making cheeks,
I dread rough makin die for drouth.
When such dry dust blows in their mouth:
I think most pain after a rain,
To see them touked up again.
Then when they step out through the street,
Their folding flaps about their feet:
Their loathy lyning forwith flyped,
That hath the muck and midding wiped:
They wast more cloth within few years
Then would cloth fifty score of Friers.
When Marion from the midding goes,
From her morn darg she strips the nose,
And all the day where ever she go,
Such liquor she licks up also.
The turcumes of her tail I trow,
Might be a supper to a sow.
I know a man which sware great oaths,
How he did lift a kittocks clothes:
And would have done I wot not what,

But

But soon remead of love he gat:
He thought no shame to make it written
How her side tail was all beshitten,
Of filth such flowr strake to his heart,
That he behoved for to depart.
Said she, good sir, me think you rew.
Said he your tail casts such a flew,
That by saint Bryde I cannot byde it:
You were not wise that would not hide it,
Of tails I will no more endite.
For dread some dudron me despite:
Notwithstanding I will conclude,
That of side tails there comes no good,
Syder then can their hanclets hide,
The remanent proceeds of pride.
And pride proceedeth of the Devil:
Thus alwayes they proceed of evil.
Another fault, sir may be seen,
They hide their face all but the een.
When gentle-men bids them good day
Without reverence they slide away;
That none may know I you assure,
An honest woman by a whoor.
Except their naked face I see,
They get no more good dayes of me,
Hatlse a French Lady when ye please,
She will discover mouth and nease,
And with a humble countenance,
With visage bare make reverence.
When our Ladies do ride in rain,
Should no man have at them disdain:
Though they be covered mouth and nease.
In that case they will none displease:
Nor when they go to quiet places.
I them excuse to hide their faces,
When they would make collation
With any lusty Champion;
Though they be hid then to the een,
Ye may may consider what I mean.

But

But in the Church and market places,
I think they should not hide their faces:
Except these faults be sure amended.
My flyting, sir, shall never be ended.
But would your Grace my counsel take,
A proclamation you should make,
Both in the land and borrowstownes,
To show their face and cut their gowns.
None should from them exeemed be,
Except the Queens Majesty:
Because this matter is not fair,
Of Rhetorick it must be bair.
Women will say, this is no bourds
To write such vile and filthy words:
But would they cleanse their filthy tails,
Which over the myre and midding trails,
Then should my writting ended be,
No other mends they get of me.
The truth should not be holden close,
Veritas non querit angulos,
I knaw good women that been wise,
This rural rime will not disprise.
None will me blame, I you assure,
Except a wanton glorious whore,
Whose flyting I fear not a flee.
Farewell, ye get no more of me.
Quod Lindsay, in contempt of fidt tailes,
That Duddrons and Duntidours
Through the dubbs trails.

KITTIES CONFESSION,

Compiled (as is believed) by Sir DAVID LINDSAY of the Mount Knight, &c.

The Curat and Kittie.

The Curat, Kittie would confess,
And she told on both more and less:
When she was talking as she wist,

The

The Curat, Kittie would have kill,
But yet a countenance he bure,
Digth, devout, sain, and demure;
And then began her to frame:
He was best at the after game.
Said he; have ye any wrongous gear?
Said she, I stole a peck of bear.
Said he, that should restored be:
Therefore deliver it to me.
Tibbie and Peter bade me spear,
By my conscience they shall it bear,
Said he, live you in lecherie?
Said she, Willie Leno moved me.
Said he, his wife that shall I tell,
To make my quaintance with her sell.
Said he, know ye no heresie?
I know not what this is, said she.
Said he, heard ye no English books?
Said she, my master on them looks.
Said he, the Bishop shall that know:
For I am sworn that for to show.
Said he, what said he of the King:
Said she, of good he spake nothing.
Said he, his Grace of that shall wit,
And he shall lose his life for it.
When she in mind did more revolve,
Said he, I cannot you absolve:
But to my chamber come at even,
Absolved for to be and shriven.
Said she, I will pass to another,
And I met with sir Andrews brother,
And she full cleanly did me shrive,
But he was somewhat talkative:
He asked many a strange case,
How that my love did me embrace?
What day, how oft, what sort, and where?
Said he, I would I had been there.
He me absolved for a plack,
Though he with me no price would make,

And

And meckle Latine he did mumble,
I heard nothing but humble humble.
He shew me nothing of Gods word,
Which sharper is then any sword,
And deep into our hearts doth print
Our sins wherethough we do repent.
He put me nothing into fear,
Wherethrough I should my sins forbear.
He shew me not the malediction,
Of God for sin, nor the affliction,
And in this life the great mischief
Ordain'd to punish whore and thief.
He shew me not of the hells pain,
That I might fear, and vice refrain.
He counsell'd me not to abstain,
And lead an holy life and clean:
Of Christs Blood nothing he knew,
Nor of his promises full true,
That saveth all that will believe,
That Satan shall us never grieve.
He teached me not for to trust.
The comfort of the holy Ghost;
And bad me not to Christ be kind,
To keep his Law with heart and mind,
And love and thank his great mercie,
From sin and hell that saved me,
And love my neighbor as my self,
Of this nothing he could me tell:
But gave me pennance every day,
An Ave Maria for to say,
And fryDayes five no flesh to eat,
But butter and eggs is better meat:
And with a plack to buy a Mels.
From drunken Sir John Latin-lels.
Said he: A plack I will cause Sandie
Give thee again at handie dandie:
Then into pilgrimage to pass,
The very way to wantonnels.
Of all this pennance I was glad,

I had them all perqueer, I said:
To mow and swear I know the price,
I shall it set on cinque and syce:
But he my counsel could not keep,
He made him by the fire to sleep,
Then cryed: Collops, beef and coales,
hose and shoes with double soales,
Cakes and candle, greese and salt,
Corns of meal, and handfuls of malt,
Mollen and linnen, warp and woft,
Dame, keep the keys of your wool-loft:
Though drink and sleep made him to rave,
And so with us they play the knave.
Friers swear by their profession,
None be safe without confession,
And make all men to understand,
That it is Gods own Command:
Yet it is nothing but mans dream.
The people to confound and shame:
It is nought else but mans Law,
Made mens minds for to knaw,
Whereth:ough they file them as they will,
And make their Laws conform thereti,
Sitting in mens conscience,
Above Gods magnificence,
And doth the people teach and tyll,
To serve the Pope and Antichrist.
To the great God Omnipotent,
Confess thy sins, and thee repent,
And trust in Christ, as witteth Paul,
Which shed his Blood to save thy soul,
For none can thee absolve but he,
Nor take away thy sins from thee.
If of good counsel thou hast need,
Or hast not learned well thy Creed,
Or wicked vices reign in thee,
The which thou canst not mortifie,
Or be in desperation,
And would have consolation:

Then

Then to the preacher true thou pass,
And show thy sin and thy trespass:
Thou needs not for to show him all,
Nor tell thy sins both great and small,
Which is impossible to be,
But show the vice which troubles thee;
And he shall of thy fault have truth,
And thee instruct into the truth:
And with the word of veritie,
Shall comfort and shall counsel thee:
The sacraments show thee at length,
Thy little faith to firm and strength,
And how thou shouldst them rightly use
And all hypocrisie refuse.
Confession first was ordain'd free,
In this sort in the Church to be:
So to confess as I descrive,
Was in the Church primitive
So was confession ordained first,
Though Codrus kyte should cleave and burst.

THE JUSTING

Between *JAMES WATSON*, and *JOHN BARBOUR*, Servitors to King *JAMES* the fifth. Compyled by Sir *DAVID LINDSAY* of the Mount, Knight, alias, Lyon, King of *Arms*.

IN Saint Andrews on Whitsonmonenday,
Two Champions their manhood to essay,
Past to the Barrace charmed head and hands,
Was never seen such Justing in no lands,
In presence of the Kings Grace and Queen,
Where many lusty Lady might be seen,
Many Knight, Baron, and Barent,
Came forth to see that awful Tornament,

The one of them was gentle James Watson,
And John Barbour that gentle Champion:
Unto the King they were familiars,
Of his chamber both cubiculars.
James was a man of great intelligence,
A medicine full of experience:
And John Barbour he was a noble Leech.
Crooked carlings he would cause them get speech,
When once they entred were into the field.
Full womanly they wielded spear and shield,
And wightly waved in the wind their heels,
Hobling like Cadgers riding on their creels:
But either ran at other with such haste,
That they could never their spear get in the rest.
when gentle James tru'd best with John to meet
his spear did fall among his horses feet.
I am right sure, good James had been undone,
Were not that John his marks took by the moon.
My spear is good, nots keep thee from my knocks,
Said John, albeit thou thinks my legs like rocks
Tary a while said James, for by my thrift.
The fiend a thing can I see but the lift.
No mote can I, said John by Mary bread,
I see nothing, except the steeple-head;
Yet tho my brains be like two barrow trams,
Defend thee man, then ran they to like rams:
At that rude rink, James had been striken down,
Were not that John for fierceness fell in swon:
And right so James to John had done great dear
Were not among his hastefoot broke his spear,
Said James to John, yet for our Ladies sakes,
Let us together strike thies market strakes.
I hold said John, that shall on thee be wroken:
But ere he spur'd his horse, his spear was broken
From time with spears none can their marrow meet,
James drew a sword with a right awful spyte,
And ran to John, and would raught him a rout:
John's sword was rusted, and would no ways come out.

Then

Then James let drive at John with both his fists:
He miss the man and dang upon the lists:
And with the stroke he trowd the man was slain;
His sword stack fast, and got it never again.
By this good John had gotten out his sword,
And ran to Ismes with many awful word:
Wy furiousness forsooth now shalt thou find.
Thrishing at James, his sword flew in the wind.
Then gentle James, began to crack good words:
Place, said he, this day, for lack of swords.
Then either ran at other with new races,
Mind gloves of plate they beat all others faces.
Who wan the field, no creature could name,
Till at the last John cryed: Red, for shame.
Yes, red, said James, for it is my desire,
It is an hour since I began to tyre.
So by they had ended that royal rink,
Into the field might no man stand for stink.
Then every man that stood on far, cryd, Fy:
Saying, Adew; for dirt parts company.
Their horse-harness and all things were so good,
Loving to both, that day was shed no blood.

FINIS.

Quod Lindsay, at command of King James the fifth.